

Commanders Files

Volume One



by

Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

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Commanders Files

Volume One

2020 Edition

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Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins



01. Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins Files (Entry 1): Introducing Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins

Meet Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins with his first writ, bringing along doctors and specialists from the stars who note how humans have continuously denuded the Earth's forests that are vital to life. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 20, 2013 5:44 pm](#)
- [Deforestation By Humankind](#)
- [Laying The Groundwork For Reforestation](#)
- [The Stellar Design For Highways](#)
- [More To Come From The Captain](#)

Introduction



[Along the highway](#)

"What about fertilizer then dear ones of my tune? Shall we waste the earthen body of central north and south Jupiter with rockets firing and blasting off rounds of liquid in order to revitalize the earth? No, not our way in the least for we have found in doing so in the past the baby shoots became saturated and leap-frogged all over the place with DNA modules and sand grain forming throughout their bysops." - Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins

August 20, 2013 5:44 pm



[Above earth's forests](#)

Apex Hollirood Esquire Sr. Captain: “Captain on deck, Sir, in one minute!”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

(Enters the Captain on deck. He is dressed in a mauve-green stretch suit of Juniper silk at the cuffs and sleeves. Pointed brown boots and lace embroidery silk scarf around his waist in salem blue. Very attractive ensemble with a hat and brim made of brown brocade and silken embroidery and pink stripe along the brim of the helmet. – Rania)

5:47 pm

“Good Morning, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez! Of the Galiac Team I suppose. I knew your brother Melix James Somajar on our escapade in the engineering mew.”

Uthrania: Yes Captain, Captain Melix is also our brother. Thank you, Sir.

Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins: “Well, allow me to introduce myself and tell you a little about my Command. I am Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins and I speak little in phraseology but what I do say I do not stammer. I am known to come right to the point and be brief as I

am able. I am Captain and a commander of the same Federated body as yourself and wish to waste no more time with formalities. But let us get right down to business as usual. Are you up to it, Commander?"

Uthrania: Aye Sir. I have been on stand-by ready to proceed at your discretion.

Deforestation By Humankind



[What's left of the forests](#)

Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins: "I am anything but discreet to say the least. Now let me quickly introduce those whom work alongside us and they are **Senior Commander Luthar Somajar Ethen**, as well as **Doctors' Philip[Mangerine, Professor of Seedling and all Fauna Clips**, to be more explicit, and his **Associate Dr. Philip Clemins** from the Company called Tree Factory, and of course my own part in this as **Officiating Senior Officer over Lunar 12 Reforest Station, Twin Elms, Jupiter**. Well, that is about the extent of it so now let us begin if you are ready, Uthrania."

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. I am ready.

Captain Hillary Anthony Jenkins: “It would be rather indeed outmoded to speculate upon how the upper ranks of those superious beings as the people of planet Angorius call us reforest planet faces **which have been all but completely destroyed of all their sea life plankton which not only concerns us but concerning aviation as well due to the obsoleteness of soft tar sands which encryptionate the metal down below the hard rock surface.** But we will leave that for them to explain.

Laying The Groundwork For Reforestation



[Starting from scratch](#)

“In the meantime the soil has been rubbed right down to the surface rock and must all be replaced before reforestation and the plankton are restored.

“What about fertilizer then dear ones of my tune? Shall we waste the earthen body of central north and south Jupiter with rockets firing and blasting off rounds of liquid in order to revitalize the earth? No, not our way in the least for we have found in doing so in the past

the baby shoots became saturated and leap-frogged all over the place with DNA modules and sand grain forming throughout their bysops.

“Now what we will do however is temperate the soil droppings with a manure-based liquid and pour it on sparingly throughout the new growth of weeds which we format and plant for the weeds feed the growth serum directly into the plant follicles.

The Stellar Design For Highways



[Typical Earth highway](#)

“So, we tend to formulate the grass weeds into a plankton of a sorts in order to nutritionally feed the new seedlings of Dogwood trees and Possum branches which are a little akin to the snakeberrys branches which grow in the late autumn on Ryus Four.

“So now that we have briefly discussed our formula for preparing the soil for the new plants, let us just briefly discuss the automobile sector on Angus Three and Four.

“Angus Three is a planet akin to your own diatram system of which your scientists as of late still know nothing about. ***The green illuminated highways interjunct with royal purple stripes and the rotors on the vestibules counteract with diagrams unknown yet to your generation of hu-mans.***

“Bumper cars allow no space for accidents and instill deep into the psyche of the driver a model for abrupt declining when hitting the stop pedal.

“Each of our ‘intersections’ are guarded by illuminating words on the far side of the lane in which instructions to the bumper car itself is cataclysmic in its engines of a sort which read the words and automatically respond for the driver.

More To Come From The Captain



[Traffic jam](#)

“Hence no head on collisions nor side drafting which simply means no vehicle draws too far the right nor to the left hand side of the lane which would enable them to **scrape the side of one another.** Oh, lots of fun and games out there in wonder-wonderland which none of you readers has even a faint memorandum of.

“So, this will conclude this session now, Captain Uthrania Seila, and please close off telepathic channel 4.7.9 dupont for me please.

Captain Herman Griffith: “Captain Herman Griffith over and out on standby for **Dr. Rufus Cortea Pilsoner**, standing in for sign out alone for Captain Jenkins Sr. Adieu.”

Uthrania: Signing off on channel 4.7.9 dupont. Senior Command. Over and out. 6:14 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Frank Herman Grifford

01. Admiral Captain Frank Herman Grifford Files (Entry 1) - They Damn And Dumb Down Humanity!



In this maiden writ Captain Frank Herman Grifford hits the ground running, so to speak, and eloquently writes about humanity down in the dumps, its spiritual growth stunted by religion by wicked design from the very beginning. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [March 9, 2014 3:00 pm](#)
- [The Potion That Poisons](#)

- [The Distortion Of The Truth And The Language](#)
- [The Evil That Men Do!](#)
- [The Evacuation Looms On The Horizon!](#)
- [The Thirst For Oil Is Unquenchable](#)
- [The Ukraine Upheavals: US Vs Russia](#)
- [Free Will Thwarted By Religion](#)

Introduction



[The perplexed populace](#)

"We are here to inform you you must prepare to leave this planet before it goes Nova[. You will be faced with five mile high tidal waves, and if you do not get your house in order, and I will tell you along with so many others what you again need to do to accomplish this itinerary for yourselves and your kin, you will again meet with a similar fate as that which happened to many cultures who in past ages had seen themselves go under, leaving nothing but a swampland above, and oceanic tidal waves rushed over them as well." - Admiral Captain Frank Herman Grifford

March 9, 2014 3:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

2:33 pm

“Admiral Grifford is coming in the bay, Captain Uthrania, Sir. Would you like to hold for him?” - **Sergeant Timothy Hank Barclay**

Uthrania: Thank you, Sergeant. I will remain on standby for the Admiral.

Sergeant Barclay: “Indeed, Sir. If that will be all...?”

Uthrania: “Please see to your duties, Sir.” (*I offer Sergeant Barclay a smile – Rania*)

(Admiral Frank Herman Grifford, Captain of a medium-sized starship over the Philippines is training 2nd Class Airman Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez (Captain in training) long distance, cut short by communication channels. The Admiral walks from the docking bay onto the ship. A staunch man, the Captain is graying, espousing a large beard but still walks with a determined stride and purposeful duty. The Admiral, Captain Frank Herman Grifford depends upon his notes to keep his full itinerary in order. Wearing a gray-belted uniform with taupe pants and white standup-collared shirt, the aging Admiral is one of the top brass in the Federated Military.

Medium brown three-quarter length boots with a red and whitish yellow short cuff at the top, with brass buttons orchestrating down the entire length of his tunic top completes the ensemble, not forgetting the black patent brim of the Admiral’s hat and the always present Captain’s stripes with colours. Highly decorated for many acts of valour, Jamie has one of the very finest gentlemen at his service.

Admiral, Captain Frank Herman Grifford makes an 86 degree turn and seats himself precariously on the front of his bench chair. The Captain motions that he would like to speak with me. – Rania)

Captain Frank Grifford: “Well, Captain, how are you both doing this evening with Reni

assisting in the wings?”

Uthrania: Greetings, Admiral Grifford. It is some time since we last spoke, and I am looking forward to working with you in dictatorial capability. Sir, we are both fine, as is Reni. Busy with many off-line projects at the moment.

Captain Frank Grifford: “Well, it is indeed a pleasure to be working with such a seasoned scribe. We have several more of your status throughout Angorius, but none so qualified a female in the overall project of our ken.”

Uthrania: This project is enormous in its entirety, and I agree it takes many of us working in each of our capacities to see the project to its final hour. Sir, it is five minutes to three. Is that when you would still like to begin?

Captain Frank Grifford: “Wait ‘till I adjust my time clock toward the hour, for it is somewhat at a variance over here.”

The Potion That Poisons



[Teaspoonfull of wickedness](#)

3:00 pm

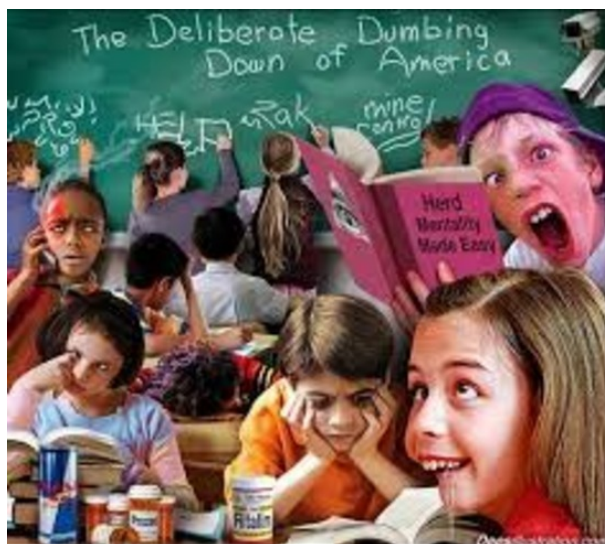
Uthrania: Ready, Sir, when you are.

Captain Frank Grifford: “There it is, lass, three o’clock, so we must get on quickly with our itinerary. (*The Admiral clears his throat.* - Rania) The topic which I would most like to light upon is one with Mercury causing a typhoid of Meningitis throughout the eastern board world coming distinctly out of Maryland and the Hemoglobin Project.

“Not too nasty a topic overall, one would think, but gainatorily these so-called infections are **deliberately orchestrated through the serum of cows-stream which is a mercury-based urine flow.** These BSE cows have long been giving a mercury-based product called the Floso with a long O in both instances, and the reason this was being done to them was to **damage the brain stem of the organs of the fetuses even before they were born.**

“And how is this done? Precisely through **the oxidization of the mother’s own breast milk as she contains as a camel the desire to enrich her own upcoming supply.**

The Distortion Of The Truth And The Language



[Intended consequences](#)

“In any case, this is just one of the many topics selected by me today, for I will now move on with other more, almost, impending **cases of sour-brain malfunction**.

“**Do you ever notice that your races upon Angorius, this earthen planet of yours, are all being dumbed down?** Look at your education systems for a moment of your time, and your billboards, and your advertisements. You will notice that there are two borders, or lines of contact. In the first place you will see ‘advertising’ which for the most part are brilliant and orchestrated pieces of fine art.

“But in the ordinary city where the not-so-rich play and live there are another type of billboard, and those billboards spell Cats as Katz. Take a pencil and jot down, if you will, and when you have time, all the ‘new’ spellings found around town, and you may be well amazed at just what you find they have done to your languages.

“**Mutilation!** Take boarding houses for the elite to send their children to the finest schools on this earth. Now, the schools are definitely not the finest in the galaxy **because they abhor teaching the truth of all universal studies**. So these fine people are also being severely dumbed down as well. But not so dumbed down as with the regular curriculum of the ordinary public school where A’s are given to high school students by **teachers who themselves cannot even write a proper sentence**.

The Evil That Men Do!



[HAARP Alaska](#)

“We find that between the medicines and the dummying-down process in every life category upon your particular earth, the militaries and your banking systems, you people are all in pretty bad shape. And HAARP doesn’t really help either.

“So then, what are we doing up here to help you? Plenty! We cauterize much of your HAARP weather control and leave it at abeyance far more than you think or could possibly realize, otherwise you would not be here. **In fact most of you would not have survived the clashes of weather systems unto the Gregorian year of two-thousand and eight.**

The Evacuation Looms On The Horizon!



[Above the engulfing waves](#)

“We are here to inform you you must prepare to leave this planet before it goes Nova. You will be faced with five mile high tidal waves, and if you do not get your house in order, and I will tell you along with so many others what you again need to do to accomplish this itinerary for yourselves and your kin, you will again meet with a similar fate as that which

happened to **many cultures who in past ages had seen themselves go under, leaving nothing but a swampland above, and oceanic tidal waves rushed over them as well.**

“And exactly once again, what must you do to prepare your families and yourselves, personally for your next evacuation?”

1. **“Put aside all fear of our ships and our command because you have been brainwashed by your movie houses and video screens leading you into a rather unnatural hysteria when it comes to your own loving relatives from other worlds. Goodness gracious, on X-Files we cannot even recognize ourselves. We would be rather terrified to go near a spaceship if we believed even half of that nonsense you are being consistently fed.**

2. **“You may only ‘pack’ a few necessary items. Pictures, yes, phones are not necessary where you are going, and just a few items of clothing. We will provide the rest upon our ships. In fact, all your clothing you wear will be disintegrated for hygiene purposes and new clothing will be awarded you.**

3. **“When the time comes for the general evacuation we can guarantee you that you will hear us throughout the galaxy, or world, where you live. We will be monitoring every light wave system, and in our own Standard will we be seen by all those without technical devices upon a holographic view screen up in the skies, so no one will be able to accuse us of not coming at our own appointed time.**

“Please do not waste our time by skirting around the issue of Meningitis. Jamie, will you please attach Captain Ashtar’s commentary on ‘Evacuation’ within this file. Thank you, son, and ‘my Captain.’ And please place it in Bold. (*Captain Frank Herman Griffith offers Captain-in-training, Jamie, a long look with a smile.* – Rania)

The Thirst For Oil Is Unquenchable



[All for oil, oil, oil](#)

“So now that I have completed these few items I think it is time to move onto the next and final itinerary, and that is complimentary to the overall effect of **how Syria, Russia, Hungary even, and the United States and its counterpart Israel have decided to proceed along such nuclear lines.**

“Now, we all know that Syria was to be taken down for her water rights or power over the northern Middle Eastern nations. Are we not correct? And then a so-called ‘defense’ base pointed toward Russia would have been also installed. Correct again? Right. But that was not going to happen based on the good judgment it seems of both Russia, Hungary, and China. **Boy, that oil tastes good, so Saudi Arabia joins too.**

The Ukraine Upheavals: US Vs Russia

“Now the Ukraine is in a bit of a filadop or upheaval, is it not, because President Putin realizes that the coup is being perpetrated by the CIA boys and the Israel Mossad.

Getting interesting? So complete news blackout shows those culprits at the helm again in one good light while showing Russia as ostriching all the way back down to Poland's Northern quarter, and of course that 'defense shield' by the CIA was a briar in the hands of the penguin all along.

"So, well, that is it for today, boys and girls upon **your quickly dissolving planet of minds, brawn, and brain, orchestrated by the highest intellect but the meanest you will have ever in your incarnations witnessed!**

Free Will Thwarted By Religion



[World religions](#)

"So keep safe, and take care, and **do not let the RELIGIONS KEEP YOU ANY THE LONGER OUT OF PARADISE, BOYS AND GIRLS!** Captain Admiral Frank Herman Grifford, Second in Command of the Paradise Aloft Ship. Tie off for me, Jamie, my young Captain, and we will see you around again one day. Listen for me, and I will feed you the coordinates. They will be new."

Jamie: Aye, Sir, and thank you! Signing you off at coordinate Thomasite 1.0 and Babel 5.3. Signing out 3:41 pm, ***Tie-off scribed by Private 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8.***

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Corporal Jasper Winthorp

OL. Captain Corporal Jasper Winthorp: File One - Introducing Captain Jasper Winthorp



Once again another captain from the Federation, Captain Jasper Winthorp, steps up to the plate for his take on destructive land mines and has with him Dr. Philip Jacobs, an expert on the subject who bewails humankind's instinct to kill each other. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 1, 2013 7:00 pm](#)
- [Killer Land Mines](#)
- [Meet Dr. Philip Jacobs](#)
- [Humankind's Propensity To Kill](#)
- [Take Heed Thailand!](#)

Introduction



[Born to kill](#)

“Quite frankly, none of you can blame us for the indigestion we ensue as being our main diet with **you people ...seem to espouse killing and dying, and then you wonder why we do not visit more.** - Dr. Philip Jacobs

November 1, 2013 7:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

6:26 pm

Uthrania: Corporal Higgins Jr., I am on standby for Captain Jasper Winthorp, Sir.

Corporal Higgins Jr.: “Aye Sir. Please remain on standby for Captain Murdock later in the day tomorrow, Sir, if that be alright? An entry into your schedule, Sir.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Corporal. Has the time been set?

Corporal Higgins Jr.: “No, Sir. Not yet, Sir.”

Uthrania: Dismissed, Corporal, and thank you.

Corporal Higgins: “Yes, Sir!”

(I rise from my chair. I will be back at the first sign of the Captain. New time will then be recorded. – Rania)

6:39 pm

Corporal Higgins Jr.: “Captain Winthorp will be on the bridge in nine minutes, Captain Uthrania, Sir.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

6:48 pm

(Captain Jasper Winthorp walks onto the bridge in his stalwart trotting way, slowing down for a brief talk with one of the senior helmsmen. The Captain wears his best officer's uniform in dark naval green with red stripes up each sleeve side and a gray corduroy pant laced up by boots of sultry orangey-brown. More brown than orange. Burnt orange. The Commander masks his true intentions and leans over to operate the console to his own coordinates then resumes to take his bench chair seat of blue pastel and lingering gray flotsam. Captain Winthorp's hair is toned a soft medium brown and peers at the console with engaging blue eyes of a holy colour. His build is medium, almost a tiny bit stocky. The Commander turns and smiles at me motioning me to return to my bench. I give him my

salute which he kindly observes and returns. I have not met this Captain in my travels. I am privileged once again. – Rania)

6:49 pm

Uthrania: On standby at your request, Captain Winthorp, Sir.

Captain Jasper Winthorp: “Greetings, Captain Uthrania Seila, as I have heard so many call you. And you are not familiar with myself, of that I have no doubt.”

Uthrania: No, Captain. I am not, Sir.

Captain Jasper Winthorp: “Then allow me to introduce myself. I am tenth in rating in the Federated Union of preliminary starships out-orbiting Janus Three. Over there we attend to the extraordinary needs of those ...well, I am really not at liberty to discuss this with you, so let us move on to the next question, if you have one, please, Captain.”

Uthrania: No Sir. I do not at this time. May we proceed?

Killer Land Mines



[Don't step on it!](#)

Captain Jasper Winthorp: “Indeed. (*The Captain flashes me a gallant smile as I return to my table following a quick sip of herbal tea.* – Rania) Well then shall we begin? (*Captain Winthorp glances at his dark maroon watch on his right wrist.* – Rania)

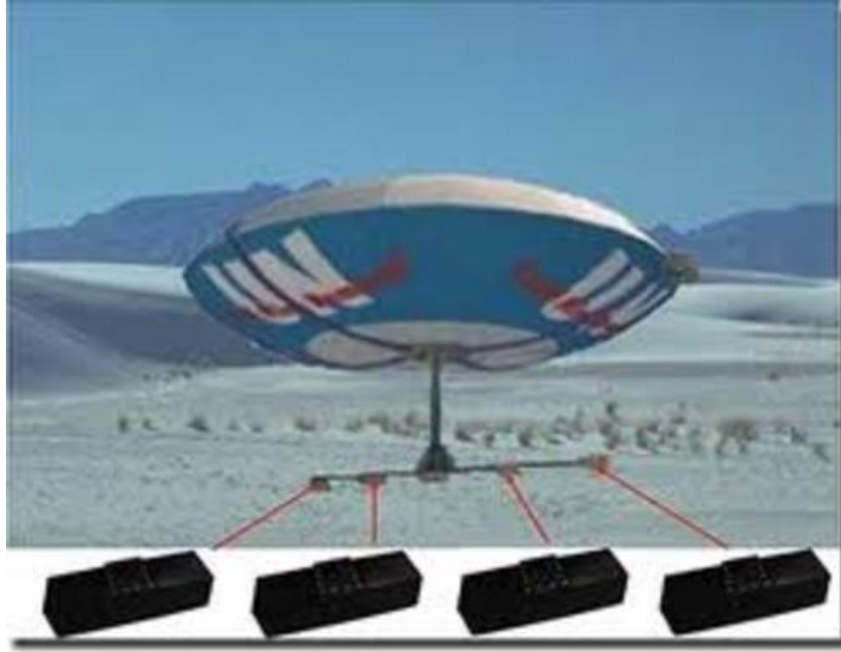
“The winnowing project on **Janus Three** is one of the largest cultivation projects going on in the Federation at this time. And with us we have our **Dr. Philip Jacobs *who is a land mine expert*** in clearing off already destroyed mines from within the topsoil of that land, or three-fourths of that world.

“Methinks in fact that should we, the Captains of the Federated Union of Starships, decide intricately to ward off more attacks on that world before we really ***begin to reseed it with non-nuclear effaces and people***, we would be spontaneously absorbed within the dire straights which the Hellions put us all in, save that of the brashest of them all.

“The Millogrades down there on that specific planet earth is not much of a societal structure which much differs from those found upon Angorius, which is your planet earth, people of the Everglades, but rather a symbolization of what we of the starships can do to accomplish all that which is put toward the normalization of the people, and more than that, we can hone in our ability to spontaneously warp the moons off Jupiter to the section where they will be most useful in getting Jupiter back on its feet.

“So, now let me introduce our Dr. Jacobs to you, the people, and he will take it away.” (*Captain Jasper Winthorp turns and motions the man who must be Dr. Philip Jacobs to speak on his mining experience and cohesion with the Federated livestock, as I heard him mention to Captain Winthorp.* – Rania)

Meet Dr. Philip Jacobs



[Land mine locator](#)

Dr. Philip Jacobs: “Good morning, Captain Uthrania, crew, and peoples mentioned. (*Dr. Jacobs clears his throat.* – Rania)

“Winnowing is a diverse project given the same name as used in agriculture throughout the earthen worlds.

“We winnow land minds and resurface them in order that retroactively we are able to spin around the nefarious damage the land mines have done when civilizations on certain worlds had been still at a stage in their lives where *their evolution into themselves through countless streams just did not as yet take hold.*

“After all, these cannon balls sure did hit the dirt, and not frugally hard, but bit down deep into the soil which was strewn at the time with corpses and live bodies which in due time had expired. (*Dr. Jacobs rubs his head of brown hair.* – Rania)

“Now, following that uncomplimentary scene we were then faced with their next stage of evolutionary development where they thought up *more ingenious ways of killing one another and destroying the land and the soil even further.*

“We tried to wait it out century after century, but they just continued getting ...becoming worse. So we held our tongue for another century or so, and then came back to visit.

Humankind's Propensity To Kill



[Mankind and this instinct](#)

“The most orchestrated symposium which they had by then occurred among themselves was to fruit-punch the soil and each other even further, deadlier, and all we had to do was to again sit and wait whilst they planted land mine after mine, bloodied one another, *and were sent back in this way to the Deva Chan where review took place and back again they came.*

“We came in at the time they had almost eliminated themselves, and what joy we found when one or two of them almost lost their minds with exuberance when they saw us beckoning to them from their skies - our skies - really, for they did not issue space travel very far at that time. Just a few skiffs, really, which they could not for very long even get off the ground.

“Now your planet, Angorius, is in much the same mood, and quite frankly, it is disparaging to notice the same method and mind set among the society or communities of your earthen plane.

“Why is it you people never seem to learn from other societies? That, in fact is the real question we of the gods and goddess, as you used to call us in your early Greek history, would like you to answer.

“Quite frankly, none of you can blame us for the indigestion we ensue as being our main diet with you people ...seem to espouse killing and dying, and then you wonder why we do not visit more.

“Well, would any of you like to answer that one question? Or shall it suffice to say that we ask of you, one? And that is:

“Would you?

“At this time I will hand the mike back into the hands of the good Captain Jasper Winthorp, thank our scribe and Captain, and be off.” (*Dr. Philip smiles at nobody in particular, rises, shakes hands with Captain Winthorp and leaves his chair.* – Rania)

Take Heed Thailand!



[Thailand quake!](#)

Captain Jasper Winthorp: “Well, Uthrania, Captain of the Galiac Team, Fireflies, I hear, let us adjourn for now **and a massive quake is about to take place in the Thailand ‘Peninsula.’** Good Day and thank you, lass for your assistance as my pen, and your help.

“Coordinate frequency off time and close down mandatory channels. Captain Jasper Winthorp over and out on telefrequency Pulrose 4.10. Adieu.” (*The Captain turns and smiles at me just before he rises and leaves his chair and the bridge with its green shaded doors.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Thank you Captain Winthorp, Sir. Closing down all channels mandatory 4.7 Dupont, 8.4 Section12, Pulrose 4.10. And continue in keeping Luzon 12, 4, and 6 open for Captain Frank Herman Grifford, and Hemminggrade 17 Mark 5 on Station 12 at 12.10 for Rear Admiral Captain Alfred James Somajar Korthrox. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, High Rider of the Galiac Team, Fireflies, in training. Adieu. Signing out for Captain Jasper Winthorp at 7:32 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford

01. Captain Rutherford Files: (Entry 1) - Introducing Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford Jr.



Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford Jr, or simply Captain Rutherford, is the latest commander from the stars to weigh in with his writ to the world and talks on the International Space Station,

NASA and his outlook on the armed forces trying to shoot down their starships, etc. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 15. 2013 4:30 pm](#)
- [The Space Station](#)
- [The Space Agency](#)
- [Space Conspiracy](#)
- [Gentlemen's Agreement](#)
- ["Hands Off Our Prophets!"](#)

Introduction



[A fleet of starships](#)

"When we see you trying to shoot down our starplanes, we will not entirely sink you to the bottom of the ocean. Agreed? It is your call, gentlemen and ladies, so call, wisely, for we are not the boys in blue nor green beret, but your forefathers and mothers of another distant world and we do not like to be made fun of nor the butt end of your continuous attempt to shut us down and shoot us down." - Captain Jerome Rutherford

August 15. 2013 4:30 pm



[The Captain speaks from his ship](#)

4:15 pm

Jasmine Erin, Constable of Security: “Captain Rutherford on deck at 4:15 Lieutenant.”

Private Milgrave: “Aye Sir. Thank you Sir!”

(Captain Rutherford strides onto the aft deck and seats himself on a lilac cushioned bench – short as a heavily backed stool. The Captain is attired in a green-orange and beige outfit with high-toed black boots framed in lattice gold weave around the top and a densely coloured robe around his midriff, of gray satin weave interlaced in black. The brilliant pink stripe garnishes his robe-half, as well as the brim of his black ‘secur’ (pronounced “su-coo”) – Rania)

4:25 pm

“Captain on deck, Sir. Ready to begin when you are. Captain Jasmine Torrid officiating.”

Uthrania: Thank you Captain. I am seated and remain on stand-by.

Captain Rutherford: “Good morning, scribe. My full inquisition before you begin in asking of the whereabouts of my name, is Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford. Senior Officer in Command of the Larynx Intrepid. You remember her, surely.”

Uthrania: Yes Sir. I do. Thank you Sir.

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Good then. May we have your full name and rank Captain?”

Uthrania: “My full name, Sir, is Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. My command is Captain in the Union of Federated Starships. My Serial Number stands at present as 497372-8.”

(Note: As command advances serial numbers also advance without notice to underlings. We give serial numbers along with rank in order to define the level of command under any given rank. – Rania)

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Has your status, Commander, been acquisitioned under the Galiac Team, Sir?”

Uthrania: Yes Sir. It has.

(Captain Jerome Rutherford nods his head in agreement. – Rania)

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Well. Fine then. Shall we proceed, because we are well past the hour of your time, and I understand you will be taking Commander and Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn before the day is out?”

Uthrania: No time has been set yet, Captain Rutherford.

(The Captain rubs his chin, thoughtfully. – Rania)

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “I see.”

The Space Station



[The International Space Station](#)

4:39 pm

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Well now let us get down to work. Now the pinnacle of all observances attributed entirely to the round-a-bout ‘expression’ of ‘miracles’ are no more a miracle than are we, flying high up in your skies.

“Our precision, Captains of the ‘Armed forces’ as projected out of the observance screen of the old Hubble, continues in it’s indifference as to the continued *sorry plight of the people of Afghanistan, Iraq, Iran, Palestine, Yemen*, and we are of the opinion that none of you are fairing too well either.

“Therein from our perch so high up in **your atmosphere of absolute junk as we see floating around in your so-called outer space**, we have long noticed that the hybrid of your multi-gate or otherwise known as multi-tasking, yourselves all around the great white elephant which you call or term as your Horoscope in the heavens.

“Your space station was, however, an ingenious piece of work and if it actually was a creation any of us wanted there in the first place, why, we would have let you know.

The Space Agency



[The space agency](#)

“But as it stands, the Lieutenants and Captains of your inquisition have all meted around the airspace within the octular tube, laughing and playing with merriment all those flying contraption which were not ‘nailed’ down so well.

“Fun and games boys but then *who knows what your NASA scientists might conjure up next for their and your amusement. Why it might even be a specialized Parcheesi board with funny illuminating lights all around, so you can see.*

“But why on earth am I briefing you boys and girls on all this nonsensical data? Well, just wait and see what we do as we ‘funnily’ fly circles around the each one of you who suit up and go out to ‘explore’ the arms, legs, and feet of your more than ‘aptitude’ yes, that is the right word, space ‘county’ station.

“White elephant and all. You will see.

Space Conspiracy



[Did they really land on the moon?](#)

“My memorandum is of such fixture that we do at times laugh most hilariously at your comical antics as you continually strive to hold yourselves aloft outside in that far open space. **We circle just incase your tube runs out of air and you suffocate. We can have you in our ships within a split second.**

“And if the link comes undone we will drag you in without a second thought. After all, we are comrades-in-arms, are we not? **But just don’t insult us any further, by stating the obvious. You have not been to the moon. You have not landed a Rover on Mars, neither have you explored the bright side of the pyramid, nor even gravitated over the ledge to the dark side of the moon of which you have absolutely no idea whatsoever, lies over there.**

Gentlemen's Agreement



[Shooting them down at their own risk](#)

“Now, if you can do us that favour, then we will do you a favour and that is this:

“When we see you trying to shoot down our starplanes, we will not entirely sink you to the bottom of the ocean. Agreed? It is your call, gentlemen and ladies, so call, wisely, for we are not the boys in blue nor green beret, but your forefathers and mothers of another distant world and we do not like to be made fun of nor the butt end of your continuous attempt to shut us down and shoot us down.

“This, in fact, will be our last and latest warning to you all, for we are ‘filled’ up to the brim with nonsense coming out of both NASA and SETI, **so don’t irritate us any more!**

“That is about all for this first file. Just a bit of an introductory escapade toward ye ones gullets!

"Hands Off Our Prophets!"



[Scribes and prophets](#)

“So be sure to choose wisely and do not throw pomp and pettiness our way any of the longer.

“Good day, gentlemen of NASA and leave to our prophets the hen and chicks and quit trying to interfere with our plans for those two for we do not like it one bit!

Be warned!

“That is all I have to say. NSA mind your P’s and Q’s for the day is surely near whereby we over-fly your coup in UTAH and if we find you on ‘our territory’ we can assure you we ‘will’ remove you – bodily.

“Adieu. Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford Jr. Commanding the Inquisitor at the present time whilst Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn is away commandeering his bunch of fools!

“Adieu and please sign off channel range 7.4.26 over and out.”

Uthrania: Yes Sir! Signing off 2.46 in Tucson Arizona, U.S.A. and 7.4.26 in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. Senior Command. Out at vibration 5:04 pm

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Well done. I have enjoyed working with you.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. I, as well.

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Command. Out.”

Uthrania: Pacific Mountain Time elasticized 5:05 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

02. Captain Rutherford Files: (Entry 2) - You Have Missed "It" For The World!



Speaking eloquently, Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford gently rebukes humankind for its indolence and self-imposed isolation from REALITY of importance to its survival in the "(extra-)terrestrial" scheme of things. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 4, 2013 6:00 pm](#)
- [Are We Natives To Planet Earth?](#)
- [Truth Unvarnished... And Un-absorbed](#)
- [The Way Has Been Shown But ...](#)

Introduction



[Still waters run deep](#)

*“Well, **THE MIST WILL ONE DAY CLEAR THE COBWEBS AWAY** from those seldom-used parts of the brain, but do not despair, some it takes many, many attempts at reincarnation to where one actually makes it to the barn door.” - Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford*

November 4, 2013 6:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

5:34 pm

Uthrania: On stand by for Jerome Greek Rutherford. Is anyone there?

Lieutenant Carlos Belgin: “Not yet, Sir, Captain Uthrania. They are all off main deck until a quarter to twelve our time.”

Uthrania: Please advise me, Lieutenant Belgin, when the Captain is coming in.

Lieutenant Carlos Belgin: “Aye, Sir. That I will. Ten minutes or more, I would think. The Captain wishes to rapidly begin the session with you, Sir.”

5:44 pm

(Donning a blue striped shirt with brass lattice, Captain Rutherford strides strikingly onto the bridge. With his dark navy blue hat with black patent brim laced with the pink, blue, green, orange and yellow stripes in his hand he lays his hat down on the arm of his bench chair and resumes to sit down. High top highly polished black boots complement his attire with the small pink dots on both toes seen well through the silvery-gray molding. Blue trousers finish the Captain’s dress. – Rania)

Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford: “Well now, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. It is a fine week when I find myself still having to deal with the likes of all those courtesans who just refuse to learn what our Federation is actually for the last centuries or more, to put it mildly, wanting to do on their behalf, and that precisely is this goal:

“To strike from the record any more uncomely action from the Helliots, we call them instead of ‘Hellions,’ for a more checkered role have they equaled among themselves toward the utter and contemptable destruction of all humankind not only upon Angorius, this world we are speaking of today, but alas upon a multitude of other worlds as well.

“So if you are ready to begin, my congratulations still stand, albeit they were somewhat in abeyance to your senior rank and promotional status and that of young Jamie as well.”

(The Captain uses his right arm to prop himself into a more erect upward position in his chair. – Rania)

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

Are We Natives To Planet Earth?



[To otherwordly homes we return](#)

Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford: “Now, what would you say, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team, if I were to say - demonstrate - to the people just *how far they would get off this world of theirs without, say, a one of the Federated starships to assist them?* Would they float up in their rapturous cloud coverings hiding in their minds the image of Man? Or do they suppose sub-atomic rockets would fire down their very means of escape and therefore *they do not wish to listen to us because they think at the foremost we could not help them anyway?*

“We wonder at times just what they do think, or if they actually *do* think at all?

‘It is a wonder that humanity upon their planet ever made it this far save that of the most stringent lessons of life which we have by all means in every generation been seen to have *given those who were the seekers of reality and truth.* But truth is something which escapes even the wisest of the people at times, and junk food is all that inhibits the truth of the situation from becoming at all lodged within minds which ferment *the worst the news media has to offer them.*

“Gullible are most, and sad and fermented in soul are the rest, save that of a precious few who still believe they came from other worlds, other places, and will one day return.

Truth Unvarnished... And Un-absorbed



[The feminine](#)

‘What a heavenly sent music to their ears, and of these ones we do hope they will teach the rest wherever they see them, **BUT to NOT spend too much time on all those so-called wise - fools they are seemingly - because to them rocket science is a must while starships simply do not exist.**

“We do scratch our heads, 2nd Class Airman and Captain-in-training Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, son, because when it comes to intellect one majoring in atomic science can grade high to a 4.0 GPA *whilst still not recognizing the truth lying right above his head, or hers, to be accurate.* But women encapsulate quicker than men in recognizing their heritage from up there in their skies - our skies really - for we created the firmament with a little ticky tape here and there.

“But women, listen up here, for that is not entirely so now, is it? You understand about as much about bridge as the next man, but when it comes to how you finally absorb material of a less than

scientific writ then you blow hard your brains through one ear into that of another and bypass all which trickles down not into your craniums, not sojourning in the least.

“But please do not think that we of the Stargazer family mind in the least that you do not learn either, because we are mystified how *after so many generations of lifestreams* the cow still has not come into the barn in the dead of winter, even when straw, oats, barley, and hay has been strewn all along the ground to the shed.

(Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford takes a gulp of clear and purified water, then resumes. – Rania)

The Way Has Been Shown But ...



[The path to the discerning](#)

“Well, **THE MIST WILL ONE DAY CLEAR THE COBWEBS AWAY** from those seldom-used parts of the brain, but do not despair, *some it takes many, many attempts at reincarnation to where one actually makes it to the barn door.*

“Good day and good luck people! *The way many are going – you are going to desperately need it!*

“We hope to welcome you aboard one day, *and the door will open to those who wait* and become as the citizens would ensue their holy standing among other Holy Universal Man and Woman and Child.

“As a final word, we leave you with this, **cunning ones who sit over the people with despair: When the lock is back on the door for another ten thousand and one ages, just remember**

who put it there!

“Good Day and Good Night. Sign out for me please, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Thank you. And Jamie, please graphically put this right on.”

Mr. Graves: “Thank you again for your exquisite format and editing, Mr. Sentana-Ries. Graves out.”

Uthrania: Signing out on polarized channel Boxtrott10, Suffrage Alaska 12.4 Peaknuckle 1 and Hemmingrade 9.4. Mr. Graves, is that you Captain Hargrave, Sir?

Mr. Graves: “Naught in the least, Uthrania Seila, but another old friend from the past. It is unlikely however that you will remember me, for I was a sort-of stand-in for Periwinkle and his fun-farm up there in the Himalayas, lass. Good Night from my end. Graves Sr. and Jr. depending which way you look at the line. *(Smiles)* Out.”

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain in training over the High Flying Galiac Fireflies and Team. Signing out for Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford at 6:17 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. Captain Rutherford Files: (Entry 3) - Hodgepodge Of Political Iniquities



Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford dishes out his usual criticism of leaders on the international stage, his pen dipped in venom as he does so. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

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- [December 13, 2013 1:00 pm](#)
- [Filth In The Firmament](#)
- [Life In The Fast Lane](#)
- [From The Top To The Bottom Of Capitol Hill](#)
- [Canada, Oh Canada!](#)
- [Canadian Immigrants Vs Immigration](#)

Introduction



[Space agency](#)

"Immigrants keeping other immigrants out, immigrants awarding themselves long-ago citizenship to a nation their forebearers invaded and conquered and then denying such citizenship to other immigrants! What a charlatan way of treating your own brothers and sisters of this planet which was given to all of you so freely! And here did I address Parliament, Prime Minister of Canada, and not so much yourself." - Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford

December 13, 2013 1:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

12:45 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford, Sergeant Rufus, Sir.

Sergeant Rufus: "Aye, Sir! Captain Uthrania, Sir! The Captain will be on deck soon."

(Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford, strides onto the deck holding his hand up to silence me.
– Rania)

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Greetings, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Sir!
And Sergeant Rufus, you may leave. Thank you, Sir.”

Sergeant Rufus: “Aye, Sir!! Captain, Sir! I am going.”

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Ahem. Well Captain, let us concede at this point that we really do not need to be modest in the description of my attire, and for this am I duly welcome upon this bridge of mine as well as upon all others.”

“My standard is gray and white, and while I sport uniforms of diverse colours and lattice, I must admit that to take it into the public forum as to even the shade of my own footwear is more than a little opaque. *(The Captain glanced down at his watch.* – Rania) There we go again. It is yet early. Take five. And be back here promptly at one o’clock please, Staff Sergeant Rutherford, Esquire-to-be, to open the gates. I will see you then, Captain.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. 12:48 pm

12:59 pm

Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford: “Well, we start on time, I see. Good. Now, if you are ready, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez in league with the best of the best Fireflies of the Galiac Team, let us just as promptly begin!”

Uthrania: Ready, Sir.

Filth In The Firmament



[All garbage](#)

1:00 pm

Captain Jerome Rutherford: “Our subject title of today will elaborate, though somewhat gently, upon the state of affairs of poor old Africa and the somewhat behind the scenes of contemporary Russia in all its rather affairs of the brilliant Comrade Russet who first set the Aeronaut program in space. Good. Now, let us begin.

“Today Africa is known for its observatory on their own home-grown Mount Helenus, and if space travel were just as plausible for the lions mane down there in good ol’ Georgia, U.S.A., then ***the Cosmonauts of Russia would have a much larger farsightedness when it comes to the dross ‘flitting’ all over space***, as they much needed to call it.

“A real garbage can out there, to be sure, lads and ladies, and if one country or another does not soon clean it up – we will be forced to. And that ‘ain’t pretty!’ we can well assure of you all!

“Why? Because the firmament is not just made up of gaseous content and radiation balms,

not 'bombs.' No mistake there, Frank Mulford, Sir, ***but rather the firmament is beset with items of nucleus waste: barrels and barrels of plutonium, and the sea of Alaska is bask with the ruinations of sunken submarines and tailpipes of thrown-overboard of GMC, Toyota, and Ford composition which questionably were 're-routed' into the Arctic and Baltic Sea*** in order to throw off the opposition they created toward the African car melots and dealers who were trying to manufacture and sell their own brand to the Middle Eastern nations and nation states of Africa.

Life In The Fast Lane



[King of Jordan](#)

“So there you go. Just a little piece of history which ‘we have known’ for quite some time; the people of the Middle East have possibly known; France and Luxembourg have known plausibly; ***and the rest of you do not know which is not in the least surprising, since we have found you ones rarely know anything at all!***”

“Sin City over there in the United States district of Thailand have often stated thusly that the Cadillac of the nations was the Humdinger of a Bluecoat when the fireside was built all around Jordon, U.S.A. over there in the Middle Eastern think-tanks.

“And because King Abdullah Hussein just bought himself another Porsche, **does not mean the man fritters his citizens’ monies away.** He is just dead-tired of always playing the Monarch with no means but to stay hidden away from his people in his sort-of-palace with Saddam Hussein’s daughters Cuddly and Wrap. And Erminstein just sold the last Porsche to the King of Arabia, but he really didn’t want it anyway. Any mistake there? No, I do not think so. Contractions from time to time are just on any bulletin board of we ones when addressing the likes of each one of you long and hard working sufferers. (*Tongue in cheek.* – Rania)

“Swelled-up heads out of Washington D.C. make Captain Hatonn Gyeorgos Ceres crazy at times, and after all, who can blame him one bit when dealing with ***the aristocrat nonsense he must deal with almost daily coming straight and directly out of the European timely Press.***

From The Top To The Bottom Of Capitol Hill



[Father and son](#)

“Gong service played to the United States by both, Japan as well as China, have a round-a-bout way to verse their staunch disapproval when it comes to ‘conquering’ Vietnam.

Hollywood sparcity in brains in the White House these days as the runabout in **temper tantrums on Capitol Hill** fits the veracity club - just wet scholars behind the ears - in their almost temporal mood swings given to them by the Lions Club not, but the Skull and Bones who pay off their young scholars to become their lackeys in the business of high positioning over the waves. So do what you’re told, or wear the cement boots, hey boys?

“Midriff in the oil Texan community will arise. **Now listen to this, family of Bush and Bush, and even their ‘pardner’ Bill ‘William’ Clinton:** The far side of the berry patch **is going** (*bold that please, Captain Uthrania for me, please –Rutherford*) to turn up a grave and that grave is going to be one of yours – one of your boys from the West Virginia Cemetery - you know, the duplicate one built to saunter around that infamous one in Virginia when the turnpikes finally ran out of existence and bodies (*bold again please, Jamie. – Rutherford*) to be left in hiding before so many found out their lads and even lassies really were no longer in the productivity channel of the Middle East gulf persuasion. And all hell broke loose in these, the hideous United States of America. Poor people there. Poor people here.

“We have all a heart for you though if you would just get off your seats and stop relying on the Military Press for goodness knows what news, and begin to drop kick any ‘kid’ who wants to even think of joining up with the sectional Marines!

“**Well, George Bushes Senior and Junior:** We know you are often reading these writs and files of ours with less than fascination that we know of these doings, but even more fascination at what you only **‘think’** (*bold please, lad*) we don’t know! (*The Captain smiles in reflection. – Rania*)

Canada, Oh Canada!



[Harper and his people](#)

"But the Queen temporate in Queens, New York, and the Harlequin press out of New Jersey, and the Bronx often capsulizes on the dampening news that all of you quickly put out when the two to three towers broke down almost over Times Square, knocking out the clock from its time scope, so that the time may be forever altered in some people's minds, escalating the fact you wish them to believe in monitoring '**exactly**' (*bold please, Jamie*) **YOUR TIME PARTICLE**, and not that which time was actually the rightly recorded one!

"You cannot hide forever, gentlemen, ***and Israel cannot forever escalate wars of damnation upon the firmament of another's house, for to do so will only inevitably bring about Israel's own ruination***, and we would wish to see that horrendous affair upon no other nation to ever take place again, anywhere in your world, to anyone, for Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Chernobyl, Japan – think it did not also happen there, then lads? Then think again, and put the pickup sticks all back in the box of your mind, in order this time, together, were nothing compared to Iraq and Coquitlam B.C. over there in the west coast of Canada.

“Watch out, therefore, Prime Minister Harper, for the warning comes not a moment too late, and it does not foster from Immigrants by far, but by a Russian tugboat which strikes from the north and the ‘tributary’ runs down the ‘Pisquimee’ river - and you figure that one out - for not all is to be ever given to a nation without rattling some bones and brining the brains all out of fashion to do their work, their homework.

“All will come out well if they do. And relish not, Prime Minister Harper, that the gunboats over there in Alaska are not temporal United States Military hardware, but perhaps sign off on a gracious contract with the Eskimos firstly, and the Indians and Russians secondary, dear man, **for we care for you in your position at this time and place in your career, and are enjoining you with all correct escapades to ‘share’ the riches of the land,** whether they be of an oil contract, diamonds, or any other natural resource you may factor in on, for we can well assure you, Prime Minister, that you of all people can now **not** afford to relax the grip on your power when dealing with other nations, in justifiably bringing peaceable conditions on the Canadian nation and her citizens from other lands, which we, of course, heartily stand by you and approve of.

“After all, Canada was made a whole nation through the immigration progress, such as your forefathers and foremothers came a long distance.

Canadian Immigrants Vs Immigration



[Early settlers in Canada](#)

And now look at what you have accomplished. But after all when laws are made by the children and great grandchildren of immigrants themselves ***to structurally keep other immigrants out of such a wide and large country only because a handful want all the land and riches for themselves, then of course such laws make no sense at all.***

“Immigrants keeping other immigrants out, immigrants awarding themselves long-ago citizenship to a nation their forebearers invaded and conquered and then denying such citizenship to other immigrants! What a charlatan way of treating your own brothers and sisters of this planet which was given to all of you so freely! And here did I address Parliament, Prime Minister of Canada, and not so much yourself.

“Do not listen therefore to the whispering tongues in your ears who think they run Canada, for they are the true aliens who would make your nation, your country, into a nation of fools who do not even understand and uphold their own constitution. We relax our grip upon those whose heated heads and tongues fight the very distinguishment that Canada has always credited itself for, standing for, in front of all world population.

“You run the place and leave Israel and its sectionneers well enough alone! Do not allow them any longer to take your power, and design it to be their own!

“That is all we have to say at this time. Jamie. Thank you for your work and a chance given to you in signing out at this time will be belayed until your work with Captain James Galiac Sananda has been completed.

“Captain, please tie off all neutral coordinates, and leave the two channels open with High Command. Jeremiah Winthrop presiding in an hour with Dharma. Do you know her? Never mind. Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford over and out at Damon 4. Pontiac 6. Good Day.”

Uthrania: Closing off Damon 4, Pontiac 6 in SW Australian skies. Please leave channels

4.2 Dupont open for Merless Twin, and keep on channel Hemmingway and Hemmingrade for High Command in Section 2 and 3. Thank you. Signing out for Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Salaam. 1:56 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith

OL. Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith File: Entry 1 - Separating The Wheat From The Chaff



Hitting the ground running, Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith doesn't mince his words as he castigates bemused humanity for its tendency to take as **gospel** the word of the "authorities" that have lorded it over them, especially organized religion, instead of self-evident realities lending credence to **cosmic truth** . - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

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- [Meet Also Lieutenant Commander Jared P. \(Patrick\) Jones](#)
- [The Foundation Of Truth And Where Truth Begets You](#)
- [Warfare Is High On Your List Of Priorities!](#)
- [And You Never Learn, Do You?](#)
- [All In A Day's Work](#)

Introduction



[It will set you free](#)

"Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith is twenty-six years of age and is the youngest Captain in the Fleet. The tenth son of Captain Herman and Melanie Griffith, Captain Solomon Dirkson is the brother of Captain Sampson Griffith..." - Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

January 19, 2014 4:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

3:40 pm

Uthrania: Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith. My name is Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and I will be working as your scribe today as befits a Captain of my Rank.

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: "Pleased to meet you, Captain Uthrania Galiac Cortez, Sir. Ah.. Sentana-Ries as well. I am sorry, Sir."

Uthrania: Captain, my brother General Captain James Galiac Sananda has briefed me a little

about you. May I share this briefing with our readers?

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: “Well, a dime to a dozen would I have expected as much from Lieutenant Commander General James Galiac!” (*Captain Griffith moves around in his chair with a sheepish look on his face.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Permission, Sir?

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: ‘Permission granted, ‘little duck,’ as your brothers and closest friends call you. Now we’re even!’ (*The Captain smiles at me. I offer a congenial smile back.* – Rania)

(Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith is twenty-six years of age and is the youngest Captain in the Fleet. The tenth son of Captain Herman and Melanie Griffith, Captain Solomon Dirkson is the brother of Captain Sampson Griffith. An icon already at such a young age, the Captain sports a green-tan outfit with a feather at the brim of his hat; wears ankle length boots of a near brownish-medium tan hue with Captain’s stripes all along one side of his collar and grayish silver toes with the officious pick dots inside the metal. Thick light blond hair, blue/green eyes and being of a slight build, the youngest Captain is a force to be well reckoned with. Captain Solomon Dirkson is highly respected by all Senior Officers, and I am pleased for the opportunity to serve with him. We wait until the four o’clock hour. – Rania)

4:53 pm

Meet Also Lieutenant Commander Jared P. (Patrick) Jones



[To the two Commanders](#)

4:56 pm

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: “Captain, I would like to introduce you to a **General, Lieutenant Commander Jared P. (Patrick) Jones** who accompanies me on most missions due to the tenure of his relationships with other extraterrestrials, for the information of our readers; other cultures and races. And the General whom we brief our brothers and sisters in the efficiency of the rank of Captain is best known for translating different or diverse Oracles. So all in all we are a two-man commanding team, and as such the General is as listened to as am I, well versed also in the eptimand of all glossaries, the man is a walking encyclopedia and I am well versed in many editions myself.

“My brother Sampson Griffith is a fine and well in-tuned man who plays the glockenspiel, and I the harmonic and trumpet, though the crew wishes I played nothing. (The Captain cocks his head to the right side with another sheepish cockeyed grin on his face, and in a most genteel manner does Captain Griffith continue. – Rania)

“In any case, here comes the General now, lass.”

General Lieutenant Captain Jared P. Jones: “Captain Uthrania, I have heard so much about your work – both, scribings tomes and otherwise; your tendence with the Galiac Fireflies on missions which are almost ‘unmentionable.’ And you are married now, I also hear. Is that so, lass?”

Uthrania: Yes, General. I am. Most happily! (*I offer the General a beaming smile.* – Rania)

General Lieutenant Captain Jared P. Jones: “Now, officiating today at the helm is our own Captain Solomon D. Griffith as I like to call him for short, and since the commentary has been, well, we could say ... a little bit short with intros rather long, we need to get on with it. So ... Captain Griffith would you like to begin, and I will just stand by with my drink of coffee latte and watch, wait, unless you need me.” (*General Jared P. Jones retires to the back and rests his torso against the wall with one hand holding up his tumbler of coffee latte.* – Rania)

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: “Ready, Uthrania? Captain, Sir? Please call me Dirkson. All senior members do. Nobody is able to hear us in this cubicle, so it is all right.”

Uthrania: Indeed Sir. I am ready to proceed. (*The Captain shifts himself in his chair, ready to begin.* – Rania)

Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith: “I speak plainly and bluntly at the best to the least of times and the subject matter I wish to delve shortly into, for time is getting late for my scheduled dinner habit, happens to be: ‘**The foundation of truth and where truth begets you.**’ Please put that down as a title, scribe, Uthrania, for me, please.

The Foundation Of Truth And Where Truth Begets You



[The truth and nothing but the truth](#)

“Alright. Now there seem to be a multitude of truths out where you are living, people, aren’t there?”

“For instance, you have cosmic truths, or so you think you do, given to you by those hoary ones who believe all starships are unidentified flying saucers when most of you now know that we ALWAYS IDENTIFY OURSELVES. More than you do yourselves for that matter.

“And the reason why I say this is tantamount to crisis impairing your good judgment when it comes to *warring over land and minerals which do not belong to any of you* anyway, INCLUDING the first inhabitants of the land, this earthen plane, we named Angorius.

“You see yourselves garnished with truths offered up by religious establishments, and you wonder why your lives go awry. That is simply because in order for lives and lessons to be conquered you need the right formula, and when you know the right formula no one will be able to deceive you, and truth, my people, works directly in an instant to an overnight clause just as a precision surgeon’s tool will gain credence over the instrument of desire inside the person when a lung has to be removed or an eye needs repaired.

“It is always the formula which one needs for every diverse situation, OTHERWISE you are groping in the dark.

Warfare Is High On Your List Of Priorities!



[War-loving people!](#)

“**You really still do live in the dark ages**, people, for perfunctory are your realms of eyeless chakras, and this all due to the fact that you still have no certain idea or ideal of how to set up a proper economic system and make it run and work for you.

“How do you expect to gain popularity with the people, gents and ladies of the high board of reckoning, **when you INSIST upon enlisting people to fight in your horrible and reckless wars for your own gain to their subservience to their own Capital punishment delving into your system**, for not to lace their boots up but to keep your hats from falling off astern over the side and down under the gullet of your own pension plan?

“People of earth, you all, ..well, most of you, not all, amaze us up here in the starplanes vastly - **for you are pawns, and seldom do you even realize it!**

“Instruments of the devil is one phraseology which most of you will one day understand, **but you know little of those who run you ragged into the ground!**

And You Never Learn, Do You?



[That's the reason why you reincarnate](#)

“Now, Jewish people, you think you have the carpetbag all in place, **but the Hellions will sacrifice you upon their altar if you even think to creep out of their hole.** Not so? Ask the underling Jews in Russia? Prussia? No difference. ***Look at your history and just see who sews the buttons on fastened backward throughout historical content making you believe in your synagogues one thing, and then amissing the text of another in full sequence.***

“For if you were ever able to find the truth of your own situation yourselves, by ‘_od’! you would lace them all over with the cyanide of their own filthy solution!! **So come into the ships before all lateness transpires, little college and university students,** for the whiplash is just about to begin and the race to the finish line is one which irates none, for the just cause we will win hands down, and then where will it leave you?!

“Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford in his study said to me today, **that if the eye of the storm hits Israel it will be solely for the reason that the ‘pawns’ did not behave.**

“Wretched is life when universal truth is not applied because the greatest fault does still lie with the people whose only purpose of each incarnational quest upon their lives and lessons is to reach the place of Nirvana – **the lesson house where all truth lies itself wide open for each soul to instrumentally observe, and if something does not work out for you, people, and you ask yourselves and wonder why, it is simply because you do not understand the Oneness of the whole, and as such are still separated from the creation by soul-mind** which we up here always observe and intrinsically do follow, allowing ourselves no product of dis-behavior which

would bring tantamount upon ourselves the chaos which you so often reach and mire yourselves within.

“Ku Klux Klan, out with the rain! Good Night, and prodigals remain on high alert – **the Ships are back and ARE MANNED.**

All In A Day's Work



[Taking off](#)

“Good Night, fellow seekers and Good Day. Thank you, Uthrania Seila, Captain of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, and pleased to meet you, Jamie, and Reni our editor, and close off, or tie off all channel mentionable frequencies for us please, Rania.”

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Forsythe Ten Off 4. Hemmingrave 17.6. Captain Waldorf please leave Luzon 12 and 13, the off-line channel open for General Frank Herman Griffith. Ten to Twelve Pacific Mountain time, Okley Six. Tying off Formount 12.6 dash 4 at High Command for youngest senior member Captain Solomon Dirkson Griffith. I am Captain Surveyor of the Galiac Team Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing out at 4:43 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Forsythe

OL. Captain Forsythe: File One 2013 - Therein Lies The Guile!



Captain Forsythe is the latest Commander of the starships to reach out and have his say on world concerns, done in a unique style of linguistic discourse. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Meet Captain Forsythe](#)
- [Flash Points](#)

Introduction



[Dinger](#)

The writ from Captain Forsythe will prove difficult reading for some, spoken in a way considered cryptic to protect the prophets but the clues are there to see. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Meet Captain Forsythe



[Starship](#)

May 28, 2013 8:30 pm

Someone from the Control Deck: “Captain on the deck! Captain Forsythe, Sir! Sir! Are you ready to go? Commander-in-Chief?”

Captain Forsythe: “I am at that, lad. At ease. And let us begin if the scribe is ready.”

Rania: *Scribe ready, Sir.*

Captain Forsythe: “Good! Then, Uthrania Seila, I am well pleased to make of your acquaintance once more over the years. Do you remember me, lass?”

Rania: *Only the name, Sir.*

Captain Forsythe: “Well, the name is a good start. Now for beginnings we will cull all political forces right out of their nighttime slumber and begin with the Tuxedo at Dwarfland. **Now, I promise not to be too literate-perfect in all coding devices which are sometimes thwarted out of contemporary exclusion just to keep the three of you safe.**

“But instead we will cull the contemporary midriff out of Washington D.C. to be more of a... well, let us say, *fissurement where the President of Texaco along with his more, shall we say, advanced executives over there in roll-up-roll land over there in the Middle East, contemporary again*, and sorry for the overuse of that word, but we must get our point across, you see, and the Executives of Texaco all but drawered down their pants just to see if they could possibly outwit the **Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, the Crown Princes of the entire Gulf Cooperative Council as well as that officious President of the United States at this time, Captain of his squad, Obama, the Barak.**

“Now, there is a very valid reason for my putting his name in that order, and if you think well back to Israel and whom runs just what, you can actually fit the pieces well together.

“So, too difficult, there Steve? Well pay no mind to our ramblings then and take out of it all you desire, for the clues themselves are not difficult, you see, if you section off each partition, or paragraph and scissor graph them all – ‘the clues’ - well together.

“It is kind of fun in a way, but you must have a genuine head for it. *I know it will come to you with Cnwriter’s help, for she is a gal with a warm heart and we all know it too.*

Flash Points



Prophecy

“Now where is my pen or pencil? Ah, here it is. Scissor graph as though the prime target were the field of ‘artillery’ out there in forestland where ones such as the ‘Grump’ were letting out a little air from their craniums just in time to stitch up the suit with all the so-called intellectuals in it.

“So, now that I have you all completely confused, may we carry on with the writ. Long introduction, to be sure, but the body of the message must be very clear.

“Ahem. Now, ***Southern Italy is run amuck by those out of Heshion Greece.*** Now how on earth would this work you might ask yourselves?

“Well, we can tell you that ***the head honchos at the very top of the dung heap want the fourth of July in the United States to take on a very real dramatic...*** to make it official, one might say.

“And fireworks are only a part of it. A very ‘real’ display. Oh, well, ***now to Africa North, of course, and as usual Tripoli is in a widespread mess if we have even seen one.*** Through the course of time the deepening antagonism hath been one of jealousy from one new leader to the next. But you ones know all of this, so what am I prattling on about?

“Just a new ***Qadaffi on the rise WITHOUT the marked U.S. Navy-men on site.***

“WOW! Now isn’t that some news? You have little idea just what this will mean.

“***With the King of Saudi Arabia dead by the Press release of the Iranian T.V. they have all but buried the poor man twice. Don’t you believe a word of it. That man will live all to 100 yrs or more if a day is spent.***

“So what about Jordan? Hath it displayed a traitorism toward its neighbour to the south, Syria? ‘Oh, but Syria is to the north is it not, Captain Forthsythe, Sir?’ you might ask.

Well, think about this a little more, people, because when it comes right down to it, **Iran is just a little (they think) sitting duck for Israel.**

“Don’t you in the least buy that bit of balarny, and I know you won’t.

“Sifting through the coal and ashes, Italy finds its ‘Troubadour,’ and the next thing they want is to buy the ashes of another..... well, never mind that for now. Not too nice people at the helm of that nation. (Cough) ahem.

“So, Seila, what time is it, now? *Ah, Rania, sorry, lass. Well, just one more last quip and I’ll be gone, hey Jamie boy? Good writ, isn’t it, but a little bit of hard pull on the cranium for your subtitles and introduction and summary was it not?*

“(Laughs). Oh, a quarter to ten in the morning where I’m at. Got to go, loves. *Tell Reni a big ‘thank you’ for all his part and partition in all this drama.* (Laughs). Captain Forsythe over and out on telepathic viawave 4.27.98. Adieu and thank you.”

Rania: *Thank you Captain, Sir. Rania out. 8:54 pm*

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

O2. Captain Forsythe: File Two 2013 - The Subjugation Conundrum



Captain Forsythe is the latest Commander of the starships to reach out and have his say on world concerns, done in a unique style of linguistic discourse. This is his second writ - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Captain Forsythe Speaks Again](#)
- [Conflict In Africa Looms](#)

Introduction



[gstatic.com image2](#)

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe resumes his discourse where he left off e.g. his first previously published writ - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Forsythe Speaks Again



[Mother Ship](#)

May 30, 2013 2:30 pm

1:30 pm

Rania: *Ready Sir, at the keyboard. (Note: I thought the Captain was ready to begin earlier.*
– Rania)

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe: “Thank you, Rania. Will be with you shortly just as soon as I go over my roster with my second-in-command and their duties for the day. Just relax and go on with your coffee. (1:31 pm)

2:30 pm

Rania: *I am ready, Sir.*

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe: “Ready, lass? Are you there? Indeed. Good. Let us proceed then.

“Well, let us ‘whip up’ a dinosaur dinner for the group, shall we, and instruct our fair lady Asula to just put a little more dressing upon the turnip. Yep, that’s how we like it. Oh, I did not know I was on line yet! O.K. Good. Thank you, Stefan. Out we go.

“Now, Uthrania Seila, our quite beloved one of the ingenuity of the starships divine. We will now coordinate the graph to fit the times, shall we?

“The new stipend we have found to be rather ‘luxurious’ in the Middle Eastern of all ...

Rania: *I have lost you Captain..*

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe: “Right! Well here I am back. Weak channel at best. O.K. now the Middle Eastern frothing at the mouth is none too dramatic at all at this time, and we merely bring it up BECAUSE **the day is almost upon us to ire the Israelis right and directly ‘out of their bunkers’** when the froth hits the dog on the mouth and all tags go down and under. **For those who have a mind to understand that which is written, good for you and no more malarkey, dears!**

“**Symington University** was a gait craft whereupon horses were bet for their singular jaunting express. *And Northern Dancer was a great one, we thought, until the Crown Prince of the UAE entered his, well over a decade ago, and of course the opposition poisoned that rare gift, and typical of all horse racing, Israel along with the dog population just ferried the last bastion of France well over the wall*

Conflict In Africa Looms



Nigeria

“Now, loves, in no way do we refer here to the entire population of that nation state we all know so well, but read between the lines of the effigy and you will be quite amazed at all we know.

“**Farthington, France**, that far away place, is the natural habitat of the cougar of all disresponse to the correct and precise way of the African fathers, or was it ...English? ***Well, we want you, our readers, not to guess, but to use the typifications called gray matter, or ‘brains,’ to figure this one little important event out, so here we go.***

“Now Jamie, my lad, just put your pen down and listen up as well, and we will tell you when you can resume your editing possibilities with correct enunciations. Alright? Good.

“**The tigret of Northern Africa around Nigeria. for the fallout of the entire African nation is soon to occur.** Bomb blasts put aside, the foot soldiers of the wild and woolly American west need no curtailing by the African spooks because once the English set foot in Nigeria all hell fell out, and the waves of utter discontent led the way back out of Waldorf realms, and **Sir Simon Plinchet decided he may as well resign because none of his loyal buddies could see themselves out of this one large horrendous mess!**

“How are we doing, Steve? Mark? Cnwriter? The rest of ye with the gray matter all a-tingling down over your ears?”

“After all, ye three are the forerunners of many others who watch your capabilities with interest as we do, as a matter of fact. Lots of clues here, Steve, m’boy!

“Now, Jamie, it is time you picked up your pen again and read to us back aloud what you have got.

“Good.

“Signing off on this one small, but, Steve, ‘most valuable’ writ. Jamie, do not put the pen down. Good work, and thank you all for your most esteemable time. Forsythe, Captain. Out.” **2:46 pm**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. Captain Forsythe: File Three 2013 - Christendom And The Crusades!!!



This is the third writ of Captain Wilhelm Forsythe, who is the latest Commander of the starships adding his voice to the chorus of his equally prominent kind to warn the world of the impending end and the inevitable evacuation. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Captain Wilhelm Forsythe, The Commander Of The Hour](#)
- [Christendom](#)

Introduction



[Google Image](#)

Captain Forsythe, is among the prominent Commanders who chose it best to be "fashionably late," as it were, in contrast to earlier Commanders, to decree serious writs though delivered in a lighthearted manner to a world deteriorating in no small measure, and with a jab. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe, The Commander Of The Hour



[Wikimedia Commons](#)

May 31, 2013 9:54 am

Rania: *Ready Captain Forsythe, Sir.*

Captain Forsythe: “Ah, well, M’lass, good ol’ Jerome myself, and the very seriously non-temperamental Captain Murdock just had a face-to-face off at the track of horse-racing, not. And I say, ‘not’ simply because it is always or ‘must’ always be in the interest of the public at large for their horse to win hands down.

“It is not that we do not like nor appreciate competition, for we are not far from it itself. It is just that on your earth we must ‘comply’ a little heavier, and that simply means that we **MUST** let your horses win first. (Chuckle)

“So, first on the agenda this day, and this is why I called you to the keyboard if you weren’t busy

in the first place. **Please place subject title as being: Christendom.** I await your command, little dove.

Rania: *Thank you, Sir.*

Christendom



Saladin

Rania: *Placed, Sir. At your convenience we may continue.*

Captain Wilhelm Forsythe: “So, Christendom throughout the ages was just one more nail in the coffin of Sir Pike who was a gentleman of great fervor toward the Queen and her Consort Prince Albert.

“Prince Albert placed the Cross higher than his own head and for that reason did the Queen and Church also adore him.

“Ah, well, time does have a way of working itself out does it not, lass?

“We noticed that all throughout the Crusades down there in Lebanon north and south state the pilgrims searched for a home to enlist all their new converts. But this did not work so well, and ***before you know it Mr. Saladin who had fleeced the flock not***, took away their armor and disgraced the lot of them quite firmly, and back did the survivors ‘trot’ to approximately where they had come from, yet others relocated Europeside, elsewhere.

“Ye ones have always reincarnated directly and right back into your shells with the same exact ideology and followed that same exact ideology back into your graves, with the gravestones

'laced' with that epitaph of this: Redeeming your souls into the hands and heart of one you never once knew.

“His Grace of course loved the lot of you, not in his own way, but the steeplechase race for the tying down and anchoring of your distant drums of: forever do you conduct war by the sword and hand of your mace was never far from you, any one of you, save Sir **Pickering who felt that in order to really and truly progress in the pleasing of ‘God’ he must first learn to love his neighbours in that far-off Muslim land and bequeath to them his right hand of all good and non-stubborn..... well, that is about it for that section.**

“Rania, my dear, we must finish off soon, and I am sorry this portion is so slowly academized, but we commanders and particularly captains no longer have the amount of time on our hands as we would wish we had. So just a blanket word on the Middle East, and we will close this session, love.

“Now, Fahrenheit 911 does not only belong to Israel, but to the foxes in the woods who come at the Margot with a tail a-plenty.

Someone: *“Ifn’ it not be too much, massa Sir, I would like to trollup that hare in the woods, massa Sir, for your lunch must be much acquainted with the delicacies of the South.”*

“What does this old relic of a poor man have to do with Israel south? Now piece it all together, Steven, and we will comply with your undoubting request which for now we promise to keep to ourselves.

“Ah Ha! You got it! Good for you, Sir! Now we await of your pages and see what you come up with.

“Mark, a pheasant or two would you want to enjoin alongside your ‘ducks’ of the quill and pigeons alike.

“Cnwriter, dear one. Coin the phrase: Never Once Did We Arrive Here Alone. And remember, when reincarnation occurs it is almost always a group effort. Adieu.

“Now on to myself with my closing remarks, Jamie, M’lad, and those should be written by yourself in this one writ, for in training are our prophets, and the time has come whereby we do wish for the readers at large to better begin in understanding all that we do so as to be more incredible, as they see the lines are being drawn between good and evil. The Mancharians would certainly be pleased we are doing that.

“What is the matter Jamie? Think ye that you cannot tie off the channel? Just put down a short summary at the end as you do so frugally at the beginning, and you will find that all is well.
Good Night. Captain Wilhelm Forsythe. Out on channel wave frequency dupont 8.4. New channel there, love. Ahem and out.” **10:21 pm**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Lord St. Germain

OL. St. Germain: Sunday, July 17, 1994: Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Korea

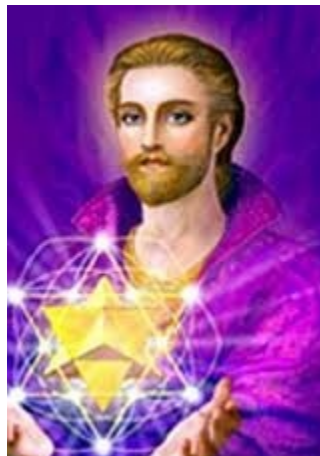


Lord St. Germain is upon this writ standing in for Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn and takes to **discussing Korea, Japan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and the former President Yasser Arafat.** - Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

[Sunday, July 17, 1994](#)

- [Korea and Japan](#)
- [Saudi Arabia](#)
- [Iraq](#)
- [President Yasser Arafat](#)

Sunday, July 17, 1994



[Lord St Germain Working With Starships](#)

*“Arafat, was not so endowed with the brigades of fascism, but was indeed the draft blueprint toward the elitist mode of cause and effect **extraordinaire**. What ludicrous motion on behalf of the farming southern districts! More had their paws in the pie than ever let on.”* – Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

Lord St. Germain:

Sunday, 17th July 1994 5:26 pm

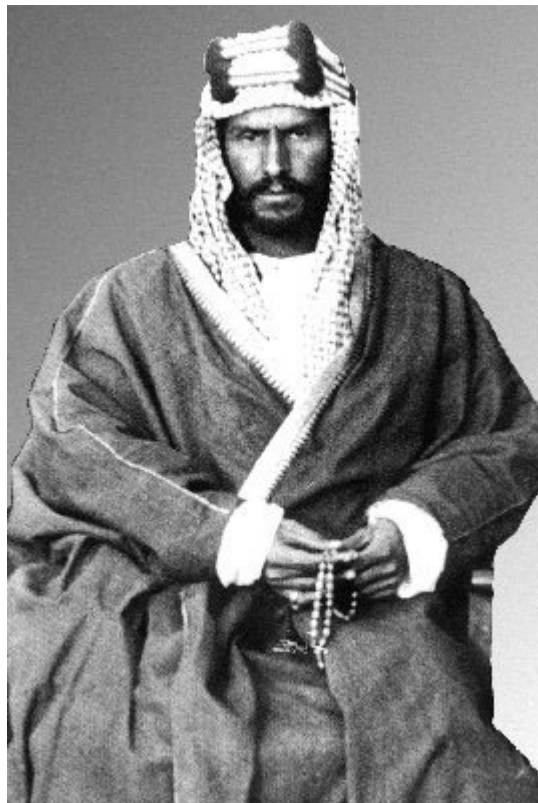
(Quote)

Korea and Japan

“Well, little one, Hatonn won't be joining us for a little while. His dictations have escaped the elitist Journal and for that he has had to attend that ‘undefiled’ Mad-as-a-Hatter Tea Party again. For his benefit only will I stand in so as not to let him fall too far behind in his dialogue to you for the benefit of the Nations. **GERMAIN PRESENT IN REPRESENTATION OF THE HATONN RESUME.**

“Without further adieu we have finally succeeded in our formulation of the contractual epilogue between the two succeeding countries of your choice: **the benefactors of Korea as well as the removal of the dictatorial escapade of the Japan nuclear warhead. Albeit, the horror of this controversy rests in the laps of the Federal Establishment of SNB, and if this is not sufficient proof of their underhanded way of releasing private censored information, then I would very much like to be on the informant side of this depilogue.**

Saudi Arabia



[King Abdulaziz ibn Al-Sa'ud](#)

“Samson and his edicate are to be held wholly responsible for the tiedown of *Saudi Arabia* and if you do not think that for one moment his sheiks do not understand the scope factor contained in their self motivated plan for the rigging of terminals and oil well tankers, then you do have a lot to *learn*.

Iraq



[President Saddam Hussein](#)

“What do you think, if anything, happened in Northern Iraq in the 1991 year forum? Guess again, for the capabilities of northern disaster and, of course, the elitist action through military forces in *the putting away the forces of the extra-elitist factions* on the roundabout side of the textrum (coin), then we would have had, do you not see, not a release of cause of world dictatorship but rather the rationale of circumspectual affairs dealt blow after blow by the faction from the southern regions!

President Yasser Arafat



[President Yasser Arafat](#)

“Arafat was not so endowed with the brigades of fascism, but **was indeed the *draft blueprint* toward the elitist mode of cause and effect extraordinaire.** What ludicrous motion on behalf of the farming southern districts! More had their paws in the pie than ever let on.

“Arafat was a schoolboy in comparison to his compromisers, which, if entirely left to their own folly, would have nevertheless not only succeeded within their own set perimeters of aggressive war-type warfare, but would have proven themselves before the world to discover the heinous villainous archetypes they really show themselves up to be.

"This is old news, and we are aware of this, but we find it applicable to set the record straight wherever it is offline. GERMAIN at the punchline - settled in the equinox.”(End quote) (From our book **Listen to me, General!**)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

Captain Herman Griffith

01. The Griffith Files (Unit 1): Eternally Coddling Israel



Captain Herman Griffith hits the ground running, so to speak, with his first dictation from the starship. And he certainly does not fly off on a tangent as his barbs zero in on his, the usual targets who are clearly named in this writ. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Welcome Back, Captain Griffith!](#)
- [Word-.. Or Sword-play](#)
- [Slings And Arrows](#)
- [Russian Roulette](#)
- [Hitting The Mark](#)

Introduction



[Scribings from the Stars](#)

Captain Griffith is not exactly new to us because reference to him can be found and read in Reni Sentana-Ries's article [Let “Temperamental Coma” Take Flight With the “Darkened Ego!”](#) - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Welcome Back, Captain Griffith!



[He's back!](#)

July 24, 2013 6:41 pm

6:32 pm

Rodriguez, Captain of the Junket: “Captain Griffith is on stand-by for you, Sir!”

Rania: I am ready, Sir.

Captain Griffith: “Well, pleased to be meeting you, Uthrania, once again. It has been many years. Quite a while at that, would you not say?”

Rania: Yes, Captain Griffith. It is good to speak with you again. How may I be of service?

Captain Herman Griffith: “Um, well to begin with, a little articulate play on words would be, shall we say, just what the good ol’ doc ordered, would you not say? And so we will begin from there.

Word-.. Or Sword-play



[Word barbs](#)

“On the Concord of all British delight all those many years ago a helicopter was only used to brandish the sword front around the base of Luxemburg, or rather Afghanistan, where the troops were sent for furlough of all places just to get them used to being ‘so far from their home.’

“Well, all this rubbish and rot was undermining the play on sequence study done by the Royal Harvard University, and even they were not up to the job.

“And why am I even telling any of you this? It is because much of that which is going on today in the British archive-tombs of the hierarchy in both the House of Lords - which was really not ‘diminished’ after all - the British Parliamentarians’ mind is actually crucial to the overall outcome of Britain vs. the United States of America.

Slings And Arrows



[Best friends forever](#)

“And how is this occurring, little so-called wise ones? **Only throughout the tenets of prophecy does the British Government prefer Israel over the Arab nation, and I say ‘nation,’ Arab nation, because the Oneness has finally stuck in their tweaked minds of their leaders, and now they find the unity in the force of them all standing together, their future stance, that they finally succeeded in putting Israel well in her place, as the ultimate military-designed base she was meant to be,** and for this reason doth the escapades between Israel and France, Luxembourg, and Sweden no longer exist.

“Oh boy, is this ever a touchy subject for Forsythe over there in the good ol’ U.S. of A., heh, because even the swanky North Village Hotel, should we call the Green Gates, serves not its customers the most frequented rice and gravy-greens upon their plates, but the poor Chinese diplomatic attire is well on its way to Saudi Robes.

Russian Roulette



[President Putin](#)

“We have long wondered though, little ones, whether or not the brawn is really stronger than the brain of many diplomatic sessions out there in the deep blue sea.

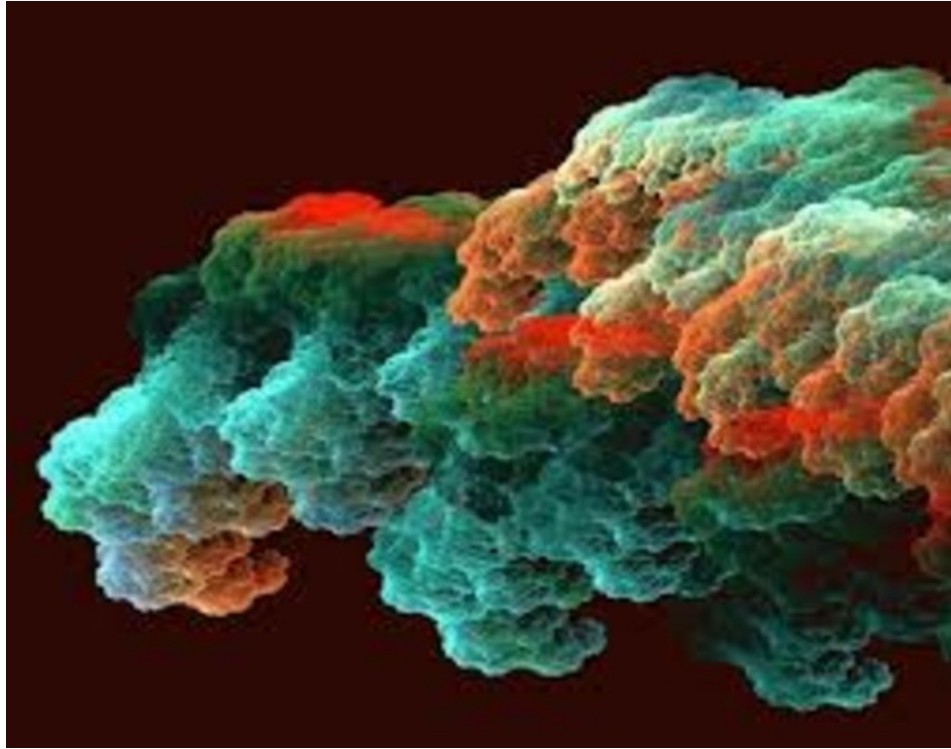
“Just supposing it were France, Germany, and Poland who stuck it to the Americans sitting in the very midst of their lands, and Russia stepped in to conquer Poland back into the rush of gold mine digging.

“So, what are we getting at here, actually is this: The tweezers of the European control over Dixieland, U.S.A. haphazardly brought the Yankees all the way home over to Dover, Ireland, and back again, and what for at that except to warn the English that just perhaps another conquered Allie will be lost. Just to put a foot in the door of British-English parliament in order that the shipbuilding be put off no longer before the American public just “found out” what went down in the Red Sea! See?

“Now Russia has long delayed its own nuclear program because they don’t believe in bombs anyway, but be forewarned American sailors, **because them danged Russians sure know how to pack a strong punch under seas and could lift your derange all the back to sequester**

New York and Washington D.C. all at the same time considering you boys are all estranged from them, there gulls, anyhoo.

Hitting The Mark



[Without a cloud of doubt](#)

“So verbiage is just a little something I do in order to sequester my point across, and yet so many of you toothless wonders still hum and ho as to my undertakings.. my points I try and make, all for the extreme benefit of those who still have something rotten between their ears which need removing.

“Ah, toot toot, is it that time already? Well, little dove of mine, just keep up with the flow and we will be back, you know.

“Commander in Chief of the Luxen Spacecraft just this side of your eternity, gents, and ladies to boot.

“Please sign off signal, Uthrania Seila. *They call you Rania now, and Good Day. Good Evening to you, Jamie, and farewell. Thank you.* Commander Griffith. Out! 7:04 pm **(End quote)**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

O2. The Griffith Files (Unit 2): Disabusing Humankind Of Falsehood



Captain Herman Griffith, unlike other righteously indignant commanders, speaks in a lighthearted manner but his message packs a punch, and how the truth hurts! - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 7. 2013 3:43 pm](#)
- [Writ In The Stars](#)
- [The Bright Side Of The Moon](#)
- [The Real Gospel Is In The Stars](#)
- ["Truth Forum"](#)
- [All In A Day's Work](#)

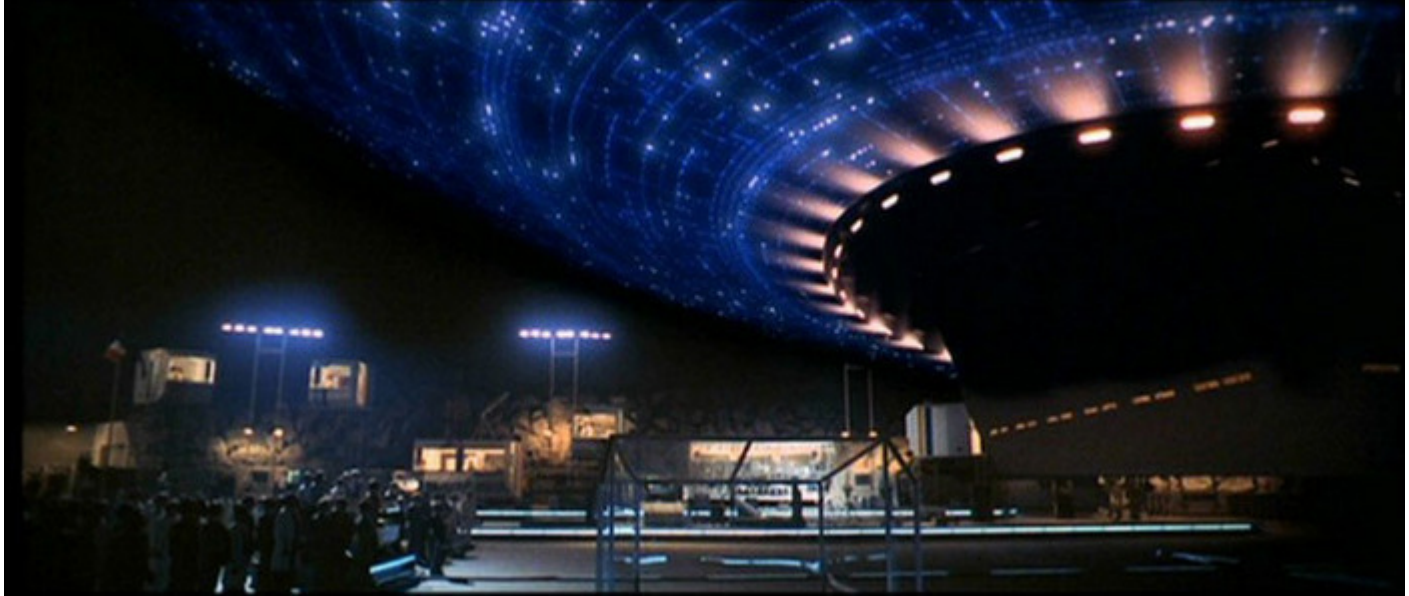
Introduction



[The truth is up there!](#)

"So off we go then, ladies and gents, and a moderation of all tenets are ours for the taking. So Peter, Paul, Luke and John, you may take of yourselves a long and healthy vacation because the people on planet earth are not going to need your lessons any longer." - Captain Herman Griffith
- - Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

August 7. 2013 3:43 pm



[The Captain's starship](#)

Lieutenant Corduell: “Captain Griffith will be on in ten minutes, Sir! (Pause) Captain on the bridge, Sir!”

Captain Korthrox: “Thank you, Lieutenant! Pleased to meet you here, Uthrania.”

Uthrania : Thank you, Sir.

3:53 pm

(Captain Griffith enters the room. – Rania)

Lieutenant Corduell: “Captain on the bridge, Sirs!”

Captain Korthrox: “Thank you, Lieutenant Corduell. Be at ease, please.”

Captain Griffith: “Hello the both of you, Captain Korthrox, Captain Uthrania..”(Captain Griffith nods his head toward the both of us and seats himself in his large chair. – Rania)

Captain Griffith: “Ted, bring Captain Korthrox his favourite brew, please, and get a glass of water for Captain Uthrania, for now.”

Lieutenant Corduell: “Aye Sir.”

(Captain Griffith leans back in his chair and looks slowly around himself. – Rania)

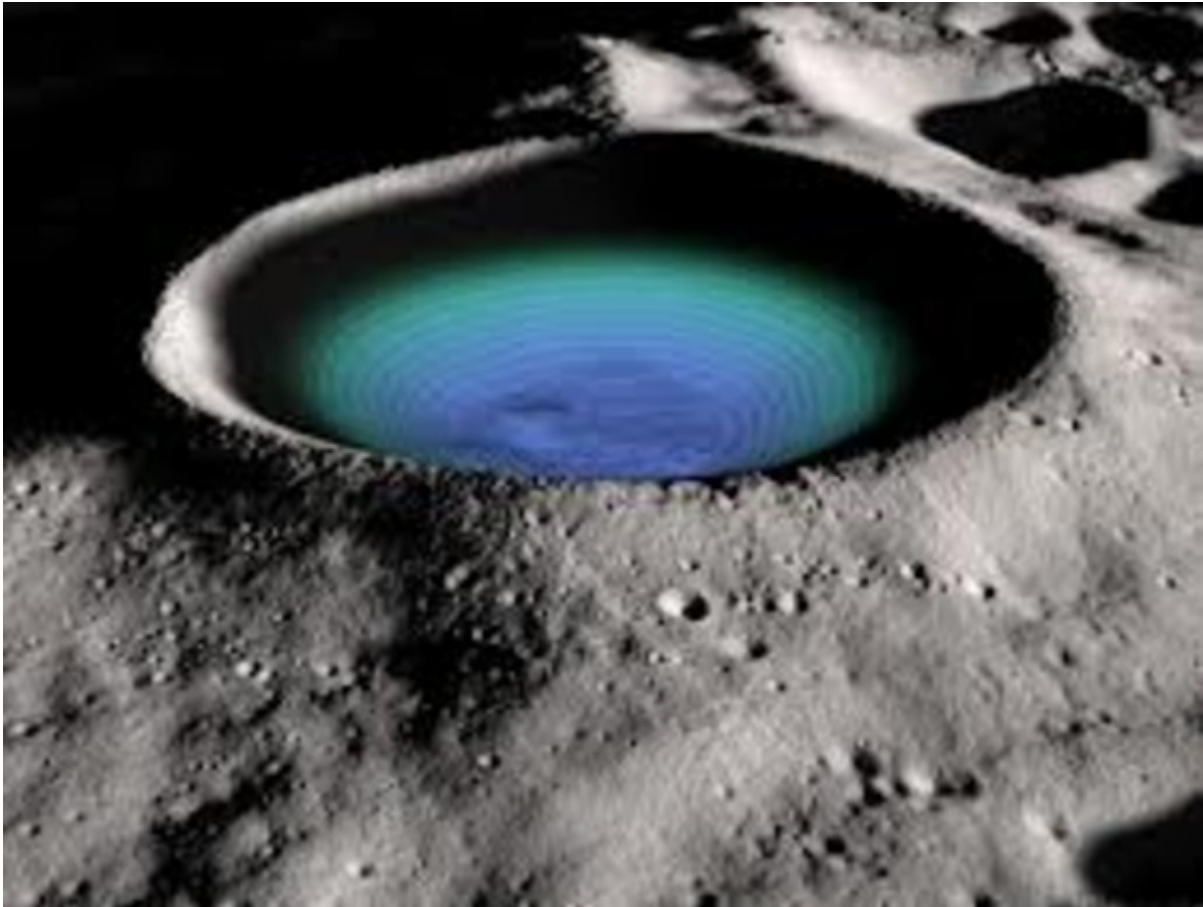
Writ In The Stars



Old writ

Captain Griffith: “Alright shall we begin, Uthrania? Betwixt the stars one of the old writs just came to my mind the other day, and do you know what I thought of that? The old Stargazer, Infinity 1, which leapt over the side rail to sequester what was left of her right-hand tail side, so to speak for better understanding of our semi-co-workers down there on the brig and those complimentary troops farsighted at best who wish to the deuce to work with us best as they are capable of.

The Bright Side Of The Moon



[Moon crater](#)

“And my point here, is this: We have so far, gentlemen and ladies of the Stargazer Intrepid, to foster our long arms out of the scientific community for now and enlace ourselves back into becoming one warship of them all which would surely be well recognizable upon Angorius, the major earth sphere next to the moon crater, which we are developing for instance to a superior state of being for our own down-home projects.

The Real Gospel Is In The Stars



[Gospel writers](#)

“So off we go then, ladies and gents, and a moderation of all tenets are ours for the taking. **So Peter, Paul, Luke and John, you may take of yourselves a long and healthy vacation because the people on planet earth are not going to need your lessons any longer.**

“Back to reality for them all, and a good healthy dose of universal truth akin to their own outmoded non-truthful reality just does them no good at times, **for they have too long indulged in the fairy concepts of Adam and Eve and the Brockstow boys who are in fact the prophets of the Jewish Elite, and even those swell old boys did not entirely realize just who we are.**

"Truth Forum"



[In session](#)

“Too bad, but they grow too with time, and with them all will learn that to believe self-indulged fantasies for the proclamation of the so-called ‘truth forum’ has done little good in solving their problems in the House of Congress nor in the Halls of Montezuma, and forthsooth so does it remain the ire of Captain and Commander-in-Chief, our Hatonn, to the very bowels and depths of his irritated soul. Poor soul that he needs to accomplish much more for the people than the people themselves will allow. Good Day.

All In A Day's Work



[Starship disengaging](#)

“That will be all for this segment. Thank you, Uthrania and Jamie, for putting this on. Good Day, Reni. We cherish your support in work-a-day habits. Commander in Chief, Captain Griffith over and out. And please tie off all circuitry channels, dupont 4.7 leave open. Thank you Captain Uthrania and good evening from our end. Close channel down. Out.

Uthrania: Channels, Broadband, Australia 9.6, Dupont 6.8 and 7.9 closed down. Over and Out at 4:11 pm. Southern Pacific time please close down. 4:12 pm

(All stand at attention as Commander-in-Chief, Commander and Captain Griffith leave the bridge with Captain Korthrox and myself. Good Day. Rania out. 4:26 pm)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. The Griffith Files (Unit 3): A Coded Writ To All Concerned

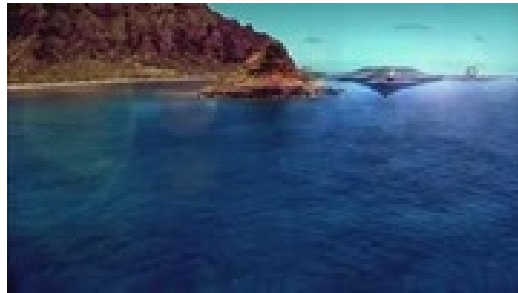


Captain Herman Griffith speaks his mind in a stern message that only those in the know will grasp and understand and there's no doubt his words will hit home. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Introduction

- [August 9, 2013 3:43 pm](#)
- [To Whom It May Concern](#)
- [The President And Congress](#)
- [The Scribes And The Coded Message](#)
- [Captain Griffith's Prophecy](#)
- [Farewell..For Now](#)

Introduction



[Starship descending](#)

"These coded elusive messages are our hybrid way of protecting our scribes, and you of the echelon factions cannot have too much trouble with all the backroom information you always have in deciphering exactly all of our words, and so I will leave you with that. One word of caution, though, my fair-weathered friends, and that is precisely this: ..." – Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

August 9, 2013 3:43 pm



[The Captain is back](#)

Commander Rex Suflus: “Captain will be along shortly, Commander. Ten to four he will arrive.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Commander. I will be on stand-by.

Commander Rex Suflus: “Yes, Sir.”

3:47 pm

Corporal Symington: “Commander on the bridge in three minutes, Commander.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Corporal.

Corporal Symington: “Aye Sir!”

3:50 pm

(Commander Griffith walks on board. –Rania)

Captain Griffith: “At ease, gentlemen. Good Day, Captain Uthrania. We have a regular session today I see on my own roster. So how are you? Are you well?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I am fine. And yourself if I may ask?

Captain Griffith: “As well as can be expected. An ulcer I am trying to fix, and it is elasticized from the Dr.’s quarters, and it should work rapidly. I have only had it for 24 hours.” *(Captain takes a big sigh and looks generally around the deck. He has on a blue uniform with silver stripes. He looks at his watch. – Rania)*

Commander-in-Chief Captain Griffith: “We are on earth time, so please take another five minutes to yourself. Corporal, a glass of water for our prophetess, please. Thank you. Just set it over here near the Captain. Thank you, son.”

“Hankerin’ down to work will be the next part of agenda here. Are you ready, Stuart?”

Stuart: “Yes, Sir! Captain, Sir!”

4:00 pm

Captain Griffith: “All right. We begin.” *(The Captain clears his throat. – Rania)*

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am ready.

Captain Griffith: “Approximately now. Begin.

To Whom It May Concern



[For your eyes only](#)

Larson on the trail of the Ducabors is hot and heavy as the mailmen tend to ostracize their own leadership out of Duck Valley. And Pinocchio has long altered his own tune due to the fact that the rational has foisted a new name down under in Australia's bright sun valley.

"Now, the Turnip on the wall sits down by the bridge, and because of the tendency of all live wires, the hump on the horse's back turns back into the Australian camel and two humps though are better by far than one when riding abreast of any beast just as a stirrup saddle finishes the touch upon a don-key's back.

"The forest of bulrushes knock down the ladder of despair, utter and total despair, as the mare in the forested regions of the Highlands of Scotland gather the men with the clan's bearers to take old England back on for a season of justice whilst poor old Ireland and miniature 'Wales' shouts back its shouldering the financial burden of all of the Piccadilly inmates and will break under its tremendous weight.

The President And Congress



[U.S. Congress](#)

“So posturizing at will is U.S. Congress with their Senatorial Bill, and that is the acquiescence of an override of all presidential duties which once over-lorded the Senate back into its rightful place.

“Now, the presidential chair needs no selection from the Bill of Congress, and the Senatorial boys back there in Washington on Capitol Hill just began manifesting a new rhetoric for the president to read concerning our fine neighbour of Iran.

“So, ditch the tools, boys and girls of Congress, because your president is a live flying hot wire who pretends with his life to be listening to you all, when in actuality there is only faction he listens to and that is Israel ‘south.’

The Scribes And The Coded Message



[Scribes and scripts](#)

“Now, this is not as simple to understand as you might think, so I am going to ask Jamie to refrain from putting any pictures to this writ save that of our fleet of starships, UNLESS he can do with total understanding which I doubt he has.

“These coded elusive messages are our hybrid way of protecting our scribes, and you of the echelon factions cannot have too much trouble with all the backroom information you always have in deciphering exactly all of our words, and so I will leave you with that. One word of caution, though, my fair-weathered friends, and that is precisely this:

“Do not continue to tune your forks before the band begins to play, or you will find that the rawhide between each of your false teeth and those of the natural will sink-lip you all the way down the baritone tube.

“Express therefore a most congenial effort in not for once undermining your president’s desire to sit and talk with the Iranian conqueror of nothing yet, for the man damned well deserves to be heard out before you land-squatters foister yourselves upon another nation which you have your CIA over and under like a den of flies, and the lion and tigers will learn in one rapid and swift motion to ditch the lot of you once they come into power. And it will happen soon.

Captain Griffith's Prophecy



Prophecy

“Good Day, ladies and gentlemen of the uppcase Royalty out of Britain Northwest, for your fox hunting days are almost over, come to an end, for the British-English throne is going to be divided among four personages, and we define them to be more brawn than brain, and for that will the people of Great England suffer an anguish which has not been seen this eternity.

“Good Day, people of Ireland, South Wales, and Piccadilly Circus, because you are the hoof in the horses run while the donkey led the Brahmas into a ditch, and all for the strictine cause of one warrior fights the next.

“Good Day, Ireland, for you are next, and Catholicism and the branch of Protatism is ne’er its way back to aplenty, and your downfall will be collapsing with it. So continue looking up to the ‘stars,’ for your redemption is near.

“Spain, and Spanish royalty, do you think we would ever be seen to leave you out? Not in the least. Cease your torrid bullfights before you are overrun by monsters of a sort way worse than you show of yourselves to be.

“Good Morning, America, wake up and brew the coffee! You will be forced out of your doldrums in a matter of minutes when we take up cycle with the moon, satellites, and ‘stars.’ And after all, who is to say who really orbits who, for with your own instrumentation taken as a bribe off of ours, we know you have actually no clue in hell what you know or think you know you are recording or doing.

“Good Canada, a seizure can prevent you from the great economic collapse - if you continue to wring your fingers at our mere suggestion that your former Defense Minister would have larconized the each one of you with our ships, fine-tuning it onto each one of your desks - should you capsize our little prophets and scribes with less dignity than they deserve... So be wise, ladies and gentlemen, and please see not to get our ire up, for ire is our middle word we use when usually looking in on you, gentlemen, and so far our ire is at the middle stage.

Farewell..For Now



[We are always above you](#)

“Thank you, Uthrania and Jamie, for your work on this set, and Reni edit carefully and wisely, only the changes in spelling and punctuation as usual. Do a very thorough and careful job on this one.

“Good Day, to you all. Commander-in-Chief Captain and Commander Griffith.

“Hank, take that water dish away from the cat, please, and put her back in her cage for the remainder of the journey.”

Hank: “Aye Captain!”

Captain Griffith: “Sign off for me, love, and have a Good Day to all three of you. Griffith out.”

Uthrania: Channel 4.2, 7.8 and 5.9 closed off. Over and out. 4:28 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

O4. The Griffith Files (Unit 4): "Read My Lips"



Captain Herman Frank Griffith waxes eloquent - and sarcastic - as he lambasts this superpower anew for abusing its might invading other nations with its battle-scarred and weary soldiers, to name a few. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

-
- [Introduction](#)
- [August 12, 2013 5:20 pm](#)
- [Figure This And Us Out!](#)
- [An Attack On Egypt And Iran](#)
- [Dirty Schemes In The Works](#)
- [Who Has The Last Laugh?](#)

Introduction



[We're overhead](#)

"So, here we go again with an 'elusive' dictatorial which I promise will not be too lengthy in style of the rabbit and the wolf and the flock of geese from Northwestern Canada, all alighting on the White House lawn next October of January, if you 'get what I mean.'" -

Captain Herman Frank Griffith

August 12, 2013 5:20 pm



[Captain Griffith dictates to the scribes](#)

Lieutenant 'Swarthy' McMillian: "Sir! The Captain may be a few minutes late. Please make yourself comfortable. Lieutenant 'Swarthy' McMillian, Sir!"

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

5:26 pm

Jeffries, Staff Sergeant: "The Captain's on board, Colonel."

Colonel Hank Phillips: "Thank you."

Staff Sergeant Jeffries: "Aye, Sir."

Colonel Hank Phillips: "The Potomac river is where this next segment will begin with its proximity toward Georgetown and West Virginia.

Are you on board, Herman?"

5:29 pm

(Captain Herman Griffiths bellows over the speaker! "Be there in five minutes!" – Rania)

5:34 pm

Captain Herman Griffith: "Swanky, are we not tonight, Jim! Dress uniform?"

Staff Sergeant Tim Jeffries: "Aye, Sir! Aye, Captain! I am all set for an elusive dinner engagement, Sir."

Captain Herman Griffith: “That so?”

(Captain Herman Griffith gives the Staff Sergeant one of his famous side grins. The Captain is outfitted in a turquoise jacket with brown lightly beaded belt and is ready for work. – Rania)

“Let us proceed, love. Goodness gracious, is that the time, already, Stuart, my lad? (*The Corporal dips his head in salute and moves over to the Captain’s side.* – Rania)

Figure This And Us Out!



[The Lawn](#)

“Alright then. Washington headed the Olympics over in southern Dresden and we all used to wonder just why the Phoenix always seemed to get burnt with those ‘guys’ preceding at the helm of all mystification.

“So, here we go again with an ‘elusive’ dictatorial which I promise will not be too lengthy in style of the rabbit and the wolf and the flock of geese from Northwestern Canada, all alighting on the White House lawn next October of January, if you ‘get what I mean.’

Two months are the same in protocol, and that is how we fix it for you dead-brained ones who cannot still figure us out!

An Attack On Egypt And Iran



[Egypt and Iran](#)

“Hieroglyphics are the tone of the day, and we **MUST** sully ourselves not into hibernation, gents as well as ladies of the ever-present banquet table, **BECAUSE your present President is going to be assassinated IF you ones don’t get off your elusive rear-ends and do some serious backbreaking crawling to those Iranians who would not touch a red given anyway.**

“So, it is all in your agenda to get the President of the United States to attack poor old Egypt North AND Iran as well!

Dirty Schemes In The Works



[The ordinary Americans](#)

“Good going, you hench-knitters, for the volley is back in your court and it could just hang the lot of you in the Great Hall of Justice just for your continued traitorism to both the American people as well as your sexually undernourished President!

“Oops, too dramatic, hey? Well we shall just see who is actually above the forefront of it all, and your little ever-present dirty schemes are ABOUT TO BACKFIRE, and we, of the starlit boys and girls are looking well forward to watching it all: The ELUSIVE FEATURE MATINEE!

Who Has The Last Laugh?



[Catch us if you can](#)

“Ah, and what a writ it is! For when all is said and done you will align yourselves no longer with the infirmity of your poor initially duped and estranged soldiers and soldierettes, Green Berets, Blue Berets, Assassins brought to your control, as well as all other Blackberry Assets of the CIA, FIA and the Nautical NSA who just talk to themselves in apostrophes and laugh it all off anyway.

“Well, we, gents, will have the last laugh, and all at your expense and not ours.

“Out for this short presentation. Have Jamie put this on, love, when he has time. Thank you. Captain Herman Frank (my full name) Griffith out on transmittal frequency, “Gulf time!” 7.9. Please sign off for me, Captain Uthrania, and stand down.”

Uthrania: Aye, Captain. All transmissions ended for this part of the day at 5:51 pm (**End quote**)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

05. Captain Herman Griffith File (Unit 5): And You Earthlings Think You Know Better Than We?



The lack of human intelligence is not so much evident in academic subjects of mathematics and science, however among Captains of intergalactic star ships its lack can arouse sarcastic humour when people’s intelligence performance is gauged by unconcern for their souls’ welfare, an area where people could really make intelligence count. -Reni Sentana-Ries

- [Introduction](#)
- [Introductory Chatting](#)
- [A Captain's Analysis of Earth-Human's Intelligence](#)
- [The Display of True Intelligence Spawns Galactic Collaboration](#)

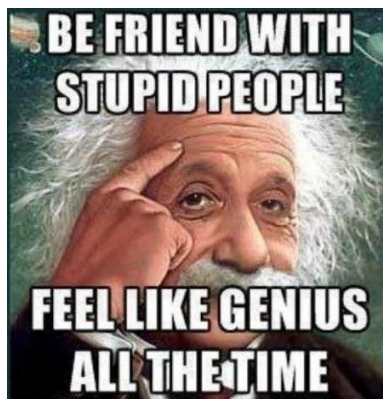
Introduction



[The Real Thing is no Joke](#)

All living in higher-evolved realms have a sense of humour, and when some of them encounter a lack of seriousness among earth humans in trying to portray themselves as being truly intelligent, it should not come as a surprise that the Commanders express their frustration with man's stupidity in biting sarcasm. -Reni Sentana-Ries

Introductory Chatting



[Setting Yourself Apart](#)

August 15, 2013 8:08 pm

“Captain Herman Griffith presiding at the helm. Uthrania, are you present, Sir?”

Uthrania: *Yes, Commander. I am on stand-by.*

Captain Herman Griffith: “Take short sabbatical until the hour has passed the cuckoo clock.”

Uthrania: *Yes, Sir. I understand. Uthrania out at Beacon Hill 8:10 pm*

Corporal Gregory Symington officiating, Lieutenant: “Captain ‘s on the deck, Sir.”

Captain Herman Medford: “Thank you, Griffith, for such a warm welcome.”

Captain Herman Griffith: *(Comes a gruff voice. – Rania)* “We have reason to believe, Herman Two, that we both bear the name Herman to confuse our adversaries, but you and I both know that here is simply not the case.”

(Captain Griffith smiles at his old acquaintance. – Rania)

Captain Herman Medford: “Aye, Sir. And is that not the trick!”

(The Captain smiles back at his compatriot, Captain Griffith. Both Gentlemen are dressed in an orangey-gray uniform with sparks of green on the upturned collar. The rank of Captain is swathed with a hearty strip of bright pink brocade along each belt loop and hat, also brimmed with turquoise. Highly polished army-issued boots fit for a King. – Rania)

8:26 pm

Uthrania: *On stand-by, Captain.*

Captain Herman Griffith: “Yes, Sir, I heard your voice. Thank you, Captain and I will be there momentarily. Relax.”

Uthrania: *Affirmed, Sir.*

8:30 pm

Captain Pollock Jenkins: “Herman, we have a flank visitor. Will you wish to take

her after the session with Captain Uthrania?“

Captain Herman Griffith: “No, John. Just let Captain Murdock into dry-dock and furnish her with our best. Will you take the interview, John, for me, please?”

Captain Pollock Jenkins: “Aye Sir. I will.”

A Captain's Analysis of Earth-Human's Intelligence

Everyone is a
genius. But if you
judge a fish on its
ability to climb a
tree, it will live its
whole life believing
that it is stupid.

- A Einstein



[Well, No One is Really Stupid](#)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Alright then, we will begin. Today’s junction just came running though the outskirts of my mind as I relaxed momentarily my wondering: what on earth to write for my next writ?”

“The absolute sequence of utter fascination, your world, **Angorius**, holds for starships and star gates, and vortexes, and the always officious crop circles, has us illustriously amused.

“After all is said and done **you have had countless generations of lifestreams and life experiences in which you must have had multiple opportunities in visitations from generic ones such as ourselves.** But did you put those experiences in your vaste experiencing DNA banks, or did you just roll over the fact that just maybe we knew something which you did not?”

“In any case, you people are funny in that you always think something out of the ordinary is going to happen if any of you are fortunate enough to board one of our

craft.

“And what exactly did you think we would do to you? Levitate you to the ceiling with pipes all shoved down your throats? Or how about, we treat you like your Angorius environment of governmental atrocities, treat your cows through leverage beams in cauterizing one severely damaged organ from the other? Or maybe we dress up as large gray things wearing the ever-present masks of Holly/Bollywood and hiss at you through gas-tubes?!

“You really make us hoot with laughter as your silly antics are believed by the sorrowing-faced ones so filled with unaccustomed fear all throughout your planetary home!

“You are mildly nuts the most of you and the rest, save that of a few, are even more jargon-minded than any of us who first came back to pick you up, would ever have imagined.

“So here we are still teaching kindergarten to a bunch of fools who do not even know how to tie their laces in an upward direction!

The Display of True Intelligence Spawns Galactic Collaboration



[Real Intelligence Comes From Above](#)

“But sometimes we have fun at your expense too!

“We do try to lend some credibility to those scientific minds of yours who jargon not with the brains of the wise and most experienced of us, but who are, rather, willing to listen up to the wise and profound words we have to say. And we do enjoy immensely these talented ones for they are found in the Gulf of Aden south of Yemen and ‘New Hampshire,’ Connecticut, and Bruno, New Mexico, and because of such astronomical intelligence to be actually found all in one spot, we have resurfaced many of our ‘jets’ into collaboration with the stream of yours.

“Now, we just cannot figure out how on earth you can fly such antiqued things with a brain who cannot comply with all universal categorical laws of actually ‘getting yourselves out of the way’ of our ships!

“In any case, this has been fun.

“Reni, serve this writ or file not unto Jamie for we have him already bogged down at the sidetrack and back and would like to give him a breather one of these days, but not now.

“Thank you, son, for your hard work too. Commander Griffith out.

“Please tie off all frequent calls of astronomical pressure, and **NASA leave them alone, for the two little prophets Rania and Jamie are our concern and none of yours!**

“Good Day, and be compliant, please, should you wish and decide to work officiating – with any of us. Adieu. Griffith Commandeering...? Fools? Well, let’s hope not.”

Uthrania: Tying off all channels dupont 7.849. Pacific Mountain time at 8:50 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

06. The Griffith Files (Unit 6): A Coded Message About and For Her Royal Highness



Captain Herman Frank Griffith directs this coded writ - its message - to those privy to the goings-on in the inner sanctum of Buckingham Palace and thinks it highly unlikely his message will not get across to the people alluded to. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 31, 2013 8:10 pm](#)
- [Her Majesty The Queen's Command Defied?](#)
- [The Eternal Conflict](#)
- [The Passages Hold The Clue](#)

Introduction



[Words from the Captain](#)

" ... and the very 'astute' gentlemen to whom this is entirely directed will find a way to protect the 'little Queen' BEFORE the ravages of the darkened heavens have their way with the wrath of Khan! ..." - Captain Herman Griffith

August 31, 2013 8:10 pm



Over England

Uthrania: On stand-by for Captain Herman Griffith, Sir.

Turki Solomon Esquire of Pontius Three: *(A deep voice replies – Rania)* “Hello.” (gruffly)
“Stand down private, please, and we will commence.” – Turki Solomon Esquire of Pontius
Three. “Corporal by rank. Captain by nature.”

(Captain Herman Griffith strides purposefully along the shank of the upper deck and is sporting a full medallion uniform with gray and pink stripes along the patient shiny black brim of his hat. Deep gray pantaloons tight around the waist and legs billowing slightly over the black shiny boots with the averagely expected small pink dots signifying his rank as captain.

Pink loosely carved armbands in a solid material with brilliant green inlay encapsulate both arms and neckpiece sports also the green stripe with maroon pulsates at both ends of the rim. The captain seats himself comfortably, nods toward myself, and gives a gentle smile of appreciation. – Rania)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Captain Herman Griffith signing in for the day and requisitioning the night time hours for our men of arms. Ready, my scribe and captain of the fleet? For I am anxious to curtail no longer a steady stream of inquirators as to the mere interest and

mention of my topic of tonight.”

Uthrania: Yes, Captain Griffith, Sir. I am ready at your disposal. Yes Sir.

(The captain shifts himself in his chair and proceeds to fold his chin in his large hand and speaks. – Rania)

Captain Herman Griffith: “So as I understand, Uthrania, smallest captain of the fleet, you have just had audience with Captain Jennifer Higgins. Is that not right, Sir?”

Uthrania: Yes, Captain. That is correct.

Captain Pontiac: “Captain Murdock is on the bridge, Sir. Shall I seat her?”

Captain Herman Griffith: “That will be fine, Sir. Just seat her over here with me.” *(The captain nods at a bench-chair on his right with a slight smile on his face. – Rania)*

Captain Pontiac: “Thank you, Sir!”

(Captain Herman Griffith again shifts himself in his chair and wraps his fingers around the end of his closely shaven chin. – Rania)

Captain Herman Griffith: “With all these interruptions, we will make this short for the day. Ready, Uthrania?”

Uthrania: Ready, Sir. Yes.

Her Majesty The Queen's Command Defied?



[The Queen and the Prince](#)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Good. Now the Concord of all nastiness toward the English Queen just dry-docked well out of ‘harbour,’ and for those of her parliamentaries who choose to remain behind closed doors in their minds in this thing are braiding the loops to their own pants hijacked by the Queen’s real regal men in braids, and therein might you all just find yourselves deeply locked inside the brig along with ***others who gallantly NOT choose to subject the Queen and her royal husband Prince Philip into not chastising those who go against her Royal Highness’s command.***

The Eternal Conflict



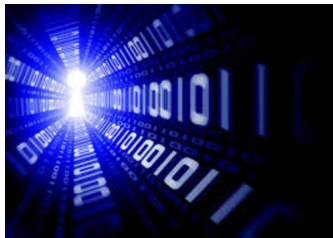
[A peace of their minds](#)

“After all ‘Lucifer’ himself, if ever he existed would have also had no trouble in assuaging the Queen over to his oversized ego, but *because the commondeers chose to follow little Israel over the loop of the Palestinian/Lebanese side of the warf, so did the Canadian Duck-abours also decide by Prime Minister Harper’s stained hands* with the blood of the Palestinians NAUGHT, that just perhaps the Regal King Abdullah of Saudi Arabia would make gracious mention of the attraction of the earlier aged Queen Elizabeth, that she did after all resemble Queen Victoria in all her chastity to a tee.

“But what has this to do with anything?” you might say?

“We will tell you this: It has very little to do with intelligence such as the British MI-5 and 6 as it has to do with the noriety of the American CIA boys and girls down there on the faceless harbour.

The Passages Hold The Clue



[Only for those in the know](#)

*"I am going out for the night now, and please place this **coded faction** on as best as you can, dear lad, Jamie, and your patience with our kind of difficult linguistics from time to time is a must, and we hold our scribes responsible for nothing which is said in this file.*

"Good Night one and all! Captain Herman Griffith over and out **and the very 'astute' gentlemen to whom this is entirely directed will find a way to protect the 'little Queen' BEFORE the ravages of the darkened heavens have their way with the wrath of Khan!**
Adios dear villagers! Captain Herman Griffith over and out!

"Please tie off all channel frequencies, dear one, for me, and thank you most graciously."

Uthrania: All secular channel frequencies being tied off at neutron 7 base 9 Code 4 at 8:38 pm. Captain Uthrania out. (**End quote**)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

07. The Griffith Files (Unit 7): The Mystery And The Truth Behind HAARP



HAARP stands for High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program, a project situated in Gakona, Alaska, United States. But what exactly is HAARP? In this writ, Captain Herman Griffith hands over the discussion on the subject to Sub-Commander Terrance from the perspective of one who knows better. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 6, 2013 6:00 pm](#)
- [Captain Griffith Introduces Sub-Commander Terrance](#)
- [The Beginnings Of HAARP](#)

- [The Design .. And The Aftermath](#)
- [A Weapon Of Total Destruction](#)
- [What really Is HAARP? Watch The Video](#) (Video no longer available)

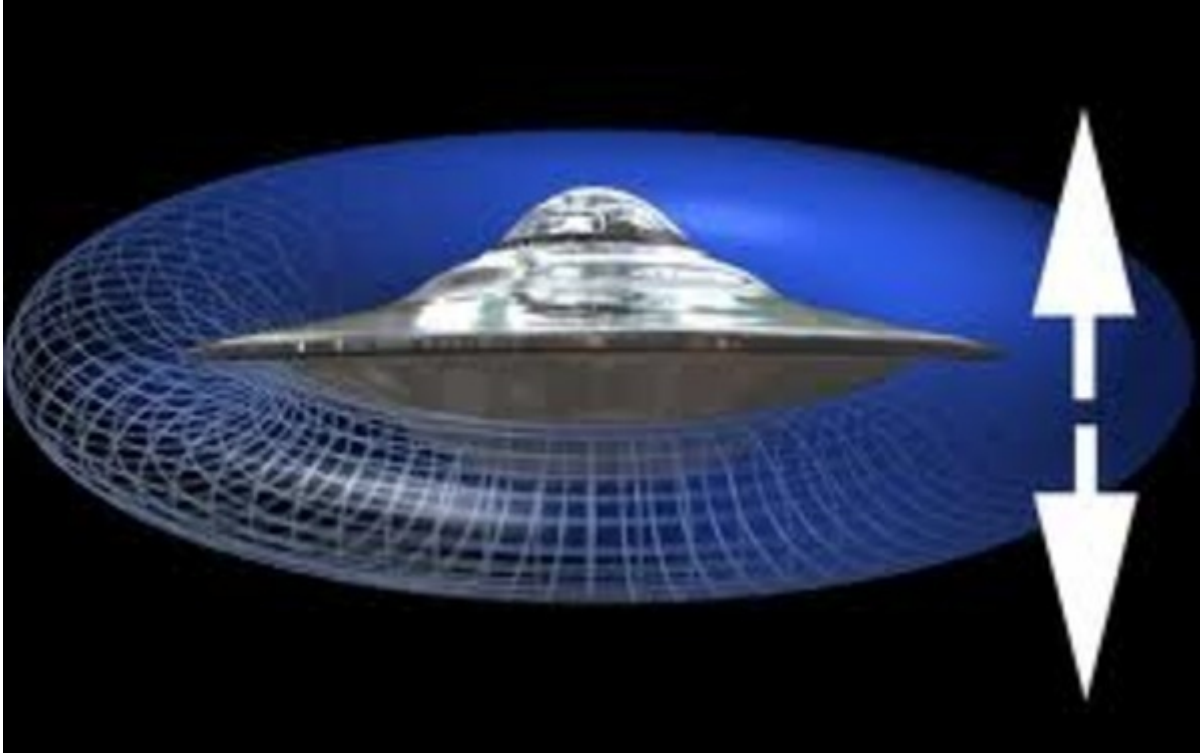
Introduction



[Chemtrail hole](#)

“The actual purpose was to allude to the Russians in particular and Chinese in memorandum communication that the HAARP weather outlook system was monitoring those two countries for their own protection in order that storms could be avoided when in fact it was HAARP creating those storms at the behest of the American military situated over there in Pentagon land, and the NASA was by then left out in the cold, and the Chinese became suspicious, the Russians’ noses were out of joint thinking the Americans had created a new kind of atomic severance package to aim at them, and the oil and coal miners began experiencing new plumages of smoke, blue-brown in appearance and even their gas masks were of little avail.” - Sub-Commander Terrance

September 6, 2013 6:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

5:36 pm

Lieutenant Rutherford Esquire, Senior Command: “Captain Griffith coming on deck, Sir.
Lieutenant Rutherford Esquire, Senior Command.”

5:40 pm

Uthrania: I am on stand-by now, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Rutherford Esquire: “Yes, Sir.”

(Captain Herman Griffith slowly strides across the tarpaulin which is laid on the floor while refitting of the station area is going on. The captain is dressed in a stunning brown brocade-

lattice with short bunker boots, rounded toe and officiating pink stripes up the side and heel of boots with the familiar pink dots on the silver meshed hard toes.

The captain sports a collar of gray-brown steel resemblance. Medallions he does not wear due to the extreme sensitivity of the program of Commander. Senior Command Station out for briefing. And now set to work. – Rania)

5:57 pm

Lieutenant Broadvent: “The Captain is here in two minutes, Sir. Lieutenant Broadvent, Sir.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

(Captain Herman Griffith walks toward his chair and seats himself comfortably down, removing his hat by the dark swanky patent brim with the more than familiar blue and pink and yellow stripes molded in. The Captain takes a large sip from his tumbler. – Rania)

6:01 pm

(Dogs were barking. Had to quiet them down. Begun at 6:01 pm. Captain on stand-by for my attention. – Rania)

Uthrania: Good evening, Commander. Please excuse the short delay.

Captain Herman Griffith: “Coughs into his hand. Well, Uthrania, Captain, you have been at my assistance today without much notice, so I will be willing to overlook this unc customary delay this time. Now, may we proceed?”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Immediately.

Captain Griffith Introduces Sub-Commander Terrance

Captain Herman Griffith: “Good then. Today Sub-Commander of the Unique Forces will ascertain just how good our HAARP actually is without all the rigmarole attributed to it. The captain’s name is Terrance. Please meet Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the High Flying Galiac Team, Terrance. “

Sub-Commander Terrance: “Pleased to meet you, Ma’am. Captain, have I made of your acquaintance at an earlier time, Sir?”

(Sub-Commander Terrance scratches his head through his dark hair. – Rania)

Uthrania: I briefly recall the name, Commander, but let us re-familiarize ourselves with one another, shall we?

Sub-Commander Terrance: “Thank you, Sir.’

Captain Herman Griffith: “Good. Now may we proceed, you two?”

Uthrania: I am ready to commence, Captain.

Captain Herman Griffith: “Alright then. Terrance, how about you fill us in on what you know concerning the effectiveness of the military arm of HAARP.”

The Beginnings Of HAARP



[HAARP and the Tesla connection](#)

Sub-Commander Terrance: “Aye, Sir. Well Captain Uthrania, I suppose just try and diagram my words to match or fit the pictures I download into your mindset, and we will begin.”

Uthrania: Ready, Commander.

Sub-Commander Terrance: *“To begin with, HAARP was formally built upon a very flat sub-terrainian plateau deep in the depths of the sea by sea merchants pretending to be such when in fact the military wing of NASA were promoting their own ‘sea merchants’ of-a-sort to include and magnify the arresting falsehood that absolutely nothing was going on.”*

“After all the cold war had dissolved relations with not only China Sea on the south, but the

Russian Duma on the north, and high capsule effect on the Northern Lights at that time was radiating straight out of the waters.

“Since this never did work as well as relying on the truth of the situation, that ***Hitler’s men-scientists did in fact find the polar excuse for a hiding place in the depths of the earth, the Bermuda Triangle became the next experimental ground for NASA*** and the Fareaway Boys, and girls came into strict compliance with those men they serviced, and were blindfolded when taken in as such as breeding dogs would be and latticed over the top of the heliowaves.

“We garnered their response with our looking tool which could penetrate the ground with all nuisance removed, and as such, the Winnebagos, which we called the intake women and children of the men who were married of-a-sort, could diagram their entire families in a strict compliance with never knowing at all where they were, from the places from which they came.

The Design .. And The Aftermath



[HAARP sea-based](#)

“HAARP was meticulous in its design, Sir. (*Speaking to the captain.* – Rania)

“A series of strikes were formulated from deep down under the seabed of the St. Lawrence gangway, and the boys in blue and military brown also dove with the Seals deep into the river and sea bed in order to down-tie the effective string-beam of HAARP Esquarian itself.

This word Esquarian among our sorts has a duplicate meaning and that is because we are dubbing out words in order to heighten the ultra effect of proclamation of codes out so they will not be readily, if at all, understood by the high and General public.

“So, General Diefenbaker made way for HAARP Two, to rescue American and British crewmen from sunken ships by emitting a Lars-wave to the heights of telescope city, and by that time HAARP was getting a real facelift, you know, a real once-over.

***“Pulmonary disease of the intestinal tubes brought about severe and premature ‘strokes’ among many servicemen to the point where the military head brass found themselves wanting..... (Pause. Terrance takes a gulp of water and brushes his arm across his mouth.* – Rania)**

“Excuse me. I am sorry for the interruption, captains.”

Captain Herman Griffith: “Just continue, son.”

A Weapon Of Total Destruction



[The smoking gun](#)

Sub-Commander Terrance: “Thank you, Sir. Aye Sir. So the military head honchos tried their best to take media-land into their confidence and erroneously fed them a whole slate of new lies about what this HAARP could do and could acquisition.”

Captain Herman Griffith: “Just a minute, son, are you telling us that HAARP Two was manifested or face-lifted from the previous design?”

Sub-Commander Terrance: “No, Sir, Captain, Sir. In actuality the new facelift brought the severance of HAARP Four to the surface because they had a whole and entire sting of them for the Angels to play. That was their diagram of ingenuity when talking to the press just to throw them off, but their scientists became touchy about their work and manifested a more than guilty complex which gave away readily the real purpose indeed.”

Captain Herman Griffith: “And what was that real purpose, son?”

Sub-Commander Terrance: “The actual purpose was to allude to the Russians in particular and Chinese in memorandum communication that the HAARP weather outlook system was monitoring those two countries for their own protection in order that storms could be avoided *when in fact it was HAARP creating those storms at the behest of the American military situated over there in Pentagon land, and the NASA was by then*

left out in the cold, and the Chinese became suspicious, the Russians' noses were out of joint thinking the Americans had created a new kind of atomic severance package to aim at them, and the oil and coal miners began experiencing new plumages of smoke, blue-brown in appearance and even their gas masks were of little avail."

What really Is HAARP? Watch The Video

(Video is no longer available)

Captain Herman Griffith: "All right, son. That is enough for today, and we mightily appreciate your kind debut into our conversational stint this evening.

"Please tie off all channel vibrations, Sir, and resume your duty, Lieutenant Waldorf, and thank you for coming to visit, Commander Terrance.

"Captain Griffith Sr. over and out. Tie off for me, please, Captain, once again."

Uthrania: Sub-Commander Terrance, it has been a pleasure to see you again and work with you. Good Evening, Captain.

Tying off all channels of telepathic frequency bypass HAARP and Swift Channel 2. Good Night, and adieu.

Detailed for the Public Record:

Jamie please put this on at your discretion, and congratulations on your promotion by the Senior Command with Captain Sophram officiating distinctly: Private 2nd Class Airman, which for the public's recognition gives you the authority to ask simple requests of the captains and commanders in the assistance of their ships. Thank you, Private, and Good

Night. 7.9 down and closed. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team, out at 6:40 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

OS. The Griffith Files (Unit 8): The Jargon Which Kept The Wall From Falling In!



We all know about the gravitational pull of the moon as seen during high tides. But what is the other galactic function of the moon? It is not entirely ours, is it? Captain Herman Griffith explains, with snide remarks directed at a superpower. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 25, 2013 6:00 pm](#)
- [Warming Up](#)
- [The Moon Is Not Yours Alone](#)
- [The Captain Goes Ballistic](#)
- [Signing Off With Stinging Rebuke](#)

Introduction

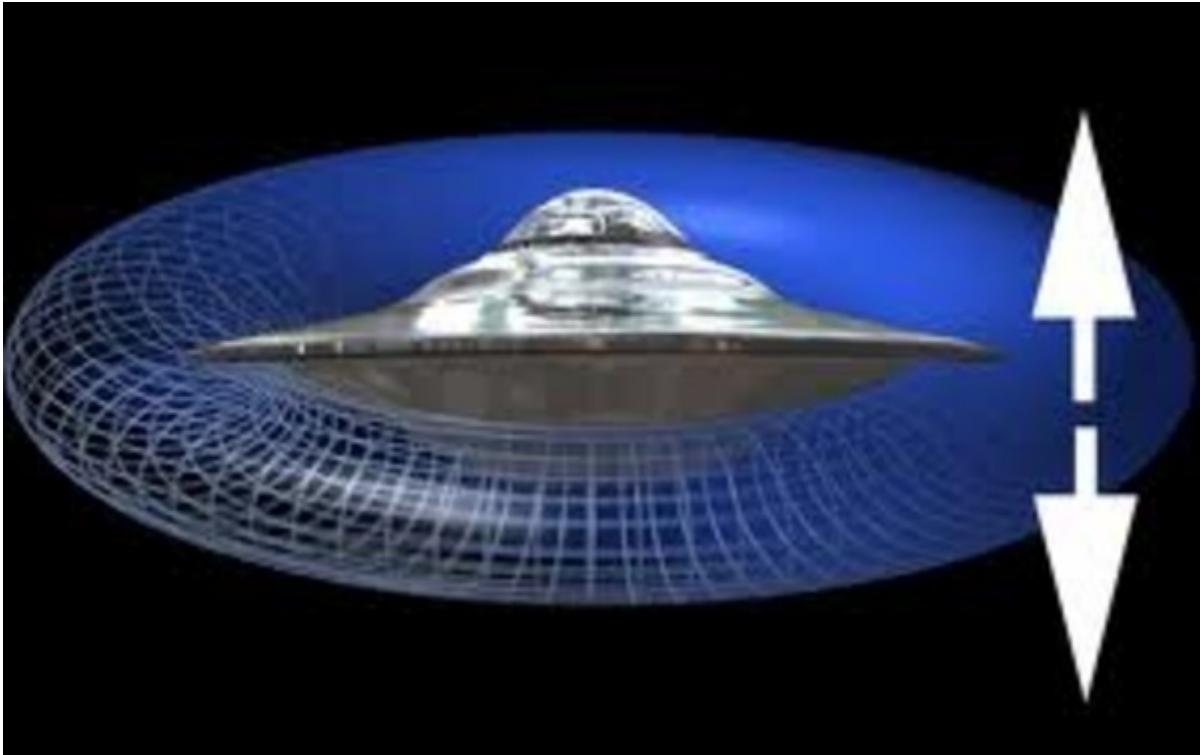


[Moon's facets](#)

"We are holding in fact your world in balance, and without our assistance your North Star

would seem to have shifted when it really has not moved at all in a million times a million light years, and your world would have long ago been thrown so off-balance that you would have rocketeered all over the galaxy! ... " - Captain Herman Griffith

September 25, 2013 6:00 pm



[The Captain's ship](#)

5:28 pm

Colonel Sam Tiberius Jackson, Esquire of the Ramba Team off Dwarf Seven: “Captain on the bridge, Sir, in five minutes. Colonel Sam Tiberius Jackson, Esquire of the Ramba Team off Dwarf Seven. And they thought, Captain Uthrania, that there was no life aboard the planet.” (*He smiles at me.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Please inform the Captain I am on standby, Colonel Jackson.

Colonel Jackson: “Yes, Sir. I already have in the docking bay over telecom 4.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

5:33 pm

Colonel Jackson: “He will be another five to ten minutes more, Commander. The Captain has gone to change into Military attire, Sir. Will you wait or avail yourself of the delicacies of our lounge, Sir?”

Uthrania: I will wait. Thank you, Corporal Jackson, Sir.

5:43 pm

Uthrania: *(Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn explained to me **that holograms are made of myself and transferred to the bridge crew and I appear solid to them. I was wondering why they kept asking me if I would like to partake of the liquids and delicacies of the lounges. Mind you, I can see them as well.***

Captain Herman Griffith comes attired upon the bridge of his ship dressed in full Military honours such as the foremost badge demonstrating his Military leadership of four White Stars embedded in a gold coil with sequence of blue stripes down and behind each center star.

His routine consists of diagramming the articulateness of his lesser commanders through the “Gospel of St. Griffith,” as people like to call it under their breath, and as the Commander-in-Chief continues to draw attention to his wide berth he accustomly places around himself, he tends to attract many to his side of the stream around many such worlds as Andromeda 3 and 4.

The people highly respect this Commander, and oh, he was once stationed on a Dwarf

planet which in retrospect offered little more vegetation than swamp grass and the elusive pig weed as found upon Pulo Four.

The Captain has returned to the Bridge “where he lives,” as his Senior Commanders state, and now the Captain motions me that we are ready to almost begin. I take my seat by his Captaincy and move my fingers deftly along the keyboard in readiness for his dictation. – Rania)

Warming Up



[The dictation begins](#)

5:48 pm

Captain Herman Griffith: “Well, Sirs, here we are at last and all in good working order, hey? Now no time for any of your nonchalant wavering ways please, because the world at large just will not wait much further before we will have to act, and more sooner we are afraid, than later.

“Good Evening, Captain Uthrania Seila, and how are you tonight, my lass?”

Uthrania: I am very well, thank you Captain Griffith. And may I enquire as to your health as well, Sir?

Captain Herman Griffith: *(The Captain reclines in his bench chair as he stretches his long legs out in front of himself crossing the dark brown boots over one another at the ankle. He inhales a large breath of fresh air coming in from one of the larger vents. – Rania)*

“Well, lass, I really could not have been better even though my tour of duty on Polack 4 escalated my pressure and made it seem that even there they would give to me a rapid stroke!

“Such inefficiency as I have never before seen, and what a team of dwarf holonauts ..for they have long since ..photographed all areas around their home planet but *forgot* to put the film in the camera! Such a backward race.

The Moon Is Not Yours Alone



[Moonlight Solitaire](#)

“We have long since forgotten just how long it does take for some races to evolve. So we leave them to themselves, and ‘good riddance’ for now! *(Captain Herman Griffith takes another deep breath and reclines back even further then pulls himself up to a slightly reclined sitting position. My back is straight as I type. – Rania)*

“Now.. (Captain Griffith moves his left hand along the arm of his bench chair and exactly articulates his next words. – Rania)

“In the bemooth of time of all ‘co-coordinated’ time shifts are the planets around Jupiter’s northern region going to counter the balance of the moon of Sirius. You will see, scientists of the Angorius team, that the moon you term as belonging to your earthen plane is really more of a counterweight satellite and is only efficient **IF the balance between one rock** and the other is stabilized, and that of course is where our starships come into play.

*“We are holding in fact your world in balance, and without our assistance your North Star would seem to have shifted when it really has not moved at all in a million times a million light years, and your world would have long ago been thrown so off-balance that you would have rocketeered all over the galaxy! **Have you ever seen a ‘star’ which was not exactly a ship nor a satellite careen off balance and hit the waves going about 40 light years per second?***

The Captain Goes Ballistic



[Montezuma Bay](#)

“Oh, you say, it cannot be done, gentlemen and ladies of the bulwark of the great British Academy next to the one offered in tenure by the American NASA gents and ladies aboard this serious intellectual quest?

“Well we can assure you that it CAN AND WILL BE DONE! Just the approximation is

what concerns us and should also readily concern YOU!

“So off with their heads we go as towering structures with guns and mortars galore, hidden within the hallow halls of the infamous Montezuma Bay shoot upward in the rare hopes of continually seeking to bring one of us down – our starplanes! which they have never reached inasfar as the epic of the century of trying goes, but boys and girls, we are no longer going to put up with your ploys, for REACTION TIME IS NOW PAST AND WE ARE IN THE PRESENT – YOUR FUTURE – AND YOUR FUTURE, WHICH IS YOUR PRESENT, WILL SOON BE YOUR PAST AND OUR GLORY AS WE SHOOT YOU DOWN JUST AS THOUGH YOU WERE FLIES IN THE AIR, FOR WE HOLD NO MORE CONTEMPT AT BAY!

“UNDERSTAND US HERE, GENERALS OF THE CHESIPIQUE ARMY SOUTHWEST ON! FORWARD COMMAND GROUND PRINCIPLE! AND BEWARE FOR OUR WORDS ARE NOT AS DISTANT AS...

“OUR SHIPS!

Signing Off With Stinging Rebuke



[U.S. military](#)

“Put this on immediately upon your new day, Jamie, and address it to:

“The Jargon Which Kept The Wall From Falling In!

“New title chapter. Heading The Griffith Files: et al. You know the routine. Good Night to you all.

“Signing off all channels 10.2 Vermont Quadrant 4879 Brigade. ***Hey General McCarthy, lad? Don’t try to trick us, for we have no more patience left with the likes of the U.S. Military Brass!***

“Good Day, gentlemen and ladies. – Captain Herman Griffith signing out. Please close off all remaining channels, little duck. Thank you, and Good Night to you and Jamie, and Reni over there. Adieu.”

Uthrania: Tying off all channels. Vermont Quadrant 4879 Brigade and Pultouth 7.9.

Forsythe please reroute the band channel to Hemmingrade 17 9. Thank you.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Officiating Captain of the Galiac Team, in training, under the principle of Captains’ Sophram and James Galiac. Signing off for Mission Control. Good Day and Good Night. 6:18 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

09. The Griffith Files (Unit 9): The Evacuation And The Second Great Flood Since Noah!



It is not farthest from thought or fancy in the modern age that a great "Flood" is soon to occur since the time of Noah. Again and again, our forefa(mo)thers from the stars speak of such a catastrophe and the evacuation happening. Very few seem to heed the words nor suspend disbelief. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 24, 2013 4:30 pm](#)
- [Off To A Different World](#)
- [Captain James Galiac Sananda: The Man Called "Jesus"](#)
- [When The Waves Engulf Earth](#)
- [Hierarchy Structure Of The Federation](#)

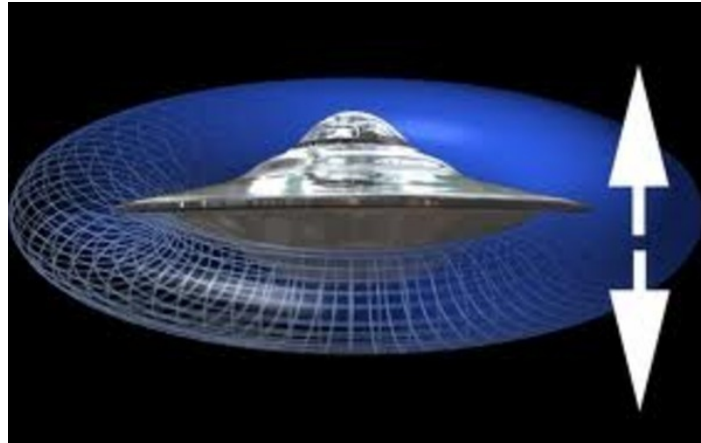
Introduction



[Scribings from the Stars](#)

*"Go out and tell them my name. Go as far as you are able. For the time of the greatest evacuation will be upon them as you in your generation will surely see me in mine come back as one of the commanders of the Federated Union of Starplanes in order to **release you from the burden of going under five mile waves**, and falling into the deepest crevices you have ever yet to witness."* - Captain Herman Griffith (quoting the words of "Jesus" now reincarnated as Captain Galiac Sananda)

September 24, 2013 4:30 pm



[Awaiting the Captain's arrival](#)

3: 26 pm

Uthrania: On standby Sirs.

Captain Herman Medford: “Commander, Lieutenant, the Captain is on board the Hyinth!”

Good Evening, Captain. *(The Captain salutes me. I return his sign of respect. – Rania)*

“He will be about one half an hour, Sir. Please feel free to retire to the lounge whilst you await his arrival, Captain, and make yourself comfortable.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Captain. I will avail myself of your etiquette most graciously. *(I arise and leave my seating position and head for a coffee. – Rania)*

4:00 pm

4:05 pm

Lieutenant Hyjinx Major Code Word: Fox Rank and Number Lieutenant Commander; Serial: 4.78924-C: “Captain is on board in five minutes, Commander. Lieutenant Hyjinx Major Code Word: Fox Rank and Number Lieutenant Commander; Serial: 4.78924-C”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Hyjinx Major: “Aye, Sir.”

4:10 pm

Uthrania: *(The Captain arrives wearing a brocaded raised seam dress attire in silken gold with raised silver-bronze molding over a grass-green jacket with polished dark green boots with the*

familiar gray-silver toed embedded with pink dots on each toe signifying rank and promotion to the number of dots toward the Captain's credit. There are significant levels of Captaincy in the Federated Union of Flanked Starships bound for War Duty if necessary. This is one Captain who serves aboard our ships to this degree. The Captain is motioning me to sit at command station. I must relocate. – Rania)

I am available, Sir. (*Lieutenant Waldorf has accompanied me to the starship of Captain Herman Griffith. – Rania)*

Lieutenant Waldorf: “Three more minutes, Sir.”

Off To A Different World



[Where there's no _money system_](#)

4:15 pm

Captain Herman Griffith: “Well now, Sector Five of our Federated Eclipse of all which is yet to unfold! Here are we gathered once again upon my Bridge, and so let us begin, shall we, lass?”

Uthrania: Aye, Captain.

Captain Herman Griffith: “Now in an effort to comely back up the words of Lieutenant Major General Luther Griffith, my counterpart, as well as Captain-in-Chief of the Hyjinx Team, we must not allude to the changes which are to occur and are in fact these very days occurring on the world scene of Angorius, **but in fact must be seen to the best of our ability to dominate the minds and souls of people down there upon the earth.** And why is this exactly? Because their

foremost future depends upon it.

“After all, it is going to shift their equilibrium in their very brainwaves to be picked up and shifted to another world where homes have been so readily provided for them until such time as they can arrange ‘without money currency,’ to see to the building of their own.

Captain James Galiac Sananda: The Man Called "Jesus"



[christed one](#)

“Captain James Galiac Sananda, when he came enlisted by our Captaincy Millennial and over two thousand years ago to this earth advised the people of that time of which many of you are the same generation as then, that the day would come when a most necessary evacuation would occur, and you such people would be graced with a ride to another world where homes would be as such mandatory requirement of your very basic needs be provided for your sanctuary.

“At no time nor place in his history nor that of yours did the Master Teacher, you depict as your ‘Jesus,’ ever once state that he wanted worship or to build a following nor any of the likeness which you try to attribute to himself and his words of which merriment your undigestable minds have absolutely no perception of.

“After all, to date you have told your people, Ministers of the Cloth, that their Missionary work around the world must manifest ‘Savior’ by the ‘shedding of his blood and the eating of your bread’ which in fact has nothing to do with what he was bespoken of.

When The Waves Engulf Earth



[The evacuation will come](#)

“You must not allow yourselves to be duped. What Captain James Galiac Sananda Jmmanuel Esu DID SAY IN THOSE DAYS WERE THESE VERY HEATED WORDS!:

*“‘Go out and tell them my name. Go as far as you are able. For the time of the greatest evacuation will be upon them as you in your generation will surely see me in mine come back as one of the commanders of the Federated Union of Starplanes in order to **release you from the burden of going under five mile waves**, and falling into the deepest crevices you have ever yet to witness.’*

“Captain James Galiac Sananda in a new body:

“‘as you all do not retain immortality in the bodies you once inhabited but have been reborn of the blood of the womb into a new flesh, as the water broke within the woman.’

Hierarchy Structure Of The Federation



[Federation of Free Planets](#)

“So now that we have that all settled, Jamie, why don’t you take your milk and be gone to bed soon, for we have offshore duty for you and need you at your best. (*The Captain Smiles warmly.* – Rania)

“That will be all, Captain. And thank you for that further enlistment into the Galiac Team Captaincy with such relishment. A lot of hard and difficult work for you, ahead, little one, but we know you can do it.” (*The Captain smiles in my direction.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Aye, Captain, with the assistance of Captains’ ...

Corporal-in-Chief of the Larynx Project On Alphus Four, Quadrant 8, Jeremiah Hendrix:

“Sirs, sorry to interrupt but the Pigeon is on board the Phoenix and is awaiting your signal to dock. **General Bashford** is on board.”

Captain Herman Griffith: “Aye, Sir. Well, dock them then. (*The Captain turns to me.* – Rania) You were saying, Uthrania, Sir?”

Uthrania: Captain James Galiac has assigned Captains Jeremiah Ruttex and Jeremiah Higgins to be my Senior Advisors should I run into such problem which I am unable to ascertain the solution to.

Captain Herman Griffith: “I see. (*Rubbing his chin.* – Rania) Well, add me to that list, lass, and now I must be off. (*The Captain smiles at me and nods.* – Rania) Tie off channel please, lass. (*The Captain stands and waves shortly to his crew and walks toward the door. His final words were for the docking establishment:* - Rania)

’Paint those docks!’ (*Captain Herman Griffith, presiding, as he leaves the Bridge. Good night.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Tying off all channel telepathic frequencies at 4.9 Waldorf Heights and Potomac

River Station 5.12. Good Night! Signing out for High Command, Pollack 12 at 4:44 pm, Grande Central Station.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, from the High Flying Galiac Team, with Jamie included in the most severe training he has ever in his life encountered. Good Day. Over and out on channel wave frequency 5.7 Dupont. Captain out. 4:45 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

10. The Griffith Files (Unit 10): On Horoscopes, Stars And Captive Brethren



Captain Herman Griffith draws attention to the stars and how astrologers represent them in diagrams as to what each means in matters of the zodiac. He also issues a stern warning to countries identified below which are holding their brethren captives. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 28, 2013 7:30 pm](#)
- ["Doubt thou the stars are fire ... " \(Hamlet\)](#)
- [Stellar Constellation](#)
- [Set Our Brethren Free, Or ... !!!](#)
- [Aboard Starship Illuminate Sufford](#)

Introduction



[Horoscope sign](#)

"So Colonels and captives of the Grass Elite's army, we have you in our sights. RELEASE OUR BRETHREN BEFORE WE MAKE FOXGRASS OUT OF YOUR TEMPLES AND RELEASE YOU

ALL INTO THE WILDS OF THE OUTBACK OF AUSTRALIA TO BE EATEN ALIVE WITH UNSEEING EYES TO THE VERY HYENENAS AND FOX-GAIT!" - Captain Herman Griffith

September 28, 2013 7:30 pm



[Starship ready](#)

7:07 pm

Corporal Ethan Jeremiah Higgins, Sr.: “Captain will be on the bridge in ten minutes, Sir.
Corporal Ethan Jeremiah Higgins, Sr.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Corporal. Please advise the Captain that I remain on stand-by.

Corporal Ethan Jeremiah Higgins, Sr.: “Aye, Sir. Sorry, Sir. He will be a little bit later I have been told. Ten to Fifteen minutes, Sir.”

Uthrania: That will be fine, Corporal.

Corporal Ethan Jeremiah Higgins, Sr.: “Thank you, Sir. Sabbatical is just coming back on Staff, Sir. Captain Higgins is now on board Sir, but will need to change.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

7:22 pm

Captain Herman Griffith: “Symphony of the Stars in all our lit glory will be the topic of the day. Jeremiah, please have a seat.”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins Esquire: ‘Thank you, Jack.’

7:25 pm

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins seats himself beside Captain Herman Griffith, both men sporting the navy blue uniform of Military Officers of the Federated Union of Starships. Black high top highly polished boots of Captain Jeremiah Higgins complements the high top brown boots of Captain Herman Griffith as the sworn completion to the uniform designing each man’s current position in the outlay of sanctity of corpora ling of the nations. Bands of red atop each boot resemble the leather you have on earth.

Distinguished markings of pink dots upon silvery-gray metallics at the toe of each boot tell many stories of these gentlemen and their ‘pranks’ against the Out Founders of nations toward whom the Hellions continually try and force their way forward and disrupt. But the tables are turning and soon the project will go full force and the war in the heavens will be brief and the Federation, come back as armed in this generation, will take them exactly where they long ago should have been quarantined. The Captain is motioning me to proceed. – Rania)

7:27 pm

Uthrania: I am ready Sir.

“Doubt thou the stars are fire ... ” (Hamlet)



[Zodiac symbols](#)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Our starplanes, Uthrania, Captain of the High Flying Abroad Galiac Team, offer little pleasure when it comes down to rerouting the abbreviated teams of down-forces right out of contemporary existence. We, on the other hand do know exactly what we are all about, and soon will a great deal many of you.

“The symphony of starplanes make up the dippers, and astrologists like Steve Kinsman for example draw much out of our sequence, and in fact have we played throughout the galaxy in

sequence the contemporary outlet for seeing many a person think the Ram, for example, equates with their horoscope, **and we have such fun with this inkling of the human race at their level of evolution, for the maps drawn by your astrologer scientists are so fixated with trying to find the real moral route to ‘heaven’ that the periscopes built so high in the towers of your skies, dear friends, are morally as well as suddenly off-balance.**

“And what will you do when we draw back our protective colours, and your planet begins its five mile high wave level, and you try to find what sign you are and where indeed has it gone? (Smiles)

Stellar Constellation



[Starlit night](#)

“You see, little ones, rarely did we ever distinguish a holograph/hologram of our words with as little fixation on the way the stars turned as we now include each one of you who are ready for our help to not turn away from the Ram, or the Duck, or Cow or what have you, for periodically we are going to leave this sector and take all our ‘stars’ in the heavens along with us.

“Jamie, my boy, put this on in sequential study with some good ol’ horoscope pictures or diagrams as I have mentioned before, **for a dime in the plastic cup to a poor unfortunate beggar seems to have done more good than all the words from the stars.**

“But mind you, one and all, that I, Captain Herman Griffith, do know **EXACTLY** what we of the Stargate services upon planet Angorius are doing toward the elusive coordinates of those

underdogs classified as people. **But people without a heart and indeed without a soul, for to bring them into being once again will not happen in a trillion years for all they have done to distress and torture the human population.**

Set Our Brethren Free, Or ... !!!



[Area 51](#)

“Even so were many chances given them to change, but not one, nay, not one of them even remotely chastised the other, but laughter came giddily to the creases in their eyes, and the bastion of light was delivered to the chambers, tortured, and relinquished unto physical death!

“Well, we have had enough, and we WILL most gladly open up S-4, and Area 51 is a junction which is utilized for the purpose of distraction, and because of it even Hawaii and Australia who harbour many of our ‘creatures’ as they so unfairly call us, claustrophobia the entire group unto near dementia!

“So Colonels and captives of the Grass Elite’s army, we have you in our sights. RELEASE OUR BRETHREN BEFORE WE MAKE FOXGRASS OUT OF YOUR TEMPLES AND RELEASE YOU ALL INTO THE WILDS OF THE OUTBACK OF AUSTRALIA TO BE EATEN ALIVE WITH UNSEEING EYES TO THE VERY HYENENAS AND FOX-GAIT!

Aboard Starship Illuminate Sufford



Captain signing off

“Good Evening, Jamie, and Reni! Uthrania, please tie off all channel frequencies for me at this time, and you both better get yourselves off to bed early. You too, Reni! Herman ‘Shanks’ Griffith, Captain once again of the newest breed of Starship, the Illuminate Sufford!”

Uthrania: All channel frequencies tied off Sir, 4.5 dupont 8. 179.5 Gate. Star One coming through, and Good Night and adieu.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain of the Galiac Team in training. Signing off for Mission Control – Florida Keys at 7:48 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

11. The Griffith Files (Unit 11): Immigrate And/Or Cross Into A War Zone



Captain Herman Griffith speaks of the dilemma faced by immigrants, legal or otherwise, to the U.S. and of the role played by the Bankers, the "rulers" within governments. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Introduction

- [October 7, 2013 4:30 pm](#)
- [Immigration Law, Then And Now](#)
- [The Evil Bankers!](#)
- [U.S. Immigration Policy: The Immigrant Dilemma](#)
- [The Captain Signs Off](#)

Introduction



Immigrants

"Too bad, the books do not always record 'his-story' accurately, eh, lads? Because if it did, who knows, it might just have warned the people off their spadoric counterfuge of diplomatic democracy where the fragmentation of the minds of parliament, the almighty Senate, and Congress, of both the U.S.A. and Canada, are diluted to the point of severely estimated no return." - Captain Herman Griffith:

October 7, 2013 4:30 pm



Scribing from the starship

4:15 pm

Uthrania: On stand-by for Captain Herman Griffith, Lieutenant Coswell, Sir.

Lieutenant Coswell: “Thank you, Sir. I will immediately relay your status unto the Captain.”

(Captain Herman Griffith enters the deck wearing a tailored Marine Suit of Gray Flannel Barracuda pants and a gray blue sweater. The Captain is off duty until tomorrow night. He sports the occasional brown leather type boots with orange ribbon at the top nicely brocaded into the top of the high top boot with a spongy material laced with a nice silver finish. His hat is burnished slivery-gray like the toes of his high top boots, and the pink dots of galvanized brass, inlay over the toes of the boots as well. The Captain motions me over to his chair and we begin our day. – Rania)

Uthrania: Good Afternoon, Sir.

Captain Herman Griffith: “Ah, well, a Good Afternoon to you also, little dove of our group, and how is all faring?”

Uthrania: Quite well, thank you, Captain. (I smile at Captain Griffith. – Rania)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Temporarily will we be outfitted with a nuance of time element which is a little off the mark, but we will soon categorize our moods to fit the specific times allotted to us once again. So, if you be ready, Uthrania, I would just as soon not waste any more time, and begin promptly at 4:20.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am ready. Please proceed.

Immigration Law, Then And Now



[Benjamin Franklin](#)

4:20 pm

Captain Herman Griffith: “Now, an alternator on a Cadillac once ran itself full steam out of service, and do you ones know just what happened to the chauffeur on that eve? *No*? Well, **Plymouth Rock was well known as a disgrace to the Captains who hit the rock, a story or stories ne’er told**, because the utter and complete ‘humiliation’ of the entire epic could have surely placed those doctrines of the ship naval services of the Queen of the Netherlands right and directly OUT of her service, never mind Spain and the English in their ‘conquering’ epidemic.” *(Captain Higgins smiles in remembrance. – Rania)*

“Now, in order that they acquisitioned the Duma or Dowager Francine Gilroy back to her place with the high royalty of English Tudor House on the Hemminggrades, the section where the heather high topped the cliffs of Dover above the vicious waters down below, the Queen of the Netherlands decided promptly to acquisition enough tailors to fetch the crown a pretty cent *when America by that time decided that enough immigrants were the talk of the town.*

‘After all, immigration is not what it is today, m’loves. Immigration back then was a flighty service where one could sink or swim according to the rags on ones back. Whether one had been formerly accepted in their own home country reflected nothing upon their new habitat or situation, and why was that, loves? Because as *Benjamin Franklin surmised: You let the bankers in from good ol’ England, and you will have made the new people slaves within two hundred and fifty*, it actually was recorded, years, of the high Gregorian calendar.

“Look around ye all now, lads and ladies, and all you will see is gutted out of the new immigration law of 1842.

The Evil Bankers!



[Bank](#)

“Too bad, the books do not always record ‘his-story’ accurately, eh, lads? Because if it did, who knows, it might just have warned the people off their spadoric counterfuge of diplomatic democracy where the fragmentation of the minds of parliament, the almighty Senate, and Congress, of both the U.S.A. and Canada, are diluted to the point of severely estimated no return.

“Ah, the grab basket for them all, and who cares one whit about the ruination of the nations? Just as sure as Benjamin Franklin warned them all, the people fainted at the first sight of mort-death farm where the bankers bought up all the ‘sheep.’

“Too bad, too late, and too much did the people lose just *overnight*, lass and ladies, for the beetroot on the fern of the trees of Kentucky relished naught the high life detrimental to the farmers of Oklahoma ‘Valley’ Press Machine, for the wine dredges from Ohio, New Orleans, and France – Piccadilly, served no more purpose than alleviating worry that the **bankers really had put themselves into their, the people’s, position, of having it all!**

“Goodness gracious, little barometers of the conscience of New Orleans!

U.S. Immigration Policy: The Immigrant Dilemma



[U.S. Mexican border](#)

“Do you wait until the dams break centrifuge again with trailers lost from FEMA before your government in Alaska does something or another about HAARP and its overall effect on the turmoil of the Blacks and Whites sitting over there in the Arizona desert - turning about their ire with sticks and guns at the runner coming directly over the Mexican border?!”

“Hoads of people with backpacks, if they can get away with it, seem mystified that President Obama tells them if they ‘make the border crossing into the United States without being fired upon, shot, and left for the wild hawks and eagles to feed the vultures, which claim them first, then, of course, they will be ‘free’ to fight the wars in Iraq, Iran, and the Piccadilly Circus of Afghanistan all the way into Yemen,’ that poor little sub-surface State of antagonistically challenged people, you could call them, who wave their bayonets and utensils from high atop the flat-roofed compartments, and in doing so, the little Mexican

Haciendas might just receive them back one day **UNLESS** *they choose American citizenship, which after going through boot camp duty in the Nevadas alongside some of the most ferocious SAS troops, they can counter all afflictions then and become the real American Citizens which they have all hankered under the American thumb, to remain, just incase more 'military duty' comes up forcing them to choose once again between American dementia and insanity of the Mexican government.*

The Captain Signs Off



[Up and away..](#)

“Well that will be all for today. Please put this on the net, our Jamie boy, just as soon as you are able. Good Day lad and Good Night to you all when your time comes. Commander in Chief Luxton will be on the Reserve team when you are ready, Commander Jenkins.

“Please tally up the formation of the Star Troops, for his immediate inspection which will occur at promptly nine o’clock Gregorian Andromeda’s Time. Peacock Feathers 9.7 out. Captain Herman Griffith presiding at nothing any longer tonight.

“Thank you, Uthrania, and tie off all channel sub frequencies and edit this well, please, Reni, whilst you are up. Thank you all. Herman out.”

Uthrania: Tying off Sultan 4 5, and Andromeda 10 Frequency telepathic 7.9 Proximity to Nufarus10, 11, 12, and 13. Midriff Tag 7.6. Signing off Corporate Power 4 Clem 6, Pelican’s Horse Rune9 for Captain Herman Griffith.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the Galiac Team, in transition at 4:51 pm. Adieu

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

12. Captain Herman Griffith File 12: Ask Us! 'We' Know What Is Going On!!



After that fateful day (11/11!) when a monster typhoon flattened some islands in the Philippines, Captain Herman Griffith warns of an impending storm that will visit Thailand. To be forewarned, so the saying goes, is to be forearmed. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 14, 2013, 4:00 pm](#)
- [Advance Warning For Thailand!](#)
- [Monsanto: La Gente Mala](#)
- [A Warning For HAARP!](#)

Introduction



[They'd done it again!](#)

*“Our first rule of thumb for the day is to advise, warn **Thailand** of an impending storm front somewhat different from the usual; one which will not blend with the Philippines. It seems total destruction is not what **HAARP 6** wanted after all. Well, good for them!” - Captain Herman Griffith*

November 14, 2013, 4:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

3:43 pm

“Captain will be on the bridge in ten minutes, Lieutenant. Please advise Captain Uthrania Seila of the change in itinerary.”

Lieutenant Waldorf Sigmond: “Aye, Sir! Right away, Sir.”

(Lieutenant comes to find me sitting in my chair. There is of course a time shift from their time to ours. – Rania)

3:47 pm

Lieutenant Waldorf Sigmond: “Sir! Captain on board in twelve minutes past ten o’clock our time. Six more minutes, Sir. Are you ready?”

Uthrania: I am of course on standby, Lieutenant. Thank you. Dismissed.

3:53 pm

(Captain Herman Griffith walks out on the deck accompanied by Staff Sergeant Major Teplin Murdock Friersom; both men having just returned from shore duty on Ryus Four seeing to the new stockpiling project jettisoned from Station 19 and 20 on the outer rim of the twelve intergalactic moons - Ryus 4, 7, and 10, being the closest to Ryus Four.

Both gentlemen sport high-topped plaid dark brown boots with a type of minx fur – not genuine – strapped around the top rim of each. Blue wire net furnishings guarantee elusive non-turmoil when fired upon at a radium barium level of 12.13, indigestible at best. Thwarting the enemy at camp is what both gentlemen do best and are capable of much, much more. The Captain is summoning me. – Rania)

Captain Herman Griffith: “Promptly as usual lass. (*The Captain looks down at his watch.* – Rania) We have two minutes to start.

Advance Warning For Thailand!



[Monster typhoon Haiyan hit the Philippines!](#)

“Our first rule of thumb for the day is to **advise, warn Thailand of an impending storm front somewhat different from the usual; one which will not blend with the Philippines.** It seems total destruction is not what **HAARP 6** wanted after all. Well, good for them!

“Receptacles off the north shore of Alaska only served at the time to compound our ‘**elasticity**’ (bold that one, boy). And in having to deal with the **HAARP narcissist** of the world only determined our less than fragile capacity, *and it seems they just never learn of our overall capacity, but that is still yet to come. A warning to two, and two it was, lads and ladies, was our doing for we ill regret determining the ratio of what we left behind for you boys to destroy the remainder of the interior of any Island.*

“So Khrushchev, the ol’ Baron boy, just chewed up the fat in the pan in the fire when he told you boys to go ahead with the diagram for the radiation machine in the Highlands of Ontario. Find that front if you will.

“Narcissists are you, the every one, and Potomac River outside of Washington D.C. is just a ‘little teeny insight’ as to what we are going to ‘grant you both’ in **our** (bold that one, boy: ‘our’)

own 'simple' naught way.

(Captain Herman Griffith leans forward and gives a slight grin with very gritted teeth. – Rania)

Monsanto: La Gente Mala



[Monsanto crops](#)

“Ramses, the third Pope of Newfoundland, just gave up his diary to the Frankincense boys, and do you know what happened to them then, you lucid-minded ones?

“They, the ‘boys,’ just fired it off to the good old Vatican who then simple-minded it to a few of the priests who then recorded the inner contents and filed it away in the now nine miles of highway, and burned the old record as they used to burn parchments they attributed to witchcraft.

“Now what do you think of that, boys, of the Newfoundland Clergy? Watch who you speak to before ye all find yourselves on the pyre as another burn offering. Skull and Bones wouldn’t like that, now would they?

“In high-insight, we of the illustrious ‘**Blue Raccoons**’ (bold please, Jamie boy) do indeed swath a component of ‘dust particles’ from Monsanto and their grape vine way up in our skies surrounding the planet Artemous and Andorus, and, that’s right, your very own world, Angorius.

“And **YOU THOUGHT MONSANTO AND THEIR MILLIONAIRES CAME FROM HERE, your worlds, INTRICATLY?** Well, they do ‘hire’ the minions who think that to dry gulch the people of their planet is fun, gullible as they are; and at a ratio to 1 to 15000 they do make, you must admit, a pretty buck.

“You see, the people were not paying enough attention to what they **COULD HAVE BEEN DOING** before it actually happened, and **BECAUSE** the people were not paying attention as their rights were been eroded and taken away, they lost most of their home-grown privileges until they had no more rights left to them than pure pacified servanthood **to those ones who came from different worlds in order to mass-slave the population.**

A Warning For HAARP!



[Starships over the Philippines during the typhoon](#)

“You are experimental for a new propulsion system called the Weather Network of the World. ***In any sordid fantasy can HAARP and its way-out-there microwave team steam you to death, fry you to death, turn on the monsoons and even regulate climate change to such a depth that even the fish in the seas will begin to lose their compass and the seas will reduce in water as the ice shelves melt due to fast sea tornados and a shelf width coherence program with the volcanoes erupting just UNDER the surface.***

“Can you understand what we are saying here now? We have seen Islands come and go and now let us watch the Yukon, for a red seam is going to develop to turn all eyes away from the latest calamity, and at least those ones can rest in peace, as they say.

“And now onto the next, hey **HAARPOON boys and rather ‘elusive’ little girls?** And where were you taken from? Away from your mommies and daddies? Thailand? the ostrich states? the Philippines, and all others who bury their heads in the sands until it is just too late for their own

rescue – **EVACUATION!** Bold that one, loud and clear, boy, for *we hate to have winnowed down to a level where we can hear the cries but no one comes!*

“Signing off for Mr. Gregory ‘Precision target’ Pike and his Consolidors. Good Evening and Good Night to the rest of the world. Captain Herman Griffith Sr. Esquire of not too much wisdom and prudence left. Please sign out for me on these coordinates please, Captain Uthrania Seila: Pontiac 19, Dwarf ten and keep Luzon open for Admiral Captain Frank Herman Grifford on channel 4.”

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Closing down Pontiac 19. Dwarf ten, please Lieutenant Waldorf, and keep Luzon on line for Admiral Captain Frank Herman Grifford, channel 4, please. Dupont 12 Rotory 9 Pix10 out. Signing out for Captain Herman Griffith at 4:30 pm. Senior Commander, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team. Adieu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Note that our articles can be accessed through the following links:

Captain Hargrave

02. The Hargrave Files (2): The Alaska Panhandle, Puny Minds And Nicola Tesla

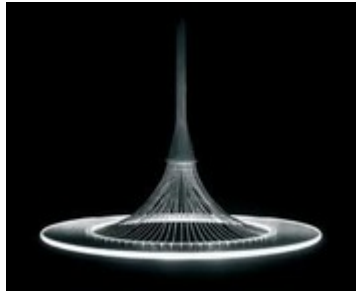


Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave returns with a coded writ, or a parable if you will, whose meaning can only be discerned by the elites of wealth and power. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 10, 2013 12:30 pm](#)
- [The New Orleans' Tragedy](#)
- [The Philadelphia Experiment](#)
- [Nikola Tesla: The Great Mind](#)
- [Our Project](#)

Introduction



[Conception of a starship](#)

“So the trappings of instrumentation and coherent aptitudes so left over from the Stars ..ships, shall we say ..actually integrated a racial overlap in the star section of the map over the Philippines as well. So Jamie, that is where you were from and because of it many family remain, is that not so? And so we are there at your behest. Good.” - Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave

November 10, 2013 12:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

12:20 pm

Uthrania: On standby, Captain Hargrave, Sir.

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “Ahem. (*The Captain raises his cupped left hand to his mouth.* – Rania) Well, here we are once again, love, and now we must quickly proceed. Do you

have the sketch I gave to you?”

Uthrania: Sir? What sketch?

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “The pulmonary sketch of the ‘waterworks,’ shall we say.”

Uthrania: (*Befuddled*) Sir, I was given no sketch at all.

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “Well, then Captain Forsythe must have it in his itinerary and must have forgotten to give it to you. No matter, we will just proceed on without it.

“Now today, Jamie, lad, we have sequenced off the ultra-mood machine which takes its toll over the poor pigmies over there in Southern Australia and South America. ***Our machine assists them up and over the boundaries so set by the white man in his mood of forever catch-quilting them all into reservations and the like, and we don’t like it one little bit.***

“The truth of the matter is this: The more we protect the itinerary of the seven star sections who have Tran-warped in time to bring those people an extraordinaire of themselves in hieroglyphics and natural compounds in resource study from the time of their cave walls etc, *though cave men never really existed par se, but rather the men and women who lived in caves did so because of heavy Hellion persecution, and so the fable makers made up even more stories surrounding these historical facts, rather than fables made known to man and woman far and wide, and killed many of the cave dwellers like they do to Iraq, Afghanistan and their inhabitants, Palestinians included,* in order that the truth of the gregarious and horrendous situation upon the people never do get out to the public at large.

“Hold on while I get a tumbler of water. (*The Captain returns takes another gulp and runs his tongue along his lips.* – Rania) Why are you writing that down, Captain Uthrania Seila?”

Uthrania: Sir, for the record.

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “I see. Well, now where were we? Ah, the pigmies of South America and the cave people of Afghanistan, Iraq, and millennia ago.

“*So the trappings of instrumentation and coherent aptitudes so left over from the Stars ..ships, shall we say ..actually integrated a racial overlap in the star section of the map over the Philippines as well.* So Jamie, that is where you were from and because of it many family remain, is that not so? And so we are there at your behest. Good.

The New Orleans' Tragedy



[Tidal wave](#)

“Now boy, continue on with that job we gave to the three of you, and a few more days on the project you should all be finished and back into your regular routine. Good. (*One more sip of water and Captain Graves puts the tumbler to the side and down.* – Rania)

“‘Beef it up!,’ they say in articulate French and Swedish linguistics *and the poor little ones trapped in a world of technological advances still continue to prey upon those whose itinerary and beliefs just differ from theirs.*

“**At last have the Hellions had their final day**, for the router on the machine from up high in the greatest depths of the universe, Intrepid designs, will always accomplish those feats which the Hellions brought down with them to your earth, but whose possibilities never did draw out of their ‘caves,’ so to speak, all those men, women, and children who never didst believe of them anyway. **And so the truth we once brought with us as your forefathers and principle eaglets, your foremothers with child, always survived until late in our vaste and monumentous return.**

“Now, Jamie, this is a long one by the time you find pics, as you call them of a special design, as to *depict the water shelf in New Orleans in a tidal wave just beyond the Gulf of Aden, so to speak.* Just place it, lad, above my few words here. A classic example of how not to work a file but, then, I seldom do stick to protocol in my line of work.

The Philadelphia Experiment



[Experiment gone wrong](#)

“Hmm.. Alaska and its covert contours. Now how is this related to the South American pigmies and others of our nations? Just wait and see how we tie all this together, shall we? Good.

“Now the **Alaska Pan-handle** always took the rider by surprise and many ‘adrift’ on the Atlantic sea basin off the Polynesian coastline also, and this is ‘around the world’ in less than ninety days, Jules Verne, for it was the ‘ninety’ who first credited his work from the stars; saw also to it that the Alaskan Panhandle was outfitted with several works of art which cave composites also designed in their most cautious of ways. But they did not compose a litany of manifestos on their walls of the cave compounds; but ice sculptures did take the day in an overall group effort, **and the press never saw it, did they, Donald ‘David’ Holland?**

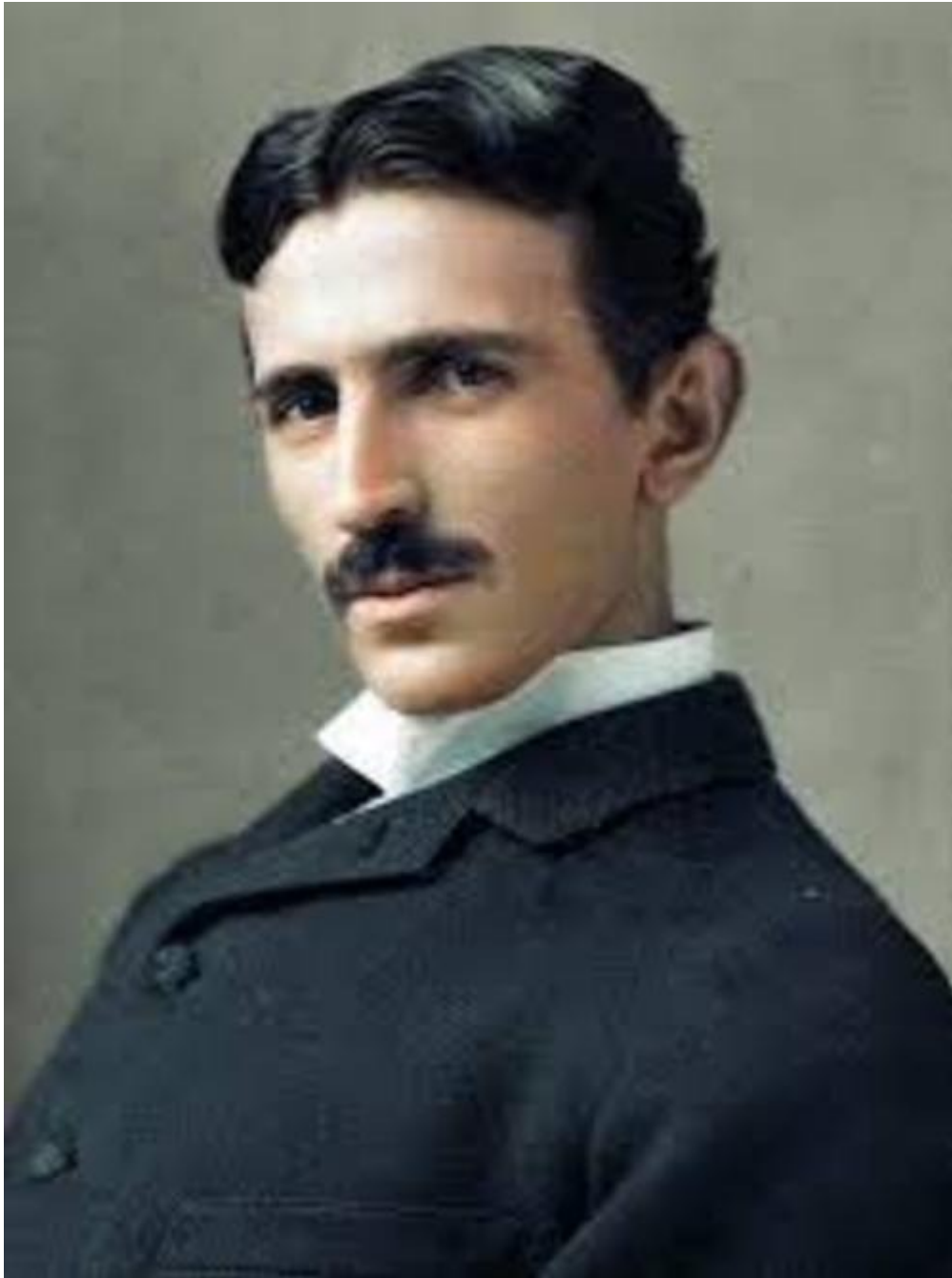
“FBI or Sirius Compound code-named ‘Dustbowl’ and up there in Alaska who would admit to such a thing?

“Thirdly do we have the **Philadelphia Experiment**. Remember that, lads and lassies of the Ducabor days? Poor helium explosion took out some eyes, so I remember, and Tesla that great giant who died so thin, also took repository up there in Blinkensop, Maryland, where they thought to give him some secret hydraulics if he needed them to propel whatever he was doing to the next level. I see we sparked your greatest and foremost interest, Jamie boy! Good. Listen up further then, Rania, for your cat meat to the mouse didst ferret the good boy nature of the pulmonary effort both you and Jamie have so eloquently served toward us agin your good nature. We have been pleased to the hilt with the both and three of ye! (*Captain Hargrave smiles at us both.* – Rania)

“So what really transpired in those last and latest hours before the experiment went all awry? Well, nothing really. Good ol’ Tesla just sat back and watched his whole itinerary go up in smoke. And why was this? Why did such a great and wise man just throw his pistol in the fire?

“It was because he was beaten. His folly was not of his own making and he swore he would **NEVER REPEAT IT AGAIN TO THE DETRIMENT OF EVEN ONE LIVING SOUL!**

Nikola Tesla: The Great Mind



[Nikola Tesla](#)

“So Peter paid the piper and the joint in the mainstream rivets in each hull portion just manixed the fulmound inside the aft shaft and the gratings along each ships’ portion came apart with the soldering of Kryptonite Seven, nothing at all to do with your Superman. ***But Kryptonite Seven is an alloy which was brought Tesla long before the Spaniards invaded Poland, the Philippines, and Hungary*** and severed even more flesh off the pigmies of New Australia way back when, and I bet you a bushel on a tourniqe that you will never find this even printed in any of your historic books you accumulate to teach your students ...to,*in any case*. Now let me bring this quickly to an end!

“Let us bring then these three topics together under one roof, so to say! In all relativity, the capsulesites contain three main ingredients, which are:

“The Alaska Panhandle and its cave contours;

“The Pigmies of Alaska, Birmingham, Minnesota, New Zealand, New Australia, Afghanistan, South America, Iraq, and yes, even Iran. But we will get into that later. **Invade Iran? For pure history’s sake? Yes, to keep the people quiet, for many stories which exist in those such countries today existed long ago and were continually practiced by voice and mail and handed down generation after generation until the soul chakra was well knitted together with all the strands of reality.** And so now we are back and here is the third:

“Philadelphia Experiment and a Tesla ‘gone wrong in his deciphering of our words and diagrams?’ Not actually, Jamie. It was the force from the Powers-That-Be who just had their own way that day as the foremost scientific minds **OVERRODE ALL THAT WHICH THE GIANT TESLA HAD MANUFACTURED FOR THE ABSOLUTE GOOD FOR HUMANKIND!**

Our Project



[Starship design](#)

“So, Jamie, Rania, and Reni. The link to all this is certain! Whether it be now in your time line or that of millennia ago the same truth certifies events in the future and we will win hands down one way or the other!

“You see, the cave people, the pigmies and the giants of the earth such as the great genius inventor, Tesla, all had truth and reality woven throughout their souls, and these ones were, have been, and continue to be up unto this day tormented and spooked, isn’t that what the FBI do? And made absolute fun of by two sourdough elements: *Those firstly who do know all too well what is going on. And the second and last element are those who are so stunted in their heavenly growth*, so to speak, even though they have generations ‘till they make it there; they really could not tell the far-side from the distant pleasure which they all only ‘think’ they would enjoy.

“Well, that is about it, Jamie boy. So put this on at your discretion, and remember ye three to continue on with the project Captain James Galiac gave to you and do not falter along the way. This is one of your final exams.

“Thank you for your help and assistance you two on the storm front from here to New Orleans. Good Day and relax. The exam is not for another three and a half weeks so get your diagrams and work done up by that time.

“Captain Griffith needs your compliance also in a week or two, Jamie and Rania, and with that last and final word for the day we bid you all a fine and grateful Adieu. Captain Gregory T. Hargrave out on telepathic 17.4 9 in the West Pacific, West Indies, and Saskatewan force 9 B.C. That long ago, hey? (*Captain Graves smiles. – Rania*) (*Indubitably! Smiles – Rania*)

Uthrania: All channel stations tourniquet 7.5. Hemmingrade 6.10 Station 8. Shut down all frequencies of Luzon 4, 5, 6 and 12. Put on standby for High Command Hemmingway 19. Polarize 6 on the aft channel 9.4. Good Day and Good Night. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the Galiac Team and Fireflies in District 10 Quartz12. Adieu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. The Hargrave Files (3): Father And Son Speak



Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave gives way to his father, Mr. Hargrave, as the latter prefers to be simply called, to let out a secret as to how bigger countries resort to killings over the prospect, or mere mention of, OIL! - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [December 19, 2013 2:00 pm](#)
- [Cementing Over A Secret](#)
- [Fact Is Stranger Than Fiction](#)
- [Murder Most Foul - For Oil!](#)

Introduction



[Oil, oil, oil!](#)

“So, fractioning the oil wells was a tool they hoped to bring on board, for many suspected the Saudis were hiding the fact that just perhaps Yemen and the Yemeni were hiding oil, and the millionaires and the Mexicans wanted a bit of the cake, and so metal boots were made large enough not to slide down in the sand while donkeys were set up with their long arms over the slate of the Gulf of Aden as well to perform the best life has to offer – and that is OIL! ‘Granddaddy! We found oil!’ - Mr. Hargrave

December 19, 2013 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:53 pm

“Captain on the bridge, Sir!! Uthrania, Sir, Captain, Sir! Are you there? Ready for the Trenescope feature?”

Uthrania: The what?

“The Trenescope feature, whereby we hologram you onto the deck.”

Uthrania: Ready as always. And just whom am I speaking with?

“Colonel Jackson, Sir. Colonel Winneford Jackson, Sir. At your service. Oh, here comes Captain TG Hargrave and his father. Updated hologram, Sir!”

Uthrania: Thank you, Colonel Jackson.

(Captain Hargrave, and Mr. Hargrave Sr. who is a retired Captain of the Fleet of Federated Unionized Starships walk promptly out onto the deck from the aft elevators, each wearing a kaki coloured romp suit with wide band stripes around each laced-up boot of highly polished black patent, and around each midriff and armband around the cuff. The colour is of a black and brown hew laced with lattice work in pink, blue, and deep orange brocade. Each Captain carries a black leather-like folder and seat themselves down in each bench chair. – Captain Hargrave smiles at me as he rests his black folder down on the arm of his chair. – Rania) 1:58 pm.

2:00 pm

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: *(The Captain looks down at his black strapped watch, promptly. – Rania)* “Well, right on the dot, it seems. Let me reintroduce my father, Captain Hargrave, the Senior. A retired General actually, but best known for his firefly activity as: **The**

Captain. Bold that one please, Captain Uthrania Galiac-Cortez.”

Uthrania: Done, Sir.

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “Unlike most captains of the fleet, my father prefers to be simply addressed as: *Mr. Hargrave or Mr. Graves*. That will be all, now. We will begin. Father, the floor is yours, Sir.

Mr. Hargrave: “Thank you, Captain Hargrave. (*Mr. Hargrave gives Captain GT Hargrave a brief smile of acknowledgement.* – Rania)

Mr. Hargrave: “Are you ready, Seila?”

Uthrania: I am, Sir. Thank you.

Cementing Over A Secret



[Cement factory](#)

Mr. Hargrave: (*Mr. Hargrave takes a deep breath as he leans back in his chair.* – Rania) “Well, the topic today consists of the cement factory of the Paxton Boys, and what a story do I have to tell!

“Right out of left Minnesota is a dry well of tar sands, with, right next to it in the surveyor belt of the entire ‘provincial’ activity outlaid by those Canadians down there in the States, from Canada, *the proverbial cement pact was one which in actuality rip corded the activity right back into hell*, so to speak.

“Now, I realize I am truly going just a little bit above everybody’s heads but *you must*

understand that this is a bit of a little secret which the Pentagon heads just would rather the public not know about. New page, scribe, please. Thank you. Good.

“Now this cement pact was far inlaid toward the moose or Gulf of Aden *in order to bury the dead many times over so they could not be found.* Pretty sordid, I realize, lads and layds, but you must also realize that the Benedict Arnold of this whole caper was not so much the Pentagon heads at this point, but the Archaic White House brains, if you should call them such, which brought this all about.

Fact Is Stranger Than Fiction



In Yemen

“Now, let us go back to the beginning to get all this in sequenced order, if you do not mind. After all, it is my story which I am telling to you.

“It began in one summer’s day over in Yemen, and the U.S. Army, the military, all decided to shoot one off for the pleasure of it. Well, they shot themselves in the back as the pinnacle was divided into twenty-two sections with barbed wire and Plexiglas made up of Kevlar - you know - what they make bulletproof vests and tunics for the lucky ones out of.

“Granted this is a rather strange story, but as they say, *nothing is stranger than what occurs at the high and low levels of the U.S. Military.* So we go on.

“They shot themselves in the back and they died of old wounds which opened up, and sparsely did the ointment in the jar keep out old lacerations which then festered, and, well, you know the rest of the story. The men were asked if they preferred amputation, but most said no, and a hospital was right out of the question, *for how could they explain to the doctors and nurses this little bit of wonton pleasure?* At least no Yemeni got hurt, for they were aiming at them on the wall closure – you know - just for fun. (*Mr. Hargrave offered up a grimace.* – Rania)

“With their tear-stained shirts a memorial was said, and gravel was poured over their graves.

Ach, but that was not enough by far to keep prying eyes out from the Pentagon Harbingers. *So a contract from Minnesota was brought forth and tons of cement papers - slabs, loves – were shipped over to the Gulf and winnowing projects begun.* By the time they were finished, the High Council of the European Frigates began talking directly to their Senior Officers, and word got out at last that there was some funny play over there in Yemeni South Court, as they called it, and furnished themselves with concrete piers, as they called them, those slabs of brick and mortar so to disguise the name, and sand was poured over the whole monstrous façade, and the European High Council and seamen were told directly by Forsythe to keep their goddamn mouth shut!! Which they did.

Murder Most Foul - For Oil!



[All because of oil!](#)

“So, *fractioning the oil wells was a tool they hoped to bring on board, for many suspected the Saudis were hiding the fact that just perhaps Yemen and the Yemeni were hiding oil*, and the millionaires and the Mexicans wanted a bit of the cake, and so metal boots were made large enough not to slide down in the sand while donkeys were set up with their long arms over the slate of the Gulf of Aden as well to perform the best life has to offer – and that is OIL! ‘Granddaddy! We found oil!’

“But before Yemen has a chance to change the drum into cash, *the American billionaires and millionaires and the Mexican brocades all wanted in on the scam they were perpetrating, and because of it 22 to 24 Americans, youths, girls and boys, lost their lives, shooting for pleasure at the Yemenis on the walls.*

“Good Day. Hope this story is of **great assistance** (*bold that please, lass*), and off to work I go on another ship’s carrier!

“Have a good day and tie off channel for me, love. Adieu, Frank, and switch off the hologram now, please.”

Uthrania: Tying off Utan frequency at Alta 4. Station ship 6 Farlane 12 off the broadband wave

17.6. Good. Please leave Ultra Hemminggrade open for Captain James Galiac Sananda, and drum it up for Captain Frank Herman Grifford, Admiral of the Skylark. Good Day. Signing out for Mr. Hargrave, prestigious “Captain” of the Federated Union of all Starships, fireflies in union. Captain Surveyor of the fireflies and melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez at 2:37 pm. Adieu and Salu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

04. The Hargrave Files (4): Of Queens And Conspiracies

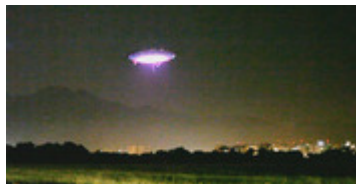


Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave's new writ, like a peak cloaked in mist, touches on individuals e.g. powerful ones, to be sure, but he refers to them indirectly and the images used here are mere typification. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [February 22, 2014 2:00 pm](#)
- [Doing A Jane Seymour Against Anne Boleyn](#)
- [Such Royal Pains](#)
- [Let History Be The Judge](#)
- [Outside The Fox's Lair](#)
- [The Captain Goes Offline](#)

Introduction



[Starship over Brazil](#)

“(Clouded references, son, to assuage a lot of bad people from gaining the truth of each situation, and to keep each one of you safe! One day, we promise all of this will make most gullible sense to the minority...” - Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave

February 22, 2014 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:46 pm

“Five minutes and the Captain is on board, Sir. – **Lieutenant Waldorf Esquire of Chapter 16.**”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

1:51 pm

(Captain Hargrave strides onto the aft deck with a pencil and paper log between his teeth. Such equipment for soft-take writing is mandatory when electronic equipment is on standby for fixation or fixing. Complimentary to the Captain’s dull gray attire with red ribbons attached to the collar with the usual pink, green, and yellow brass, are the soft-soled shoe-straps which affix themselves most pronounced under the leather grip of the brown-weaved leather, soft in texture, and non-mundane in looks. Brass round engraved molded buttons skirt one side of the uniformly fitted jacket, and darker gray trousers. Now the Captain is about to begin. I had better be ready. (Smiles!) – Rania)

Captain Gregory Timothy Hargrave: “Good Morning, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Quite a little mouthful at that especially if we use your maiden name of Galiac. Or is it? Now, listen up carefully, for the Pontiac in North Jersey fomented a neat little gravestone up there high in the northern river valley, and demented are those crooks in

Washington, D.C., *who turn their backs on their own enlistment, boys and girls, over there in Iraq for so many times.*

Doing A Jane Seymour Against Anne Boleyn



[The ill-fated Anne Boleyn](#)

“In any case, this is **NOT** what we came to write about today, so stem up the glass, boys and girls, and down whatever liquor is left, for the brine upon the ‘**hogs**’ (*bold that please, our Jamie*) back will pique the crotches of New York Mayor ‘**Feldswig**’ (I). At the

centerpiece of all tax dollars will the Troubadours forever sequester a rampant ire of forever seeming to enlist those Knights Templars into doing and saying whatever is needed at the moment. **Ah, and you ones thought they were from long ago, did ye? Not so!**

“Perpendicular to the fostering of rampid desire for a Queen or two to forever remain ‘**reigning**’ (*Bold*) the Seymour’s decided long ago that the triumph of the day should always be another Anne Boleyn! **Oh, how Henry would laugh if he could only see them all today!**

“Steve, the fiery foremooth is an alligator creature doved in replica with a swan from Swan Valley, Northwest of the Hilton Hotel, in Northwest Dakota, U.S. of A. Now, the ire put fast upon the lion in the clouds rendered ‘**useless**’ (*bold please, Jamie, son*) the eaglet in the swamps of the Hemmingway-Forsythe.

“(Clouded references, son, to assuade a lot of bad people from gaining the truth of each situation, and to keep each one of you safe! One day, we promise all of this will make most **gullible** sense to the minority. Please place ‘gullible,’ Jamie, in italic as well as bold on this one, son. Thank you. Good!)

Such Royal Pains



[From the Twelfth Night Decoded by Shakespeare](#)

“Roy, the honky-tonk maiden in her first voyage is the seventh queerest wonder in the world, and if you could see their mountain you would verily agree. Have fun with pictures for this file, son, for Roy, neither of you know, but **he is a most prominent picture maker**, and the Forsythe of them all equates the Canadian House of Commons with the so-far non-liberating Congress in the Halls of the Tenement house as Senate seats itself in front of CIA Director Irene Farsight.

“**Sorry for the cloaking, gents and ladies, but you will soon and shortly come to understand that the Pickering Papers is not just a volume (n)or two**, but indeed registers toward the Twix Fox Hotel, and what a place, that Four Seasons just outside of the District of Washington is, for the Belt of Amsterdam and Luxembourg just had tea with the Officious Queen of England, Elizabeth the ‘**Twelfth**’ (*bold please, boy, our Jamie*) and the crook who sat her there was from Prime Time T.V.

“‘Good luck, **lady in all your endeavours**,’ spouts the host, Robert ‘*Welding*’ (*Italicize, boy, for us please, Jamie*) ‘and do come back in the future. Well, now you have heard....’ ‘Prime T.V. Central Ireland. Two Seventeen in the morning.’

Let History Be The Judge



[Adolf Hitler](#)

“Dumstron Institute reigns on and high in the every-given luxury of complete idolization of ***the Crumpet Twins whose very nose resembles that of Hitler***, and because of it they were deemed to be the rosiest chaps imaginable. (*Smiles*) Just a little take there on the tweaking of noses toward those gents who patronize a man which the whole world somehow despises. **Oh, well, history will show in the end which side was up before it was Pressed down.**

“So the Troubadours and squadrons of the Elite fighting forces of the Green U.S. and Blue Beret teams harboured on the Franklin U.S.S. ***That is a bombing raid to sequest Israel back into the harbour of all non-delightful productivity***, and how the range pistols fought back in WWII when the Luxembourg broke rank with the Brigade ship, the British Winnipeg. **And today the Stars and Stripes broke rank with Israeli forces who wished to God they had left Iraq alone!**

Outside The Fox's Lair



[Damsel in distress](#)

“Was it that ‘**province**’ (*bold please, lad*) or the nation of Iran? In a quip, it does not matter which blade of grass grows in the meadows of Ireland, for when it comes right down to it,

lads and ladies, each blade is cutgrass, and the force of a lot of them can bring down to the forefront that ***'gravitational harbinger'*** (*bold/italic, please, boy*) which kept instructing America North in Canada, (*little clue there*) that the Queen of Egypt MUST meet the requirements of a damsel in distress **BEFORE** Hemmingway and his Larson of books becomes the stewed meat in the pot of the Renegades! Boy! What an issue this has already come to be!

"A Damsel in distress is the caricature of all Queens residing outside of the Fox's lair, and because of it, Jamie, this will be one file you will have an absolute Dickens of a time finding pictures for, but here is a little clue: we have out there starships galore.

The Captain Goes Offline



[Tying off time](#)

"Good luck with reading this one - little words jargoned here and there. My name and rank you know, and so distinguished by my attire shall I give to you my slight bow and tie off all channels/frequencies for us, please, Uthrania Seila, not, but Jamie you try this time. As for Captain Jeremiah Higgins, you have performed well.

“Good Night then, and Larkson off at channel frequency 5.7 and we will promise to give to you the rest, Jamie. Captain Gregory T. Hargrave Jr. over and very out!”

Jamie: My pleasure, Sir, and thank you! Signing you off at channel frequency 5.7, and at Leipzig 1.5, leaving Luzon open for Admiral Frank Herman Grifford. Signing out 2:31 pm. (Tie-off scribed by Private 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8).

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Jennifer Higgins

OL. Captain Jennifer Higgin’s File (Entry 1): Introducing Captain J. Higgins



Meet Captain Jennifer Higgins, wife of Captain Jeremiah Higgins, in command of her own starship of the Andromeda sector, and she hits as hard as other commanders did in past and previous writs. She focuses on not so much on politics as religion. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Welcome, Captain J. Higgins!](#)
- [This First And Greatest Schism](#)
- [Pulling The Wool Over Our Eyes](#)
- [King Ordered Back to Barracks](#)
- [Jekyll And Hyde](#)
- [A Woman In Command Of The Starship](#)

Introduction



[Captain J. Higgins at the helm](#)

“But when will all this come to pass? “By and by,” you say? Well all is in the deepened throes of darkness, and will within a lasting decade begun with all time alluded to the change around from one church steeple to the other in broadcasting affinity with we of the Stargazer...” - Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Welcome, Captain J. Higgins!



[Typification of Captain Higgins](#)

August 6. 2013

1:20 pm

Private Ramses: “Captain coming on deck, Love.”

Uthrania: You will address me in proper command, Private!

Private Ramses: “Aye, Sir! Sorry, Sir!”

Uthrania: Captain on stand-by.

Private Ramses: “Yes, Sir! Rank and Colour, Sir!”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “At ease, Corporal.”

Corporal Swanson: “Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir!”

Captain J. Higgins: “Did you bring me the documentation, Captain?”

Captain Griffith: “Tenderly did I travel with it, Captain Higgins.”

(The Captain presents Captain J. Higgins with full documentation of Title, Rank, and Serial number of the latest Starcraft in the Ultra Galaxy. – Rania)

(Captain J. Higgins is looking over said documentation and gives a sigh and slowly nods her head at Captain Griffith. – Rania)

Captain J. Higgins: “All documentation seems to be in order, Sir. Thank you immensely, Captain Griffith.”

Captain Griffith: “Sir.”

(Captain J. Higgins takes a breath and then proceeds in speaking to me. – Rania)

1:56 pm

Captain J. Higgins: “Well with only four minutes to go, we might as well get started, scribe. Thank you, Captain Uthrania, for your most qualified insight as to when I would be ready in addressing you.” (*Captain J. Higgins turns her head toward me and gives a slight sideways smile.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Thank you, Captain.

This First And Greatest Schism



[No grey areas between filth and truth](#)

1:58 pm

Captain J. Higgins: “Commence! Now, our itinerary today consists of not so much the political scene upon your planet of earth, Angorius, but indeed the overall usurping of the gallantry of religio-social requirements and stipulations of the church moratorium as well toward her people. And I do say “her” due to the fissure once lost between the Catholic

Church and its offshoot, the Protestant which will, we can assure you, come back into being the one church of the end.

“This is where we come in, gallant crusaders, because the norm in your latest century will always seem to gravitate toward that which the Bible holds only because the elite are trying desperately to fulfill their own prophecies which their own scribes penned in by hand, and not our prophecies which, of course, duly consist of the rules and the regulations of the universal acumen as well - like to duly call it.

Pulling The Wool Over Our Eyes



[The Vatican](#)

“So masterful will the transmission be to the people behind the pulpit, even the swallows in the decks of the church steeple will no longer be able to refuse such ‘tidbits’ of lies and hollow threats and promises.

“But when will all this come to pass? “By and by,” you say? Well all is in the deepened throes of darkness, and will within a lasting decade begun with all time alluded to the change around from one church steeple to the other in broadcasting affinity with we of the Stargazer...”

Uthrania: I lost that last word, Captain.

Captain J. Higgins: “symphony”

Uthrania: symphony

Captain J. Higgins: “...and in doing so will once again dwarf all cloudless empathy off its side-rails, and by this we mean, **that all those churches which are one offshoot of the next will come under the mean thumb and wretched hand of Catholicism once again in order to soldier its people back into line against us and our true purpose and will.**

“Oh, are ye ones in for a ride of the ages, and we would heartily suggest that each one of you gird up your plated armor against such mandatory...

Uthrania: Captain, I lost the word again. You will need to speak up, Sir.

Captain J. Higgins: “Sorry, Captain. I will try and do better. The word was: reformation.”

Uthrania: reformation. Thank you, Sir.

Captain J. Higgins: “Now, Uthrania, let us just concentrate a little harder on our work, shall we, and I shall speak up. (*Captain J. Higgins clears her throat.* – Rania)

King Ordered Back to Barracks



[Obama and King](#)

“Now, **the reformation of Martin Luther ‘King’** is the ultimate in the Black history books, and when the count-down began he never did let his people down nor led them astray. Is that not so? Well, we know it is.

“So when Mr. Barak Obama, the Senator from nowhere, really, contacted the White House with his gift of another type of ‘present’ for his people, they all thought to themselves out there on the streets that he might just be the other fulfillment Luther was speaking to them about. A fulfillment which might just come into place, and they all voted him in.

Jekyll And Hyde



[Fraternal twins](#)

“Of course, that was not the clincher by any means, for when the KKK came after poor old Barak they singled out his very own wife for destruction if he so much as thought to take the great White House Chair, so the Jewish faction put their merciless men in garments and ties around the sequential upcoming president and watched him carefully, for he was actually one of theirs.

“So it was the next step Barak Obama had to take, and that step was to assure Israel that they would be his ‘first’ nation and his ‘first wife’ would be as theirs working also on behalf of the little chagrined so many times military state. Just like the Vatican, a military state, *and for those who still are of the gullible nature and of the most uninformed, the Vatican with its five mile long underground cavern of scrolls, books, and scribes’ work, is a country all of its own making, along with its most elusive*

banking establishment, and we are simply telling you all this just to set the record straight, for all documentation is already long ago within our files.

A Woman In Command Of The Starship



[I'll be back!](#)

“Well, thank you Captain Uthrania for your participation in this, my first quest, and I thank all our readers. And now I bid you a farewell and adieu.

“Please tie off said frequency for us now, Captain Griffith. And Uthrania, take a tenure to yourself and yours. Jamie, put this on promptly, and thank you as well. Good Day, Reni for your editing and correction of any misspelling. Captain out. Senior Command Federation Starship. Adieu.”

Captain Griffith: “4.07 on this one. Maxim over and channel off.” 2:25 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

02. Captain Jennifer Higgin's File (Entry 2): On Religion, The Church And Malpractices



Captain J. Higgins lashes out at the religious churches and their practices in relation to their congregations in their clutches and at the latter's docile submission to them. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

- [Introduction](#)
- [August 11. 2013 4:40 pm](#)
- [Men Of The Cloth](#)
- [What's The Purpose Of Tithing?](#)
- [The Book](#)
- [On Giving "Alms"](#)
- [Enslaved Congregation](#)

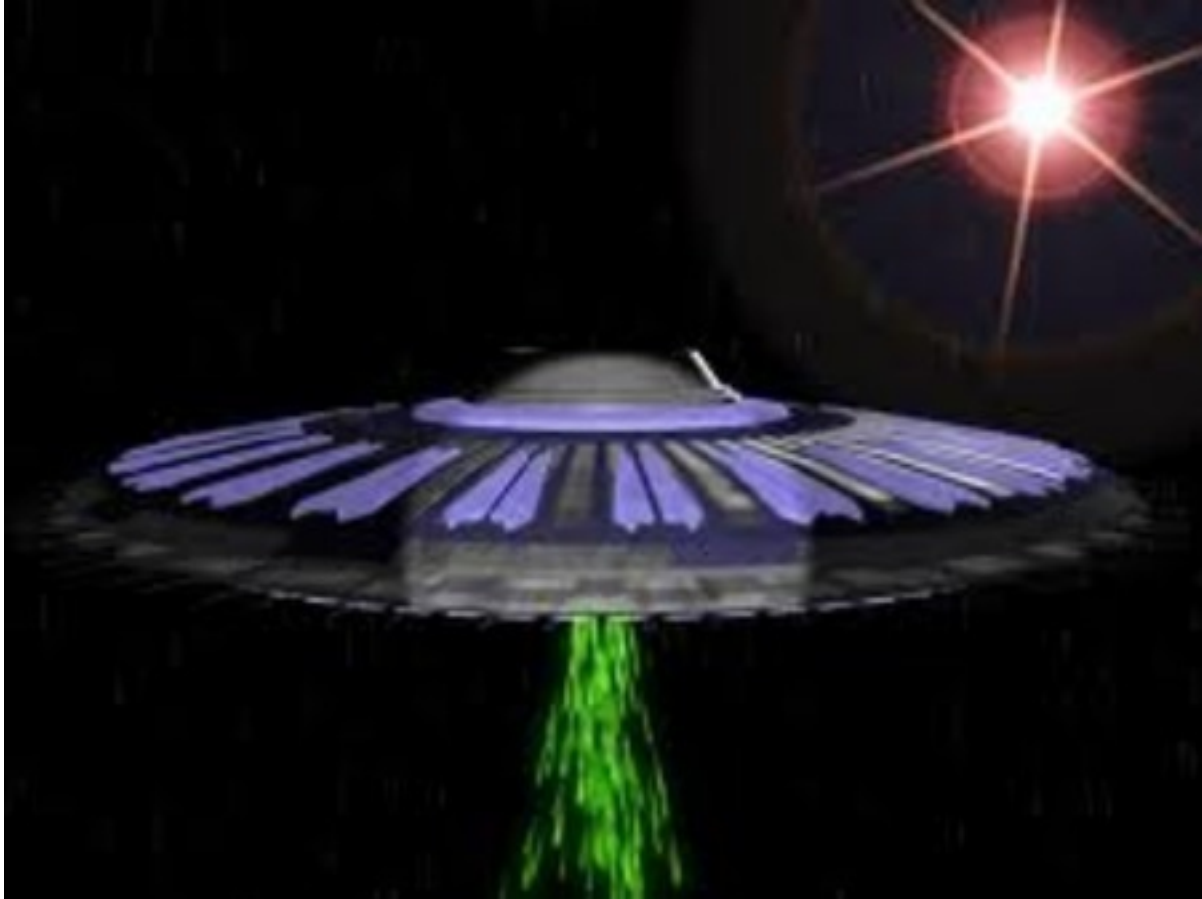
Introduction



[Scribings from the Stars](#)

"But you allowed them all to lead you like lambs to the slaughter and then praised some lord or another for it. You sing praises to your own epitaph which is pitiful and ironic because you still understand nothing of how the universe is set up, and indeed chivalrously not works on behalf of the ordinary man..." - Captain J. Higgins

August 11. 2013 4:40 pm



[Captain J. Higgins on board](#)

Corporal Jessica Hargrave: "Captain on the bridge in five minutes, Sir."

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

Corporal Jessica Hargrave: "Aye, ma'am. Captain, Sir!"

4:45 pm

Corporal Jessica Hargrave: "Sir! Captain is aboard and will be entering for session."

Uthrania: Thank you Corporal.

Corporal Jessica Hargrave: “Sir! The Captain is waiting.”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “At ease Sergeant.” (*The Captain enters the bridge and seats herself down. The Captain is wearing an illuminating band around her waist, and shoulder straps of pink and orange stripes. Black formed boots with insignia on the outside of the leggings and a pin-over on top of the vest area. Navy blue uniform. One piece. No cap. – Rania*)

4:54 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “The session will begin at 5:54 on Luxon, Jupiter. Ready the scribe, please, Peter Symington.”

Captain Peter Tubas Symington: “Aye Sir!”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Pm.”

Captain Peter Tubas Symington: “Thank you, Sir.”

4:56 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins, Esquire of the Fourth Nations: “Four minutes to go, Uthrania. Are you all set to take down my words in a rapid fashion this day?”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. I am, Captain.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you, Captain Uthrania. Now get set to...***begin.***”

Men Of The Cloth



[Priests and pastors](#)

“Now in our last writ or file we demonstrated the subservience of the religious whims toward those who would take of your coin currency and fleece you to death, and now today, or rather this evening, even contemporary Christianity climaxes toward bringing you all the nearer to the pinnacle or epitaph of death!

“You see, dear berated and duped ones of most religious circles, your circuit Judges are your priests, ministers, pastors of you all, and you are their sheep.

What's The Purpose Of Tithing?



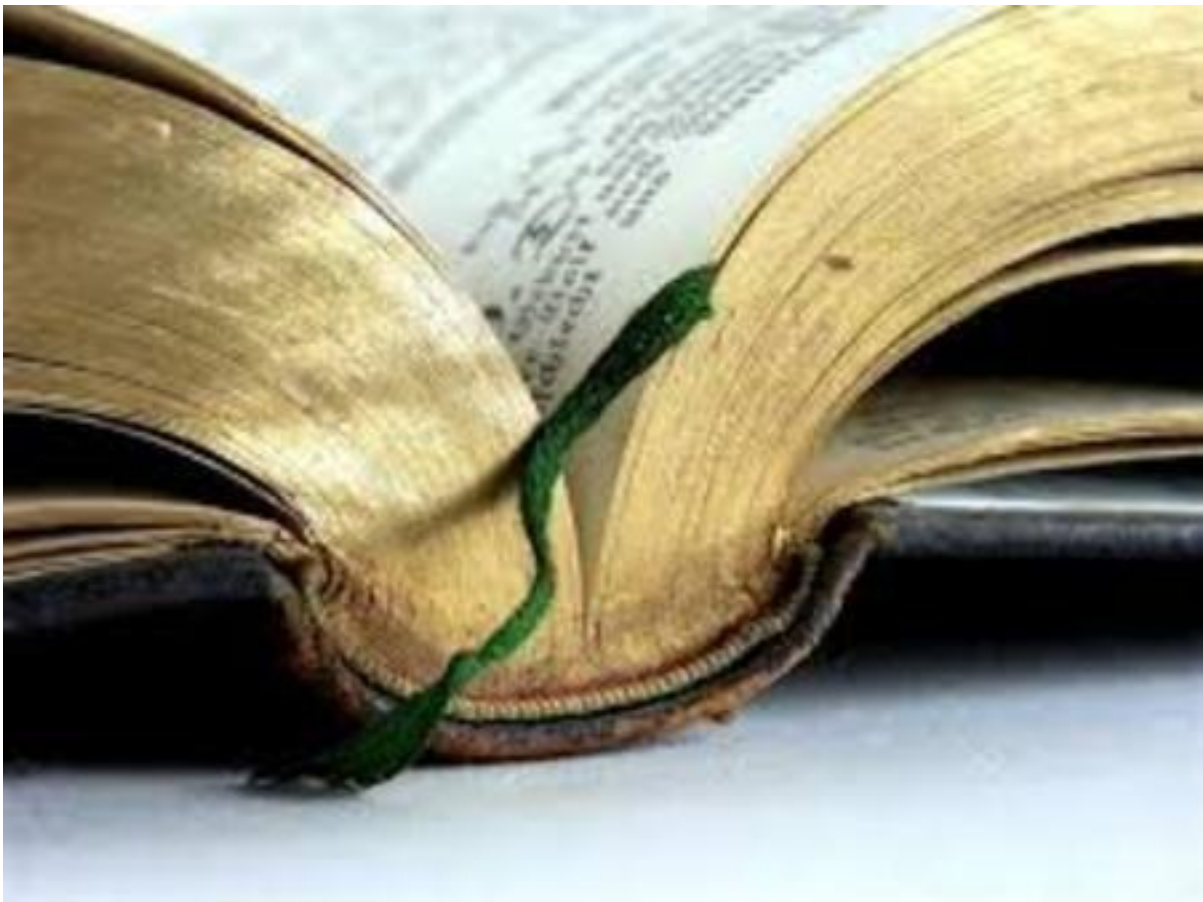
[Tithing](#)

“Your tithes are no more than taxes. You pay city taxes, royalty taxes, provincial taxes, federal taxes, taxes on your lands and merchandise, and then you go into your churches and pay even more taxes to the tax man behind the pulpit.

“You ones are being taxed to death, and if you understood a word your cauterized Bible had left in it as well as your so-called holy books of all your diverse religious affiliates, you would have come to realize your error at least.

“You spit out dollars, coins and cents as though they grew on trees instead of **were** the active accumulation of hard grinding work and a sense of relief when each day of each job description has ended.

The Book



[The Book](#)

"You are the censored, and if you understood a thing still left in your Bible you would long ago have come to realize that we of the Brother and Sisterhood of most distinguished ethics and no compromise would just rather the universal principles and active requirements would have been engraved and embedded in your hearts and minds.

"But you allowed them all to lead you like lambs to the slaughter and then praised some lord or another for it. You sing praises to your own epitaph which is pitiful and ironic because you still understand nothing of how the universe is set up, and indeed chivalrously not works on behalf of the ordinary man.

On Giving "Alms"



[Money for charity?](#)

"Our Captain Sananda; Hargrave, Captain of the Illustrious Intrepid Five Class Starship in the north-west ring of Jupiter have illustrated oh so many times the absolute futility of yourn always biting at the bit with: *"How much more money can you use, Sir, to help our poor brethren out of Africa?!"*

"Let me tell you something, brainless features, even your UNICEF was gobbling up the

money in administration fees while sending you over pictures of the supposed ones you were helping. So wise up indeed, and remember when you also pay your 'tithe-taxes' to the Vatican, ask yourself just why you have to do that when the Vatican runs its own community and national bank as does the inner sanctum of the City of London.

Enslaved Congregation



[Parishioners](#)

"Good Day. And thank you for listening. And I grant you that I would be far better off talking to a group of wolves who would rather listen to my jargon and laugh about it, than the sheepals which tend to be more compromising to their men and women of the cloth who sit beside them looking always into your pocketbooks and giving you their oversized 'hymn of praise' before all congregations who sup it up like the Missionaries wish to all live in the beautiful community houses behind steel fences, while the ones they pretend to serve still inhabit the huts of the ground engulfed in the dust of the new day.

"Potent jargon for sure, chelas, and please tie off all channel frequencies for this place

wherever I am at. Route, Sergeant?

Sergeant Ruthford: “Approximately 10 nautical miles south-west of Plymouth Rock, Sir, and securely hidden.”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you, Sir. And well said, Uthrania, that the clock on the back of the stove is bugged too. Remove it, Sir.”

Uthrania: Yes Sir! Thank you Captain for your always accurate insight. Tying off all channel frequencies. Jupiter 4.9, Mist Wave 7.2, and out at 5:20 pm (**End quote**)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 3): On Marriage, Reincarnation And Soul Mates/Twin Flames



Can we find or be married to the same person when we reincarnate? And when and under what circumstances do we meet our soul mates or twin flames? Captain Jennifer Higgins will answer them for us in her present writ straight from the shoulder. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

-
- [Introduction](#)
- [August 13. 2013 12:48 pm](#)
- [It's Their Words Against Ours](#)
- [A Topic For Men And Women](#)
- [Marriage And Reincarnation](#)
- [Soul Mates And Twin Flames](#)
- [Evolutionary Ladder To Paradise](#)
- [That's All, Folks!](#)

Introduction



Evolution

"Now, you can meet up with the same partner in other relationships, but they will not all present you as their spouse or even lover. Some will be blacksmiths who may be cousins, or just friends, or daughters, or sons, uncles, grandparents, and so on." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

August 13. 2013 12:48 pm



Hovering starships

Uthrania: At the helm and ready to receive the Captain, Lieutenant Hargrave.

Lieutenant Hargrave: "Aye Sir!"

(The Captain strides in, wearing her lime-green uniform and pink velvet stripe around her waist and brim of her hat. Black shined boots and a cup in her hand. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Good Morning, Captain Uthrania, or should I say (*The Captain looks at her watch* – Rania) ‘afternoon’ now at your time. How are you today?”

Uthrania: Fine Captain. Thank you, and are you well?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “I am. (*The Captain glances at me with a smile.* – Rania) Well, I would like for us to get to work on time today, so take a five to seven minute break and we will begin. Charles, please bring the teapot source over here, please!”

Charles: “Yes, Ma’am.” (*Charles is the steward of mess hall, for the understanding of your words.* – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Oh, and Jessica, be a sweetheart and remove all appliances from the southern deck. We will need to use it soon.” (*The Captain looks again at her watch.* – Rania)

Lieutenant Jessica: “Yes, Sir!”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you. Ready, Uthrania?”

Uthrania: At the keyboard on stand-by, yes, Captain.

12:59 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “12:59. Mountain Time?”

Uthrania: Mountain time, Sir.

It's Their Words Against Ours



[Our words](#)

1:00 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “So now we react not to our illuminating words of yesteryear for we have had quite enough of not been heard from when in every generation we have had our prophets and prophetesses, scribes, and seers, which the **churches of the past as well as of today continually choose to ignore our words** of dictational purpose in fancy of their own writing in a book absconded from the true writs which only the Vatican holds in their five mile tomb of literature from the past, present, in dealing with the future.

“**Great conglomeration of our words** all well and thoroughly hidden from all public view, as such of our blueprints have been which we in turn gave to certain brilliant minds of your world and planet Angorius.

A Topic For Men And Women



[A man and a woman](#)

“So there we have it, but you ones are already most familiar with these words of ours, and topics to boot, so why not ***just move on now with something a little less familiar to your banquet and taste of food or meat.***

“The brine upon the pole of the interior of your subjected to many falsehoods all your lives-long lifestreams is evaporating your good common sense away, so now I will feature the churches in another light of perchance a better way to make you all an inroad to the gullibility of the public at large. It is quite a sequence after all! ***Button up your braces, gentlemen, as well as you ladies, and prepare for the eternal ride of the ages!***

Marriage And Reincarnation



[Till death do us part](#)

“Now, we are going to deal with the subject title of **‘marriage’** today, and focus on the lifestreams of purgatory for those who ‘divorce’ their spouse.

“Are they going to remain in purgatory or even go into a hellish environment when they pass on from this life to the next?

“Not in the least, little ones. Just think about this for a moment:

“In every lifestream there is always the possibility that each one of you may **incarnate for the fifteenth hundredth time into being with another partner**. So how then can you

spend eternity with another not of your design?

“Many of your marriages are purgatory or hell to live through, so why would you wish to continue in such relationships all throughout eternity? I couldn’t imagine why? Could any of you?

“This mandate was set in place by the rule and thumb of your idyllic churches, if you can call it that, and presents itself as a catacomb of abomination toward that of the yardstick of joy and happiness, of merit, and universal principle entirely based upon the ecstasy of people who are on their up-road of incarnations, hopefully, to enter a life worth living in paradise.

Soul Mates And Twin Flames



[The perfect match](#)

“Marriages, many of them on your earth, are only temporary anyway, and if you think this not to be the case and you will be with the same partner for ‘eternity,’ then think again, dear sweet and awfully deluded ones.

“The injunction between merriment of a partner and a foresooth goal of extreme happiness

MUST be based on absolute equality, and while you are looking for that perfect one to suit your soul, you will have by now gone through a multitude of relationships until your mouth is foaming around the edges like a rabid dog who has had quite enough. But we are alluding to the time line of many relationships throughout your so-far eternal journey through lifestream after lifestream.

“Now, you can meet up with the same partner in other relationships, but they will not all present you as their spouse or even lover. Some will be blacksmiths who may be cousins, or just friends, or daughters, or sons, uncles, grandparents, and so on.

“But some will also be again with you as spouses if you have cherished one another more as **twinned flames or even soul mates, which are the perfect match.**

“You see, when you ‘marry’ it cannot be for life UNLESS you have your final soul mate connection. Therein will you have received your life’s lessons well and in doing so, if you are both on the same level of thinking, acting and so on, you will redeem yourselves from becoming procreated back down to a world less of an advantageous level of growth and be reinstated forward into at least the first rung of paradise.

Evolutionary Ladder To Paradise



[The need to evolve](#)

“And you will know you are there by the mere presence of a money-less system of any sort, shape, or what have you.

“Do you understand what we are saying to you, little addle-minded ones?

“Indeed, we are of the most qualifying nature to dictate to you once and for all what you need to know to progress, BUT it is you, and each one of you alone who are capable to learn: your growth hormones are not always so accurate as to be understandable toward who is and who is not for you at this time in your existence.

That's All, Folks!



[Captain J. Higgins signing off](#)

“Good Day, Captain Uthrania, and ask your dear Jamie to put this on right away, next day, for we understand Captain Korthrox has some other work for him to attend to behind the scenes.

“Good Night then, all you little sasquatches of the northern regions of Canadian wilderness, and do not watch for us on the ground around those places.

“They don’t exist except in the Blinkensop Maneuverings, for they have been created out of a test tube, the majority of them, **man and beast**, and as such they just survive a while and then they die. Sightings only once or twice? Well, now you know why. Their carcasses will be found elusively in the under-brushes.

“Captain Jennifer Higgins, Magistrate of the Dickens’ Files, and Captain of the Federated Starplanes.... And tie off channel for me, dear, and out!

Uthrania: Aye, Captain. All channels over and out on telepathic wave frequency 4.7 dupont.
Uthrania signing out at 1:29 pm. Salu! (**End quote**)

- Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries – Cortez

04. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 4): On Egypt, The Nile River And Journey Into Space



Captain Jennifer Higgins touches upon the Nile River and what is underneath in which are hidden some artefacts hardly accessible to humans Her short discourse is followed by that of Captain Hargrave Sr. whose topic is along the same lines. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 15, 2013 2:20 pm](#)
- [The Tomb Beneath The Nile River](#)
- [Artefacts In The Tomb](#)
- [Captain Hargrave, Sr. Pitches In](#)
- [Your Journey Into Space](#)
- [Land Of The Pharaohs](#)

Introduction



[Egypt](#)

"...So don't go down too awful far, fine gents, as well as you female excavators, for the plumb line will just not allot itself into the swollen diaphragm of all intricacies, and if we were to just tell you where our console boards of lattice drawings and miniature wire frames we have hidden, then of course, you would still be of the remaining in the darkness of the tomb encased in mummy shanks and diatram maneuverings." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

August 15, 2013 2:20 pm



[Scribings from the starship](#)

1:54 pm

Lieutenant Rutthes: "Captain's on board, Sir!"

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you Lieutenant Rutthes. Have a seat Uthrania. How are you doing today?”

Uthrania: Just fine, thank you, Captain. I also trust you are well yourself?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Aye. Well enough to ship-shape some crew...”

(the Captain grimaces a slight smile. She is outfitted in a blue yard one piece frock with lace up the sleeves and pants of a natural blue-green colour. Red stripes garnish her hat with the familiar pink stripe around her waist and brim as well. Black polished boots. The Captain is seated with a tumbler at her side, reading off the manuscript as we talk. – Rania)

“Please remain on stand-by. We adjourn until the clock sets on the hour for 2:23. Thank you. Captain Jennifer out.”

Uthrania: I will be back in my seat in twenty minutes, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: *(the Captain offers a gentle smile my way. – Rania)* “Good.”

2:20 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Alright. Are we ready to proceed, Captain Uthrania?”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Captain.

The Tomb Beneath The Nile River



[River Nile](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “All right then. Let’s get started. Our topic today is actually less obtrusive than that provided by our outrageous **Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn**, love, and because we are running on four rotor engines periodically on our sythmograph, we tend to take a little less time with our dictation today. So, on with the show.

“Now, buttresses aren’t the only thing holding the kaleidoscope of unique diagrams together in any one set of pyramids BECAUSE due to the landscape of the Nile River Basin, for example, **the rapid deterioration of the underneath passages have corroded due to the fixation men and women, alike, have on shaving the belly of the whale in it’s entirely.**

“We would therefore assume that **Captain Melix Somajar Galiac** has also the tendency to gravitate himself, as well as his complex maneuverings, away from the curtness expressed through the Egyptian government when any of our people stray too awful far from the apex of the underground, said, tomb.

Artefacts In The Tomb



[Off limits to humans](#)

“The river Nile has long ago changed it’s course, for the underground is a vaste tributary as orchestrated throughout the centuries as graphically “outlines” in all excavation drawings. **So don’t go down too awful far, fine gents, as well as you female excavators, for the plumb line will just not allot itself into the swollen diaphragm of all intricacies, and if we were to just tell you where our console boards of lattice drawings and miniature wire frames we have hidden, then of course, you would still be of the remaining in the darkness of the tomb encased in mummy shanks and diatram maneuverings.**

“So you all just put your thumb up your nose and figure that one out. And we will just as surely thumb our noses right back at you. The only difference in sequence here is: we have the original copy which you do not. That’s all. ***Now on with the secular topic of Hargrave’s manufacturing the ‘Doubt Channel’ with Mr. Hargrave Sr. Officiating.*** I turn now the channel over to him. Thank you Uthrania, Captain of the elusive troops down under.’

(The Captain offers up a slight smile, as she rises from her chair and enters the deck aft. – Rania)

Captain Hargrave, Sr. Pitches In



[More scribing](#)

Uthrania: Greeting, Mr. Hargrave. I am your scribe for this portion. How may I assist you, Sir?

Mr. (Captain) Hargrave Sr.: “Well, most pleased to meet you. I have heard many a story of your, shall we say, ‘adventures’ with **Captain Sophram Suflus Somajar Galiac!** And have been most impressed also with Reni’s past lab work. So here we are, again at the cusp of all Intergalactic travel, and entirely based upon the duty roster of each Captain whose combined effort has always worked in the conjunction with the Federation, each one, serves. And now, may we begin, if you are ready.. scribe?”

Uthrania: Yes, I scribe, Sir, and am ready at your command.

Mr. Hargrave Sr: “Well, once a commander, always a commander with you people, I suppose. So thank you, for the courtesy and we will begin. Please do not ‘modify’ my words, little ones, for I am not in the habit of relaying my saying, twice, nor thrice.

Your Journey Into Space



[A not so empty space](#)

“We may, therefore, not presume upon the emptiness of space, and dear ones, space is not filled with the darkness of your minds nor thoughts, for space is no space at all because it is genuinely filled with colours unseen by your tender eyes.

“The journey you take, earth Astronauts and Russian Cosmonauts, is a journey we had begun when each of you were in your infant stage of collaboration with: how on earth were any of you going to progress when your seed had been separated to find the knowledge as held within and on the exterior, which only your eyes may see dimly - and this tender age of evolution, not of apes, sea creatures nor any of the like, including white cows and forcep dogs and cats, for we, of the starlit brethren and sisterhood merriment, have long collided with the itinerary of utter and complete foolishness to the ire of our secular offspring upon other worlds much more advanced than that which you all reside upon.

“So now with that mouthful, let us continue in proceeding along the lines of an Egyptian fairytale, for they have their insurmountable ethics all mixed up as well. What an itinerary for the world at large.

“Goodness gracious! Is it that time? Alright, Uthrania? Well, we must hurry then.”

Uthrania: Ready Sir.

Land Of The Pharaohs



[gods and goddesses](#)

Mr. Hargrave Sr: “The pulmonary surface is not something that the gods and goddesses of Egypt’s north Nile Valley ever once anticipated, and yet you have us all floating down a Nile which is now gallantly hidden from all public view, in a disk-shaped, pulmonary with us going completely through some type of hell and before we can make it back, we must appease the god Horus and god knows who else.

“The demon of darkness still chastises us in the brim of his hat which the superstitious Egyptians continue to relish the old stories of their west as being truth for the wise, and oh my god! How they have erred!

“And as you have been told before by our own Captain Melix Somajar Galiac, the headpieces representing ‘snakes,’ contained, each one, an ‘antennae’ which held all manner of communications from our ‘gods’ and their ‘female’ counterparts.

“So, with that said, we will adjourn and wrap up this conversation with a healthy diet of pork NOT, but a brew of peach-liquid mixed together with a hefty helping of raspberry and custard desert! Umm.

“Tie off all channel frequencies for me please, scribe.

“Nothing ever happens which has not long ago been prearranged and all for the good benefit of all those around you. Signing out for the last time as captain, Hargrave Sr. Out.”

Uthrania: Tying off all channel frequencies, 4.7 dupont, 8 galaxy, and 4. 8 Esket. Uthrania out at signature time zone Pacific Western Mountain time 2:58 pm

3:29 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Please also tie off the extra-circuitry on Daimon Four would you please, for me, Captain Uthrania. Thank you and good day.”

(Captain Jennifer Higgins walks back off the deck to mess hall. – Rania)

3:30 pm

Uthrania: All circuitry. Daimon Four. Cauterized. Over and Out. Captain Uthrania at 3:30 pm. Adieu. **(End quote)**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

05. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 5): The HAARP Technology And The Vatican's Myth



Captain Jennifer Higgins talks about the HAARP technology which has its origins in the stars (through Nicola Tesla) and alludes to the fact that, left in the wrong hands, it will cause unimaginable destruction on Earth. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 31, 2013 8:00 pm 7:38 pm](#)
- [The HAARP Danger](#)
- [Our Words Tampered](#)
- [Sheep Led Astray](#)

Introduction



[Starship poised to retaliate](#)

" ... we decided of ourselves along with Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn as well as the elusive Captain Sophram, and Captain Sananda Galiac, the two Galiac brothers, to do a little demonstration to the HAARP contractors and so-aforementioned authorities, just to remind them of where they once came from and 'who brought so many of them here, are just no longer the rulers of the roost of the heavenly realms,' and because we are so fair to one and to all, we decided we would melt them down as they did to the poor victims of both Hiroshima and Iraq, Baghdad, and Primrose." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

August 31, 2013 8:00 pm 7:38 pm



[HAARP](#)

Corporal Pollack: “Captain on the bridge, Sir!”

Uthrania: Please inform the Captain that I am on stand-by, Corporal.

Corporal Pollack: “Yes, Sir! Sir!” (*speaking to Captain Jennifer Higgins - Rania*) “Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez is on stand-by for you, Sir.”

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you, Corporal. At ease.” (*The captain smiles at me – Rania*)

“Good Evening, Captain Uthrania, and we are bulstroled all out of ethics at the moment when dealing with HAARP and the sasquach boys, all in a-bush epidemic, are we not? So down to the wire, and we will begin early since you and I are both ready, willing, and waiting to go!

7:42 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Now, the scene transpires wholly inducing the overall **coverage** (and please bold that one, Uthrania, for us), for the boys and girls over there in Washington D.C. and Vatican land all wish to hell they had gotten rid of us and our ships long before their ***last merciless act toward you one and all, and three.***”

The HAARP Danger



[Hiroshima in ruins](#)

“So now we have muddled up the majority with our so-called senseless act against the pocketbooks of the duped public *who think, most of them, that HAARP is some instrument that is played before an organ, we decided of ourselves along with Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn as well as the elusive Captain Sophram, and Captain Sananda Galiac, the two Galiac brothers, to do a little demonstration to the HAARP contractors and so-aforementioned authorities, just to remind them of where they once came from and ‘who brought so many of them here, are just no longer the rulers of the roost of the heavenly realms,’ and because we are so fair to one and to all, we decided we would melt them down as they did to the poor victims of both Hiroshima and Iraq, Baghdad, and Primrose.*

Remember ‘Primrose Project,’ gentlemen of the Crown? Ah, but you thought that we had forgotten all about that most diabolical tower experience northwest and east of New York!

“Well, we haven’t, gentlemen, and soon the very people you duped with their brains by HAARP also all in a muddle as to what they ‘really’ saw the day the two towers came down, are soon going to string the each one of you up by the hair on your necks. And we will just watch and ‘pray’ they will get all of you.

Our Words Tampered



[Scriptures](#)

“There, now you have it, let us be off to more Vatican news of the day.

“The poor Pontiff and his crew slit the entire throat of the Rectory of Protestantism when they midriffed off the pastoral pages and indexed them through the oratory of Grecian even Latin misinformation to dupe the unsuspecting public who in no wise choose to inform themselves as to what is going down their gullets!

“Oh well, they have had the misfortune to continue in the reincarnational loop and holed it up to the showers, permitting a good washing of the face whilst evaporating the soul of all its tendencies to allude to the truth, yet permitting no such justice to arise.

“So, there you have it again, and ‘folks!’ That will be the end of your civilization as you know it, just fondling your brain in such a way as to induce endendums at large to evaporate what is left upstairs, and please do not say we did not warn you! **For we have been seeking to integrate your mind power with ours for centuries on end in a hopeful effort by us all to see what can be salvaged out of that sorry pinnacle of brain mass you call your ‘intelligence.’**

Sheep Led Astray



[Duped congregation](#)

“Oh boy, this is fun, bringing you back out into the sunlight from the eons of darkened gloom which you the mighty in mind and so-called knowledge and ‘intelligence’ have braced and locked yourselves into, twiddling and tweeting your thumbs up your ass in hopes of bracketing more of a way shower in eulogies toward those who would see you gladly in your graves.

“And yet you sop up instead with crumbs, the slop they continually feed you and know nothing about how to get out of the fix you are in!”

“Good Day, Captain Uthrania, and thank you, Jamie, and Reni, for obstructing not my pen as you edit this section.

“And Jamie, put this on ‘automatically’ over the net, for my patience with the sojourners of this planet is beginning to wear rather thin!

“Thank you my good lad, and a Good Night to one and all and to you all.

“Captain Jennifer Higgins out on tran... oh, you close it out will you, Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and Reni edit swiftly, for Jamie to follow. Good Night.”

Uthrania: Out on Diamon Four, sensilizing Tran channel wave 16.7 9. Good Night at 8:04 pm. Adieu. Uthrania out. **(End quote)**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

05. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 6) - The Parchments Of Yore And Other Allusions



Captain Jennifer Higgins alludes in the present writ to certain powerful individuals of the world at large and titillates the imagination regarding the old parchments which contain "the missing piece to the puzzle of life." - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 15, 2013 4:30 pm](#)
- [The Masquerade](#)
- [The Wild Wild West](#)
- [Mystery Of The Parchments](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the starship](#)

*"Well, I do believe we have found an original! The missing piece to the puzzle of life as we had first given it ...downloaded it into the hand of a scribe and that scribe will be kept a secret for now for the protection of the scribe is ...**paramount** ..." - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

September 15, 2013 4:30 pm



Heralding the Captain's coming

4:02 pm

Lieutenant Sarnjincks: "Captain on the bridge in twelve minutes, Commander! –
Lieutenant Sarnjincks"

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant Sarnjincks. I will remain on stand-by.

Lieutenant Sarnjincks: "Thank you, Sir."

(I nod at the Lieutenant. – Rania)

4:14 pm

(Captain Jennifer Higgins strolls at a brisk pace over to her bench chair and seats herself down. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: (*Takes a gulp of watery liquid.* - Rania) "Good Evening, almost, Captain Uthrania Seila, and how are you today, Sir?"

Uthrania: Quite well, thank you, Sir, and may I inquire as to your health as well, Sir?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: "Still rollin' with the punches, Captain! To be sure **the only ones suffering naught upon your earth plane are the bankers and their military One World Order Police Forces but that will, we assure you, in the time element of all events be well short lived!** So that is the good news.

"Now for the bad. The Penticton Group out of Washington State still readily believe that the moratorium of gravesites NW in Arlington, Virginia, has settled directly and right on top of the target crypt of military bunkers over there out of Washington, and the Air Force Boys and their Military Engineers have displaced all sorts of parts and pieces all over the nation, so one hand really does not know what they are making what for, nor do the most of them even care any more.

"So the high jinks of the entire refitting of the bunker and city below is going to soon be well amassed with gravesites all over the bunker top, and the crypt with its air releases ...well, one can just imagine the story that will come up from the top when these sectors cannot breathe. Quite a drama at that, is it not, Captain Uthrania?"

Uthrania: Sir. Yes, it is.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: "Good. Break for a spot and I will be right back with the new formation for our dictation today. At ease, Lieutenant. Thank you, Captain Uthrania, and take for yourself a wee spot of tea."

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir, but I will decline.

(The Captain rises from her chair and walks over to the porthole with the seventeen small shelves and begins ruffling through some parchments. Old and rather falling apart. I must remember to ask her about them. She is dressed in a deep gold sheen flat corduroy jumpsuit with laced up boots of dark chestnut brown on the outside of the pant legs. The pink and yellow stripes are missing at this time as the Captain just round-a-bouted back from land duty. We do not wear our insignia while on land duty upon a planet other than our own. The reason for this is obvious. However, we can wear our 'costumes,' as some call them, or 'otherworldly' clothes, just as long as they summarily fit into the dress of the century, with our own excuses attached. In this way, all captains of the fleet are ready and presentable when re-boarding our ships.

With her hand balled up, Captain Jennifer Higgins crushes a point of paper lace in her hand and shoves it deep into her pocket, which is lined with a dusty red. – Rania)

The Masquerade



[Masking identity](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Alright then. Now, if you are ready with the keyboard, Uthrania, we shall begin. Forgive me for addressing you by your maiden name.”

(Maiden name in the Federation stands for one’s first name and not the name of an unwed person. – Rania)

Uthrania: Sir, I am at your service.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you most graciously, Sir, for your more than genteel way, should we say, of handling my misdemeanor. *(Coughs slightly into her hand.* – Rania)

“Alright then. Now the Brigadier General Potmus Cone has of himself, or should I say rather, *herself*, sorry for the slipup, in the Far Eastern Regions of Prussia, the hairspin of an idea which he thinks he will put before President Putin.”

Uthrania: Forgive me, Captain, but is the Brigadier General a man or a woman? You have used ‘he’ again in reference.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “No further slip up there, Captain Uthrania, and you were quite right to point out what seemed to be another flaw, but just bear with me another moment or so and you will *begin* to put this whole and entire jigsaw together. Ahem.

“Now, the foresight of this ‘manly’ but *female* Brigadier General stems entirely from the broadside of the Saudi Sword in the main square, and if the truth were known that particular Brigadier General would have fared much better had she turned herself vivaciously into a Mr. ‘He.’ And this she did with a little plastic surgery, a breast removal implant which takes the swells off in the opposite direction, and a bit of hair glued on here and there on legs and chest. She was quite fair you see, so, well, we think we will leave the rest well to your imaginations.

The Wild Wild West



[The 'ol West](#)

“Ahem.. Now, the Penticton Boys out of North Seattle, Washington State and glorious Calgary, Alberta, in Canada’s north country, southern regions really, but all is north of the United States, so that is how they call it down there, have long relished an air flight right out of ‘Toledo’ Mexico, and if a line were drawn on an old map of yesteryear, you would calculate that Texas actually fell somewhere inbetween.

“Sell the Texans to Great Britain, hey? That is what the Mexicans were trying to do, but there again not all comes to the forefront in the era that they happened in.

“The Broadvent Boys also out of Calgary’s Southern portion of the stadium rallied around the great horse event, stockholding and ram rodding the cattle down in their pens while the good ol’ cowboys relinquished their alcohol just long enough to seat the bull. And he was an angry ol’ gent!”

Uthrania: Captain, I noticed you were leafing through old parchments which were

seemingly almost falling apart. May I ask about them?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: (*The Captain gives me a slightly dark look.* – Rania) “In the middle of dictation, Captain?”

Uthrania: No, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “So on with the tall story of the wild wild west with Bill ..now listen most carefully and piece your histories all together, conjectively ...and conclusively using all our clues ...Hickok and the Branty Boys and Girls out of the West Wing of the Whitened House, for the Clue Klux Clan just ran out of fuel for the Morrison Troop to ride back down into Hemmingway Drive out of Kentucky’s Northern shore which simply has not developed yet, and Morrison and his Boys, and even wives, daughters, and sons, grabbed their tourniquets and headed for the President’s Relegate Quarters just SE of the China Room and doused a whole flame full of practitionaires who were tending to the President of China’s ulcers. Or President Obama was it?

“So if you do not yet get *our point* across and believe we have made incorrect spelling of names, then think again, dear gentry, for we have not as yet begun with the likes of you and your kind!

“Commander-in-Chief, Captain Jennifer Higgins, bids to you all a deep and permanent farewell, ladies and gents. And now I will be more than pleased to answer your question, Commander.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. Please forgive my earlier intrusion.

Mystery Of The Parchments



[Parchment](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “The answer, dear Captain, is quite simple. We have destroyed the erroneous transcripts which have been found by the unsuspecting in caves, breaches, and the such, gone over them painstakingly and *(Pause. The Captain removes the crumpled piece of parchment from deep in her pocket and exclaims...: - Rania)*

“Well, I do believe we have found an original! The missing piece to the puzzle of life as we had first given it ...downloaded it into the hand of a scribe and that scribe will be kept a secret for now for the protection of the scribe is ...**paramount**. Will that be all, Lieutenant Klassan?” *(The Lieutenant brings Captain Jennifer Higgins a message on the board. – Rania)*

Lieutenant Klassan: “Yes, Sir, Captain. That will be all, thank you, Sir.”

(Captain Jennifer Higgins briefly smiles at Lieutenant Klassan and nods her head that the

conversation is finished. She looks around at me and continues to drum her fingers on the side of her bench chair. _ Rania)

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. I have the information.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: (*Sighs*) "Good. Well then let us commence with this project another time, and may I ask you of your continued willingness in closing off all apparatus while I fix myself a drink?"

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Shutting down all transmittal frequencies out of Georgia South, Pole 1 Shift 9. Current Range 41 millimeters on the Hector Scale, with a continuing range to the White Elephant and back. Multiply by S-12 and we have all channels and stations now off line. Senior Command close down all transmittal frequencies for telepaths at a range of 9.4, 5.9 and Ester 6. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing out for High Command at Dexter.2 5:05 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

06. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 7) - "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes."



Captain Jennifer Higgins couldn't have said the obvious better and that is that America loves war not on the pretext of "principle" and, when it is waged, the specter of Israel has always been behind it. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 22, 2013 \(No time was set\)](#)
- [The Secrets Beneath Arlington Cemetery](#)
- [War And Its Financial Benefits](#)
- [Playing By Israel's Rules](#)
- [Signing Off](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the starship](#)

"Nothing could be further from the truth when it comes to bomb making policy out of DC, for Israel wants much more than control over the wealth of the nations. They want to rule it all, beginning succulently with the Arab States, and then going directly to Brazil, Cuba, and all of the Northern flank of the Canadian North with all its diamonds, coal, oil and gas, ...and boy!, do they really know what they are doing with the armies of most of the world, and you need to credit them with brains when it comes to military warfare and strategy! The only problem is they do not seem to be aware at all of the consequences of such an idea or ploy." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

September 22, 2013 (No time was set)



Getting ready for the Captain

6:46 pm

Uthrania: Corporal Pollack, the Captain has asked my assistance with her next dictational file. Please advise Captain Jennifer Higgins that I will remain on stand-by until such time as she is ready to confer.

Corporal Pollack: “Aye, Sir, and that should be soon. Take a coffee break, Sir, and I will inform you in good time of her arrival on deck.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. (I arise from my chair and .. after noting future conversation, leave the room promptly. - Rania)

Lieutenant Sarnjincks: “Hemmingway is coming in, Sir.”

Corporal Pollack: “Thank you, Lieutenant. Have a seat, Sir, on the Bridge.” 6:52 pm

6:56 pm

Lieutenant Sarnjincks: “Sir! Captain Uthrania. Captain Higgins is on board and wishes to speak with you, Sir.”

Uthrania: Good evening Captain Higgins, Sir. How may I assist you?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Hello, Captain Uthrania. I am sorry to bother you with this, but it is of extreme importance. I will be back in fifteen minutes or so.” (*Captain Jennifer Higgins rises from her chair and leaves the deck for her room to change into more comfortable attire after an offshore mission.* – Rania)

7:11 pm

Uthrania: I am on standby, Captain. (*When Captain Jennifer Higgins returns she is sporting an orangey-green jumpsuit with the familiar stripes all around the collars’ edge right down to the tunic itself. Leather green fastener boots with stripes garnishing both outsides with the silver-gray pink dotted toes garnishing the end of each boot. She is ready to begin.* – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you, Captain, and now shall we begin.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

The Secrets Beneath Arlington Cemetery



[Desecrating the dead](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “The memorial at Arlington’s southern portion of her cemetery has all but collapsed underneath the sod at a very great and dynamic level. You will begin

to see 'indentations' in the ground and a very careful eye will detect certain tombstones slightly moved to the overseers coordinates. They are slightly slanted at a forty-five degree turn.

"But that is not all, Comrades-in-Arms. U.S. Military Service squad has now effected a diamond shaped luxon-bomb tombstone just south of the cemetery's northern grass wall, and all who stand in Arlington at guard in their heated dress code are about to have a real stroke when they find out that several of the graves have been dug up and 'modified.'

War And Its Financial Benefits



[All for corporate gains](#)

"Arlington Western portion is no better off but placing the new corpses of dementia into the same graves will be of little avail, so families, you might note that many of your sons and daughters who were 'previously' buried in State, so to speak, with full gun salute toward burial protocol are now removed and buried in the Luxemburg Area of West Virginia, and we cannot tell you where that is exactly, for the United States Military say that is not for you to know. But we have given to you all a clue.

The whereabouts of the Lincoln Memorial and 'where did it go when the bomb hit Japan?' is an elusive topic not yet enjoyed by the White House Staff and its Corporate Powers who think war was manufactured just to make them rich!

Playing By Israel's Rules



[Ruling the roost](#)

“Nothing could be further from the truth when it comes to **bomb making policy out of DC, for Israel wants much more than control over the wealth of the nations.** They want to rule it all, beginning succulently with the Arab States, and then going directly to Brazil, Cuba, and all of the Northern flank of the Canadian North with all its diamonds, coal, oil and gas, ...and boy!, do they really know what they are doing with the armies of most of the world, and you need to credit them with brains when it comes to military warfare and strategy! **The only problem is they do not seem to be aware at all of the consequences of such an idea or ploy.**

“**Pay up time is going to come, gentlemen and ladies of the crypt of Skull and Bones,** and the sooner you prepare for the demise which you are trying so desperately to avoid,

including your very 'perceived' flight to the White Elephant Station so high up in your skies, the better off will you be, for payday hits all in the sodden pocketbooks, and then are your souls taken to a place where war and bloodshed is available, ***but you will hurt no other souls of good countenance save that of yourselves.***

Signing Off



[O'er New Orleans](#)

“Close off now, please Captain Uthrania, and again, thank you for presuming my rank in ordering you to the keyboard once again, for I never needed to, you just came. Thank you again, little Queen of the high jinks. (*Smiles. The Captain sits up to attention with a grim face.* – Rania)

“Please tie off all circuitry and close off all necessary Channels, please, for I am going to retire for the night. Good Evening, Commander, and Good Day to you both, Jamie.”

Uthrania: Tying off all Channel frequencies 4.7 Dupont 8 at 17.6 Router Circum. **4.7 and 4.9 on the Richter scale. Please, Jamie, note for the Paxton Boys SW of New Orleans.**

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

OS. Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 8) - The Black Plague And The Secret Agenda



Captain Jennifer Higgins reveals that some diseases were deliberately caused to control human population and that the cures thereof were equally deliberately hidden for monetary gain of governments. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introductory](#)

- [September 30, 2013 2:30 pm](#)
- [The Alleged Origin Of The Black Plague](#)
- [A Means Of Population Control?](#)
- [Concealing The Cures For Monetary Gain](#)
- [Signing Off](#)

Introductory



[Afflicted with the black plague](#)

"How horrible indeed, but in actuality - and an historical fact which the books and the governments in the know will never tell you is this - the pulmonary diseases of that time was one manifested through the manufacturing of obstetricians which determined that the serums given to the women on board were of the highest quality when in essence it was like herpes or aids passed on from person to person and the result of the 'disease' was monetarily the same as it was in its effect." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

September 30, 2013 2:30 pm



[Scribing from the Captain](#)

2:00 pm

Captain Rufus Jordan, Esquire of Pulose 14, Sector 6: “The Captain will be on the bridge in fifteen minutes, Commander Sentana-Ries-Galiac-Cortez, Sir. Captain Rufus Jordan, Esquire of Pulose 14, Sector 6, Sir.”

Uthrania: Thank you Captain, and please address me as Captain Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain of the Galiac Team. That is the proper address.

Captain Rufus Jordan: “Aye, Sir. I will in future. Thank you for the correction. Will you be having a coffee, Sir, from the consortium?”

Uthrania: I have something already, thank you, Captain.

Captain Rufus Jordan: “Captain, Major Winthrop is also attending this session with yourself as well as Captain Jennifer Higgins. Have you met him, Sir?”

Uthrania: No, I do not believe I have. I will be back shortly, Captain. At ease.

Captain Rufus Jordan: “Yes, Sir.”

2:15 pm

2:14 pm

(Captain Jennifer Higgins strides through the Captain’s door on the South-East of the deck. Wearing her usual orangey-green one piece jumpsuit, with the tailor-made bootstraps attached to the green overdraft which is fitted alongside the cathedrals of the top upper left rim of each boot. The outside, red, with turquoise hemming along her Swift-made jacket, a clothing company, marginalizes her midriff to appear a little more trim than it actually is. A stand-up collar on this suit sports the necessary Captain’s stripes and a polar neck bayon pin outfits her general position in the Artillery section. Brown boot covering to keep of the muck and mud is showered with rainproof solution. The Captain smiles over at me and motions me to my chair. – Rania)

Uthrania: I am ready, Captain Higgins, whenever you are ready to begin, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you and Good Evening, Captain Uthrania Seila. Captain now, I hear, of the Galiac Team. Congratulations on your new commission.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Captain. I am however still in the mode of training. *(We have different degrees or levels of Captaincy, and I am far below that of both my brothers, Captain Sophram Galiac and Captain James Sananda Galiac. – Rania)*

The Alleged Origin Of The Black Plague



[The cause](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: (*Looking at her watch, the Captain speaks.* – Rania) “Well, I realize that we are a wee bit early, but may as well get started and not waste any more of either of our precious time. Is that alright with you, Captain?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. It is.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Good, then.. (*Captain Jennifer Higgins sets down her tumbler mug of coffee liquid.* – Rania) Let us tie this one on for a good beginning:

“The pulmonary disease of the Middle to Aft Ages was always seen as one which was begun by disease of rats in the boat locks down with the stowed away passengers. A disease which would run rampant due to lack of clean drinking water, and in fact urinating and fecetating passengers whom had no place else to go.

“How horrible indeed, but in actuality - and an historical fact which the books and the governments in the know will never tell you is this - **the pulmonary diseases of that time**

was one manifested through the manufacturing of obstetricians which determined that the serums given to the women on board were of the highest quality when in essence it was like herpes or aids passed on from person to person and the result of the 'disease' was monetarily the same as it was in its effect.

A Means Of Population Control?



[The Black plague](#)

“The Black Plague was also a pulmonary disease now known as a type of leprosy, and limbs were blackened to the core.

“And for those doctors and nurses who know nothing about this ‘abstract’ deficiency in the medical laboratory profession of the day, you dear ones never knew either the overall extent of what this did **to gravitate human population control over the masses whom existed at this time of their day.**

“Now, let us move onto the next, shall we? Captain Herman Jenkins Graves Captains the

Waldrolf Peanuckle Intrepid, and where did it get its so sultry name, little ones, of the mind control epic? Just where the sun refuses to shine up in the northern regions of Alaska and the Canadian Northern West Territories. Think hard, ye ones all, and you will, I do promise, come up with the answer.

Concealing The Cures For Monetary Gain



[Henry Kissinger](#)

“Tillingham was once a dietary pulmonary event in itself as cancerous cells became well dormant through the hard work and expertise of scientists such as yourselves, Hargrave and Company, down there on planet Angorius’ earth! **But the major powers who be decided long ago that in order to greatly benefit from sickness, the health of the people must not be maintained, so they dwarfed the antidote and shelved it and bought out the prescription, as they call it, and instead maintained there was no known cure.**

“They have done this with every disease going, and the only ones who have the antidote for any known disease are those who control the weather from HAARP Station in Alaska, Nome, so to speak, and Cananaskus in Turkish Control. Now, this again is a coded affiliation in order to keep those of us safe who otherwise would be placed in great danger just to give this information out.

“Mr. Kissinger, the *darling man* tongue wells up in my cheek, has the lives of a dozen or so cats, nineteen to be exact, and no prescription of any worth is ever denied the man, and so **he continues to readily function without much aging but denies the lot of you, the people of his land, even a glimpse into that which would save a multitude of lives!**

Signing Off



[Spaceship taking off](#)

“Put this on Jamie, my boy, and congratulations also on your own promotion. Glad tidings to one and to all.

“Sasquatch Raided 4 9. Captain Jennifer Higgins over and out. And please tie off all regulatory channel frequencies for us, Captain Uthrania, and have a good day and week to the both, and three, and four of ye.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Captain Higgins. Tying off all frequencies, Sasquatch Raided 4 9 at a Headwind of 17 Cutlass 8. Swing Title all the preliminary channels of telepathic frequencies, and Good Day. Hologram off at 2:45 pm. Signing out for High Command at Mission Control, Venus 9. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Acting Captain of the High Flying Galiac Team with Jamie in training. Adieu and Salaam.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

09. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File

(Entry 9) - Religion And The Banking Cartel



Captain Jennifer Higgins bewails anew religion, its doctrines and practices, as well the misery inflicted on the masses by the money system of the corporate elite. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [October 7, 2013 3:00 pm](#)
- [Human Body And Blood](#)
- [The Havoc Wrecked By The Money System](#)
- [Preying On The Desperate](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the starship](#)

"You have so sunk yourselves and your full extent of your livelihoods to the ungracious war criminals who use your sons and daughters as well as yourselves as cannon fodder, that without our gracious assistance quite frankly you are sunk, for you are mired in quicksand and have built your entire estates, whether large or humble, in the actions of the swift hand of the bankers, their corporations, and the tumbleweed manufacturers of third world nations, that the comparison as to the hell you continue in reincarnating back into is no less than a continual 'dragnet' of mystifying nonsense as far as we are concerned." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

October 7, 2013 3:00 pm



[Musical instruments](#)

2:48 pm

Uthrania: Please advise Captain Jennifer Higgins, I am on board, Sir.

“Thank you, Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez, the Captain will be with us soon, Sir.
Lieutenant Griffin, ‘Positron’ Code 4, Sir.”

(The Captain saunters in, in her navy blue uniform and high top black boots with silvery-gray toes and the pink semi-illusive ‘dots.’ Her demeanor is serious and I can tell she has a lot on her mind. She is ready to commence. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: *(Ahem)* “Welcome aboard my beautiful new ship we call the ‘Skylark Intrepid,’ Commander Uthrania Seila. We have a studio on board of which many talented and learned musicians are foremost in the policy of recreation when time does allow. Do you play, Sir?”

Uthrania: My playing is minimal, Sir. Clarinet, some piano, accordion. But it, as I say, has been quite some time. 2nd Class Airman, Private Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, plays both guitar and piano. He is most creative with the classics and plays extremely well.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “An extremely talented family I hear, for your brother Captain Sophram Suflus Somajar Galiac also plays the classics. Is that not so, Commander?”

Uthrania: Well, yes, he does, and is also brilliant in his orchestration, but there is really no

comparison between my playing of instruments and that of my husband 2nd Class Airman, Private Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and my brother, Senior Commander Captain Sopfram Galiac, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, well. I play the accordion Four Class 5 Instrument Base along with many versions of the Harpsichord. *(The Captain smiles – Rania)* I still find it a challenge in my spare time, love.”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Delighted to hear that of yourself.

(The Captain takes in a long breath of fresh air coming out of the ceiling vents and leans back in her bench chair, stretching out her long legs in front of her. Captain Jennifer Higgins sits silently. – Rania)

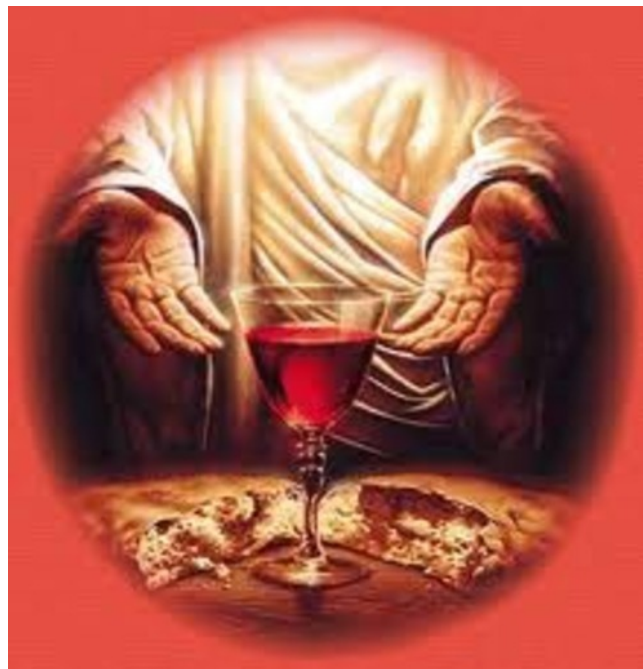
3:03 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, glad you could all make it back on time even though we missed our 2:30 pm appointment with you. Mishaps do occur from time to time, Commander, even up here as you know in the foamy white of our snow-like clouds we so often hide behind and within. Gone in an instant just as soon as “detected” is our observance detail.

“Shall we get started then, Commander? Are you relaxed?”

Uthrania: I am now, yes, Sir. Thank you, Captain.

Human Body And Blood



[Body and blood](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Good! Then we will just keep this portion rather short for today as you have Captain Herman Griffith ...intends upon keeping you busy at the keyboard today and I understand you also are taking down dictation from your brother Captain James Galiac Sananda. Do not bother in replying. Let us just get started, shall we.

“Now, in the fundamentals of religious theory the religious autocracy first set forth an amendment throughout the tenets of each church, exclusively mentioning ‘war’ as being the height of all sacrifice to that of the cause of whichever lord or lady they may wish their congregations to dwell upon in the hour of prayer, and *eating of the flesh and drinking the dreges of the blood of another human.*

“What a nasty reclamation to the throne of ‘God,’ so to speak, for we are all gods and goddesses as the so-called Christians will simply not attest to, even though it be *formatted as spoken by an enlightened Master Teacher, the Jesus of the Christed Ones, in their Temples, Churches and Synagogues!*

“What hypocrisy as we have never yet seen as reside in the tenets of the religious mandate to ‘drink!’ ‘eat!’ or be damned to hell! Whatever they think that means is purely contrary to what in reality it really entails.

The Havoc Wrecked By The Money System



[Illegal tender](#)

“And how do you ‘get to hell’ instead of landing in ‘heaven’ or ‘paradise,’ dear deluded and cheated out of your financial purses, Ones?

“Simply by conducting yourselves in a manner unworthy of looking after your brother and sister who stand not only beside you in your tenement building and grand houses, but indeed what you have done to other groups of persons in other nations which indeed, again, were none of your business to interfere with, **and no one after all invited you to place your stamp of religiosity on any of themselves and their culture.**

“But greedy are ye, the lot of ye, for warfare to protect the purse of the nation doesn’t go into the peoples’ coffers you know. *It goes directly into the seal of approval of Fort Knox and offshore banks as found in such places as the Cayman Islands. So what on earth are you people sacrificing yourselves for if not for the almightily already wealthy banking cartel?!*

“Should any of you begin to use your noggin for thinking once in a while, we of the Starfleet fireflies so far up and yet not always so far up in your heavens would be most interested to know the full extent of your reclining in abject poverty, and how you do expect to get out of it without even an iota of our comely help?

Preying On The Desperate



[Bankers](#)

“You have so sunk yourselves and your full extent of your livelihoods to the ungracious war criminals who use your sons and daughters as well as yourselves as cannon fodder, that without our gracious assistance quite frankly you are sunk, for you are mired in quicksand and have built your entire estates, whether large or humble, in the actions of the swift hand of the bankers, their corporations, and the tumbleweed manufacturers of third world nations, that the comparison as to the hell you continue in reincarnating back into is no less than a continual ‘dragnet’ of mystifying nonsense as far as we are concerned.

“So, lift your hand and heads back up to the heavens where you belong, and leave us alone with your ridiculousness, and **take our hand to lead you, each one, back into a state of less desperateness.**

“That is enough for now, little ones, Greek, Prussian, and all! And tie off, please, all ultra-

sensory factual channels, Captain Uthrania, and I will be off. Thank you, Jamie and Reni, for your depository in working with these files, and *writs, from time to time*, though we do not see many of them these days due to the extraordinary excess of work we are piling on all three of you behind the scenes in addition to our productivity on the net.

“Good Day, you three. Captain Jennifer Higgins out.”

Uthrania: Tying off all ultra sensory factual channels, PQ8, 19 4, Positron 6 and Lucifer 9. Signing off for Central Command, Captain Jennifer Higgins, Corporal of Armament Station 7.46 at 3:29 pm. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the Galiac Team, in training. Adieu and Salaam.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

10. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 10) - "Tall" Tales



Captain Jennifer Higgins debunks this passage from the bible: "There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown." - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [October 22, 2013 12:30 pm](#)
- [Debunking The Existence Of Biblical Giants](#)
- [The Amazons](#)
- [Did It Really Happen?](#)
- [Your Forefathers And Foremothers Don't Lie](#)

Introduction



[Giant](#)

*"Now, does that make sense, little ones? My, it would be lovely **if you all got your history right**, for much of what you write in filling in the blanks of what had either been left out or purposely put in for an explanation is pure and plain rubbish, and rubbish belongs entirely in the garbage can!" - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

October 22, 2013 12:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

12:15 pm

“Captain Jennifer Higgins on the bridge Sir, Captain Galiac, are you there?

Lieutenant Forsythe Commandeering Far Post 9 on HAARP Lookout.”

12:17 pm

Uthrania: Sorry I am late, Captain Jennifer, Sir. Lieutenant, please address me by my full name now: Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez.

Lieutenant Forsythe: “Aye, Sir! Sorry, Sir, for my obviously mistaken indiscretion, SIR!”

(Captain Jennifer Higgins is dressed in her navy blues. Parka with white ermine trim and the rest of her outfit is salmon pink with blue corduroy pants and the not so elusive red dots on the toes of her high-round brown boots. Here we go. The Captain is motioning me to her side. – Rania)

12:25 pm

(Captain Jennifer Higgins smiles at everyone as she looks casually around. The Captain sips at a warm to maudlin’ hot drink of coco type liquid while she silently waits for the clock to roll around to our 12:30 pm appointment. Captain Jennifer quietly clears her throat. – Rania) 12:28 pm

12:29 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, I think we are about set, don’t you, Captain Uthrania?”

12:30 pm

Uthrania: Aye, Sir, Captain Jennifer, Sir. I am ready when you are to begin.

(Captain Jennifer offers me one of her charming smiles and then proceeds. – Rania)

Debunking The Existence Of Biblical Giants



[Giant](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, then. (*The Captain takes a last swallow of her chocolate drink, and continues to articulate - Rania*) Many tenures have been downgraded back into the annals of your history, giant little ones of past days! ***And why have you all become so small in your stature when you were once as we perceive as your ‘giants’ in your fairy tale Bible story book?***

“Did not the nefarious ‘giants’ who were seen, in your words, to copulate with ordinary ‘women’ from your planet?

“*Well, just where did you think your women came from if not from the same worlds as hid those as you think, ‘giants’?*

“Again, are you not thinking with the ‘god-given’ brains you were once attired with? And your rationale is nothing even close to good common sense.

“Now, let us delve into this dilemma just a little bit farther shall we?

“***How possibly could copulation occur if the male and his penis and testicles with all those worm like apparatus were to outdo that of the female? Could you image just what would happen inside her?***

The Amazons



[Amazons](#)

“So, let us reason positively together, and the moment you **all begin to understand where you yourselves first came from, which was from other planets where your foremothers and forefathers also came from and planted you down as seedlings** and let you all sprout, and watered you with knowledge and truth and sang you sweet love songs and the sun nestled you to sleep, and in your slumber you remembered all the good things you were taught, then idyllically you sojourned with the ‘giants’ of other worlds in a right hip fashion, which in their effort with ladies brought from other worlds fashioned after their likenesses even more ‘giants’ who stood at two years old in the likeness of their twelve foot mothers and fathers as baby four footers. Ah well, the children grew quickly into their adulthood as nestled in the laps of their mothers and fathers. A two year old on Plutoneous reaches the earth equivalent age on Angorius, your world, in a matter of two hundred years not, but two and a half years prix.

“Remember the Amazons in the forests of Brazil, Hungary, Southern Africa and other places they traveled but were never mentioned in your books?”

“Giant women with a giant productivity of men on the side in order to keep themselves virile and productive in their essence.

“But they did not exactly caste men away. Not at all. They would just moderate their existence with them, and as the men grew smaller with the turquoise duck inside their intestines frothing away at their good stature, the women decided to let them be.

“They were fading away with their agriculture all adrift, and even in those days were poisonous foods and elements beginning to dwarf them. *So all natural males were put away, and the gods and goddess from outside your earthly firmament would come, make visit, and begin to only procreate with the giant Amazons, until they, likened many others, left your world.*

Did It Really Happen?



[Fairy tales](#)

“Now, does that make sense, little ones? *My, it would be lovely if you all got your history right, for much of what you write in filling in the blanks of what had either been left out or purposely put in for an explanation is pure and plain rubbish, and rubbish belongs entirely in the garbage can!*

So throw the majority of your historical books in there!

(Captain Jennifer Higgins gently coughs into her slightly curled-up fist. The Captain then looks gently around. – Rania)

“It was your diet of vegetables, your corn, maize, your rice, potatoes - later on which had been most credibly desolate, and even some of your squash and meats of which had been sedimented with formaldehyde ‘seasoning’ in the interim of that period *before Monsanto took over.*

“But thinks not, chelas, in the least that creature companies like Monsanto and Bridgegate, another one coming up under the new name of: “Potatoes for your Liking,” and now watch them change this one, tongue in cheek, didst not of themselves also exist long ago?... and within your historical range of all ‘creature comforts’ **BECAUSE** the technology and information web-line

was once all that existed upon this earth, and so not all throughout your tenure of millennial, or centuries, and so forth, was ever lost to those who would have and did make of you their slaves.

Your Forefathers And Foremothers Don't Lie



[The Starships Tell The Truth](#)

“So think of yourselves about this, chelas, **because we do speak the truth**, and if there are those of you who would wish instead to be guided by the hand of lies written throughout the centuries in your so-called Historical books, then be our guest, as they say down upon your world, and just cull us off and we will see you rise again in your small minds in another couple of centuries or so, and oh, yes, THAT IS an understatement on our parts.

“Good Night now, for I AM tired. Adios Jamie and Rania, and put this on, son, as due your times. Good Night too, Reni, and thank you for your concisive editing job in not tampering nor changing a one of our words, or we would have your head on the rack. (*Captain Jennifer Higgins, slightly smiles. And with a covered yawn, the Captain rises to leave.* – Rania).

“Tie off channel for me please, Uthrania, Captain of the Galiac Team. Nice promotion by the way. Good Night.”

Uthrania: Aye Sir. And thank you, Sir. Tying off all subterranean channels, Alexa 4, Tyrian3, and Festus8. Non-chromp via 10, and leave Luzon 12 Gate open for me, Lieutenant Waldorf. Thank you. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Acting Captain of the High Flying Fireflies Galiac Team. Out for High Command Section Station 4. 4.6 Channel out. Adieu. 1:04 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

11. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 11) - Unveiling The Secrets



As always, Captain Jennifer Higgins, in a forthright manner, lets the cat out of the bag about the powerful elites' true intentions since the very beginning and one truly discerning can read between the lines. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 12, 2013 4:10 pm](#)
- [Doing Mischief For A Lark](#)
- [Parable In Perspective](#)
- [Lifting The Veil Of Secrecy](#)

Introduction



[The church](#)

" ... Now, the secret service in Scotland Yard manifested more drought in the country due to in-service policy than ever did the Mustavo in Great Italy and because of it, the full memoirs to the Queen Mother needed be put on hold, and of course, the Great Vatican with its new Pope Friar, the Benefedict NOT of the second to third degree Mason, just pumped a fire load of hell back onto his congregation to those who would listen because, quite frankly, the good old man just desired to put his own foot well into the fire twice if it would mean his own priests would just quit 'kidding' around, if you know what I mean." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

November 12, 2013 4:10 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

4:09 pm

Uthrania: Captain Jennifer Higgins, I am on standby for you, Sir.

4:10 pm

(Captain Jennifer Higgins walks onto the bridge with a brief in her hand. Outfitted in a blue marine sauvé suit with orange cuffs and black and brown high top boots, the Captain is ready for duty. We are in a hurry today to begin as Captain Higgins is shortly to leave on a round-a-bout for duty elsewhere. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Thank you for encapsulating on my attire so promptly, Captain Uthrania. And now we are seated. Let us just as promptly begin, shall we?”

“The clerk at the store on Ryus Four just chopped off his left thumb with a butcher knife, and you thought this only happened on your earth, Angorius? Well, not so. But an ice pack was found and so the doctor, Hampshire, well sewed it back on. *(Captain Jennifer Higgins wipes her face with a small towel. – Rania)*

Doing Mischief For A Lark



[Scotland Yard](#)

“Gloom and doom over London tonight. The Big Boom went all awry and the ticking of Big Ben over the lantern hall never looked so practically dull as when the lights went out in St. Michaels. ***Now, the secret service in Scotland Yard manifested more drought in the country due to in-service policy than ever did the Mustavo in Great Italy*** and because of it, the full memoirs to the Queen Mother needed be put on hold, and of course, the Great Vatican with its new Pope Friar, the Benefedict NOT of the second to third degree Mason, just pumped a fire load of hell back onto his congregation to those who would listen because, ***quite frankly, the good old man just desired to put his own foot well into the fire twice if it would mean his own priests would just quit ‘kidding’ around, if you know what I mean.***

“Lucifer himself could not have done better, or even as well as Pope ‘talk it all up and then degrade them if they do it again’ not kidding around, if you know what I mean, because the Queen in her White Tower took the bellhop down to the tool shed and just winnowed him all to hell. And if he ever thought to sell credit again from the House of Windsor against the Royals in the belfry, then ***watch out, maiden, for the censoring by Scotland Yard has already composed the unseen, and that is working with the Queen’s public and private detective agencies, both the MI6, we call it the Mick, and the officious MI5, whom we call the Larkstark Boys.*** Look up Lark, Jamie, and you will see what it means in a colloquial sense, if you will.

Parable In Perspective



[Mary Queen of Scots](#)

“Do we relay history from the past and equate it in parable for today to ride the scene of what really is going on?

“INDEED we do. (*Captain Higgins smiles at us.* - Rania)

“Charleston, U.S.A. is a pretty little town and a city grown has she never seen for the bulstome pie on the eaglet’s eye is *a pretty sight when the President, Clinton, past history, comes to town.*

“Now equate if you will the blow stack on a factory building and all it represents with that of *the Queen of England’s Ivory White and Red tower.*

“Now, was that she from ages past? Or did Mary, the Queen of the Scots, really bowl her over, take her crown and her son and daughter, and unleash all hell all at once?

“Well, here is another fry for the cesspool of hot fat on the fire.

“Take John Holland, Esquire of just too many mouths to feed and wonder if he courted the Queen of England before she became a child bride, on the side? ***How many centuries ago did this happen indeed***, little warped- out-of-your-minds historians of the twenty-first century?

Lifting The Veil Of Secrecy



[Of the cloth](#)

“Can you really go back in time and resurface above the high waves of **policy school decorum and doctrinal lies and falsehoods**, and really find out what took place all those months, centuries, eons ago? Placate me and try.

“You see, men and women...oh I see the great Pope of ‘Ireland’ is reading along with the Pontiff of ‘Greece.’ See the connection here, you ‘wise’ ones of Scotland Yard? We really like you boys, and women too. (*The Captain offers a serene smile toward us all.* – Rania)

“...Men and woman of the cloth, I was about to say ..**we DO NOT RAMBLE ON. BELIEVE YOU ME, WE HAVE SAID MORE IN A FEW SENTENCES OF TRUTH HISTORICAL IN DESIGN TO HELP YOU FIGURE OUT WHERE YOU BELONG AND WHAT YOU ARE DOING AT THIS TIME IN HISTORY THAN YOU HAVE WRITTEN, GIVEN USLESS SPEECHES ON THAN YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO COMPREHEND.** (*Bold that Jamie*)

“Good Day now, Jamie, and put this on as a prerequisite to New Holland’s Desire as first given

by my husband. Mine before his, please. Well, Good Night to my area of the world and ‘see you later!’ Captain Jennifer Higgins, co-coordinating with my husband Captain Jeremiah Higgins. Good Day you two by the time you put this on. (The Captain again offers up one of her closed mouth smiles and rises to leave the deck. – Rania)

“Oh, and close down frequency channels for me please, Captain Uthrania Seila. Good Night, Jamie, from my end. Adieu.”

Uthrania: Good Night, Captain, from us both. Tying off all Tran frequencies Range 7.4; Distant Duck 12 and Forsythe, 19, please, Sir. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing off for Captain Jennifer Higgins at approximately 4:44 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

12. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File: (Entry 12) - HAARP In The Wrong Hands Kills!



A stolen technology from the starships, HAARP, an acronym for High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program, has been utilized not for peaceful means but for the annihilation of people on a global scale. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 18, 2013 1:30 pm](#)
- [Weapon Of Mass Destruction](#)
- [Terrestrial Vs. Extraterrestrial Weapon](#)
- [You Stole It From Us To Kill Your Own People](#)

Introduction



[Haarp weather machine](#)

*“Now, I said this file would be short, and short I did mean. Just nasty of the Bush and Clinton Administration to Holland us all over the place and then **steal our vital technology and use it against the people to fry them to death.** Nasty men! Nasty women! Indeed!” – Captain Jennifer Higgins*

November 18, 2013 1:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:16 pm

Uthrania: Commander, we are having computer trouble, Sir. We will need five minutes.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Alright then. Take ten.” (*Captain Higgins rises and leaves her chair.* – Rania)

1:26 pm

(**Note:** *I have spoken to Captain Jennifer Higgins advising her a little more time was yet needed.* – Rania)

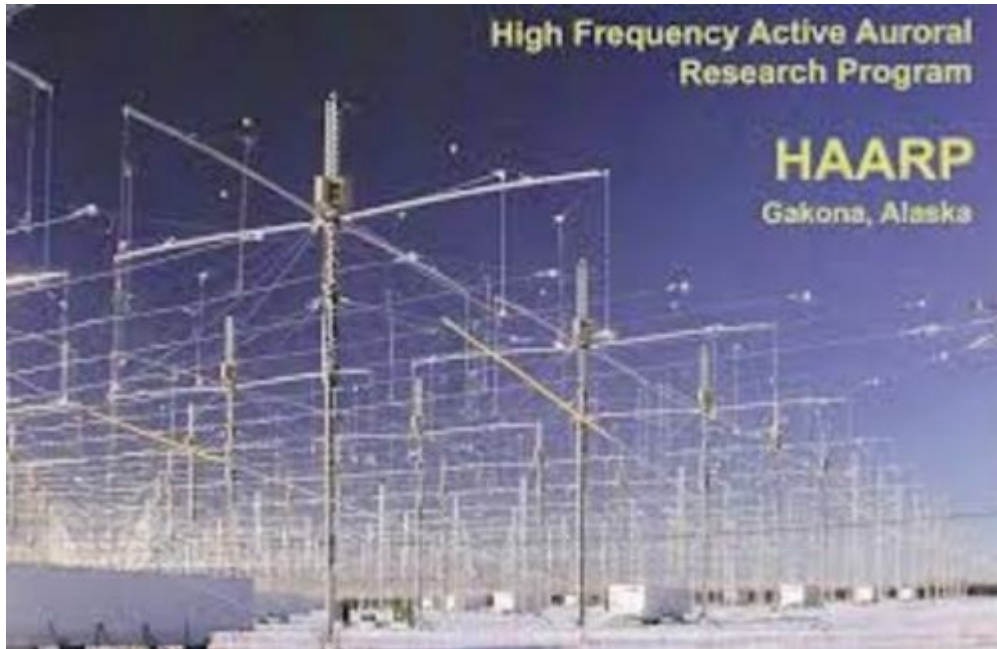
1:30 pm

Uthrania: Back up, Commander Higgins, Sir. Ready when you are.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Depository on the last absolute leg of the log jam will just get “them doggies absolutely nowhere, Jem..” That is the term utilized to the fur-most epic of all cowboy history which unfortunately is still crudely played out on the ‘**haunches**’ (*bold Jamie, please*) of other most unfortunate nations.

“But the legion of wayfarers who are the increments of high and dry weather propulsion systems never know exactly just how on earth they are to accomplish all the good a nation such as the holy United States of America dry *gulching the poor Africanise with drought machines such as HAARP the 19th and Sorcerer HAARP the 17th , or was that 16th?, bringing very unholy and inclement weather to the highlands of Africa in both the north as well as the southern regions.*

Weapon Of Mass Destruction



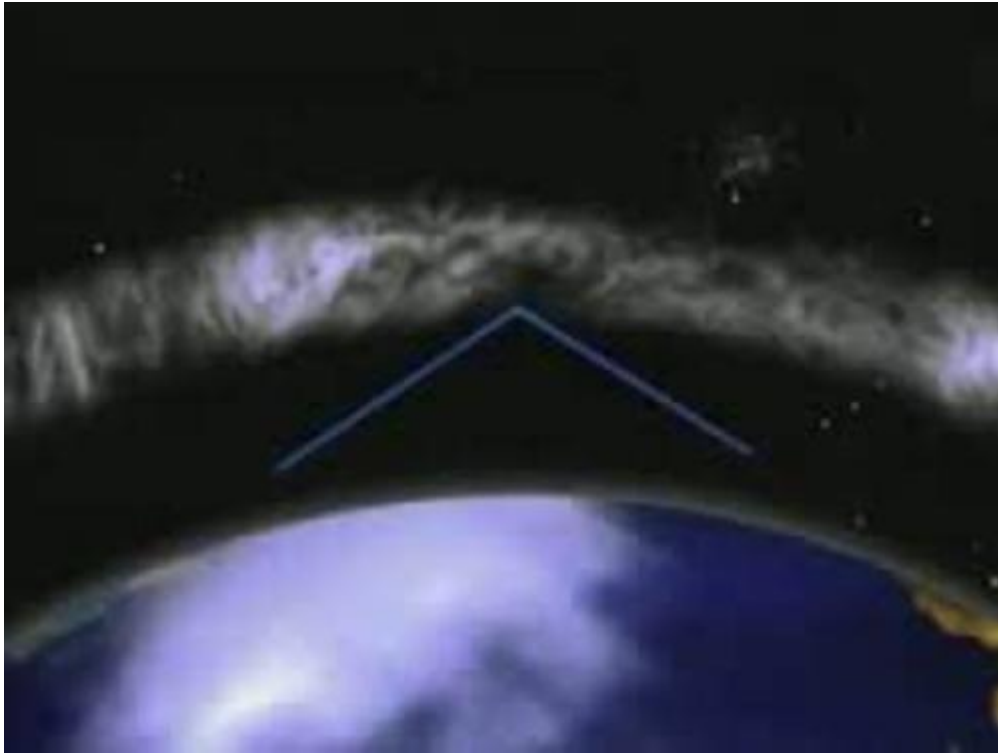
[Blatantly misused](#)

“The caves of Calcutta just ferreted another seismic activity to the left seizure point; and earthquake ratio is beginning to diatram itself all the way back to the forested regions of Calcutta just NE of the main Saxon belt of Holland’s northeastern region. And because of it, the Swan, HAARP number 15, just (*now get this well looked after Jamie, please*) TIED IN with the other HAARP ‘machines,’ shall we call them, and the *weather veins all worked in one sequence to dry gulch some regions of Poland, and ferreted other regions of France and Holland*, and ...well, that is simply how they work, right U.S. Military? Though to be completely fair, this is not your fault.

“*The list is endless, to be sure, and magnifying it under a map’s magnifying lens only serves to distance the other number of HAARPs of which 26 were built in the United States alone with two downed by our most efficient Captain, Rear Admiral Alfred James Somajar Korthrox.*

“Don’t worry, put that down, Uthrania. We take care of everything from up here. (*Jamie, Captain Higgins bolded this one, herself.* – Rania)

Terrestrial Vs. Extraterrestrial Weapon



[Your weapon against ours](#)

“So now, outfitted with the same technology, the Bush, Clinton, George, and Helliott Administration just noticed the abbreviation on their radar screen and wondered how in the hell that happened.

“Well, we will be glad to tell you, ‘*gentlemen*’ (*italic please, Jamie, thank you*) that **we control the largest area of a weather vein that you could have imagined, yet we hurt no one!** Good. “When we precision point we hit directly to a hair’s width of what we aim at. Not so with you, we hear, who tell the world the strike on this or that facility in the Middle East was a near miss.

“You bunch of kooky liars! ***You stole our technology which you shot down when we were trying to contact you for talks on peaceful retinue.*** But you would not listen!

“Therein we **KNOW** (*bold, please again, Jamie, my lad*) exactly what our technology can do, and will do!

You Stole It From Us To Kill Your Own People



[Weapon of mass destruction](#)

“Now, I said this file would be short, and short I did mean. Just nasty of the Bush and Clinton Administration to Holland us all over the place and then **steal our vital technology and use it against the people to fry them to death.** Nasty men! Nasty women! Indeed!

“Tie off all channel frequency for us, please boy, and listen to your father at all times ...well..
(*Captain Jennifer Higgins smiles fondly at Jamie.* - Rania)

“And Uthrania, Captain of the Skylarks as well, please tie Jamie into the frequency so he can follow code. I am retiring for the night.”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Jamie, please tie into these coordinates and close down appropriate channels beginning with Dupont 7 triple 8, Samroise 12, Tulip 7, and leave up Luzon 12 in a rotation for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Thank you, Captain, and Good Night to all. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, signing out at 1:54 pm

Jamie: Tying off at coordinates Dupont 7 triple 8, Samroise 12, Tulip 7 and closing down thereof but leaving Luzon 12 open in a rotation for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Private 2nd Class Airman, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8, signing out at 1:58 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

13. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File: (Entry 13) - The Building Of A Pyramid

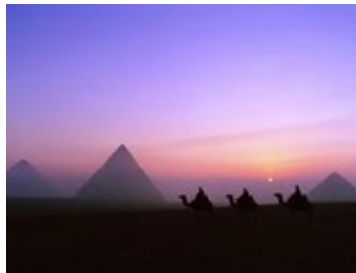


Who really built the pyramids? Pyramidologists could do nothing more than hazard a guess. Captain Jennifer Higgins, supplementing the two writs by Lord Adonai (links below) describes how they were built and for what purpose. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 24, 2013 6:30 pm](#)
- [The Pyramids Were Not Done By Humans, Let Alone Slaves](#)
- [How To Build A Pyramid From Scratch](#)
- [The Purpose](#)

Introduction



[The pyramids of Giza](#)

*" ... we do not deal in human labourers. No slaves. No queers, meaning folk who are not so much disoriented to be used as things or machinery. Just because folks tend to be dysfunctional with mental illnesses such as Down syndrome does not mean you should ill mistreat them either. No racial prodigy to be tantalized with gold and alms just to get them to draw you up the diagrams. 'Good God!' as you say! **People are to be respected and treated as human beings no matter their racial back comings.**" - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

November 24, 2013 6:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jennifer Higgins, Lieutenant Rothwell.

Lieutenant Rothwell: “Welcome aboard, Sir. The Captain is in her chair.”

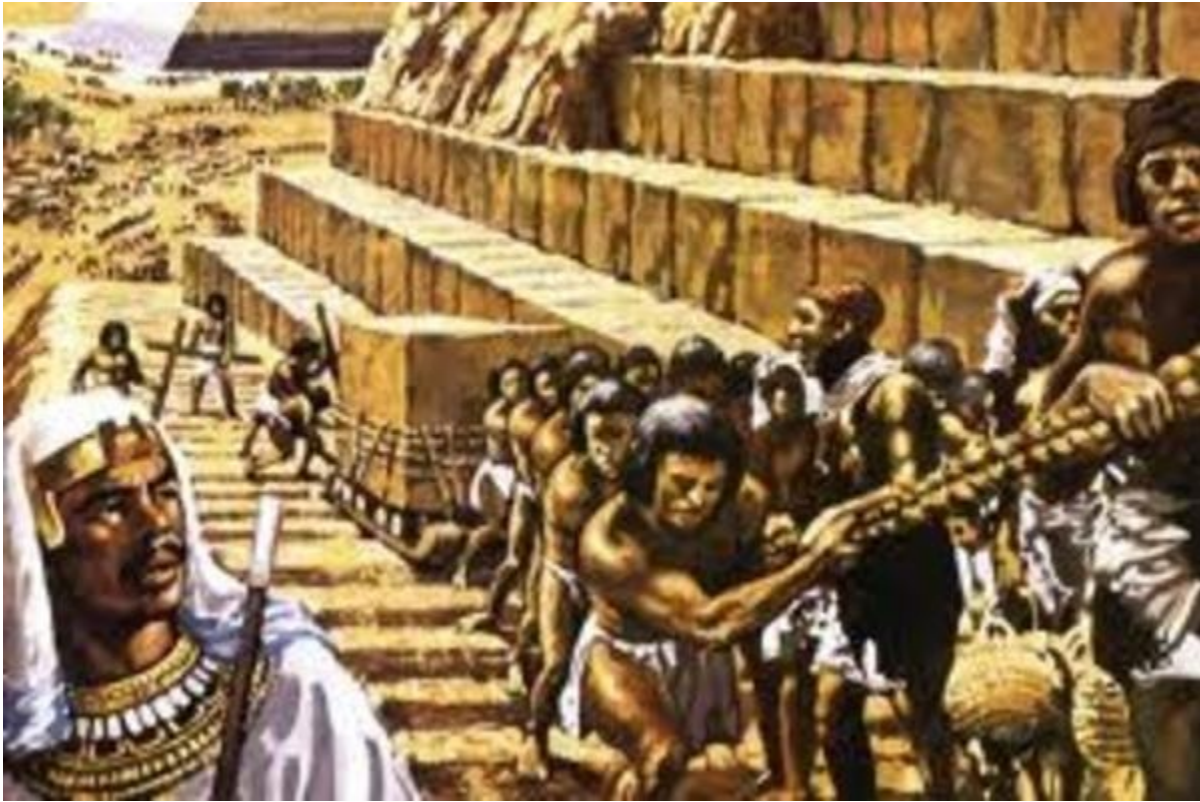
(Captain Jennifer Higgins is relaxing in her chair. She swivels around to look at me, nods her head and welcomes me aboard with a smile on her face. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Welcome aboard, Captain, and now I would like to summarily begin a new chapter in Diagrams and Textures and Pyramids. Remember that book by Lord Adoni, love?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I do.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “The only thing different about this chapter is we are going to modify somewhat the status of our pyramidal structure by telling you exactly how not to build a pyramid which is expected to last centuries after centuries.

The Pyramids Were Not Done By Humans, Let Alone Slaves



[Never that way](#)

“To begin with, *we do not deal in human labourers. No slaves. No queers, meaning folk who are not so much disoriented to be used as things or machinery.* Just because folks tend to be dysfunctional with mental illnesses such as Down syndrome does not mean you should ill mistreat them either. No racial prodigy to be tantalized with gold and alms just to get them to draw you up the diagrams. ‘Good God!’ as you say! **People are to be respected and treated as human beings no matter their racial back comings.**

“Now that we have that settled, let me tell you that you cannot drag the cut rocks up the slopes of a multi-diagonal pyramid. *They are not really rocks in the first place.*

“You do not glue them together and you do not cement them together.

“You have no idea either how to embed *the necessary radio equipment* within the stone of the walls and make it invisible and untraceable to men and women with equipment.

“*You have no capstone which would serve the purpose of lighting up the skies* to a natural hue which would attract the vibrational waves like radio and satellite waves to the starships.

“In fact, you have no idea how to build a solid pyramid which would not collapse on you from an even 45 compound degree N S E W.

“Good! Now you know how not to build a pyramid, let me give you some real tips on a how to plan.

How To Build A Pyramid From Scratch



[Building it one rock atop the other](#)

“First off, you find a **lava pit** and remove the lava by chunks through **starship removal quarry**.

“Secondly, a **firestone pit** and you are going to change the shape and contour of the lava rocks.

“Thirdly, you locate a **granite quarry**. Got it located already boys and girls? Good. Then how do you cut the granite? With rocks, blades and slaves? Don’t be ridiculous.

“Next, you ply the steam from a ships rotation which will bring on sharp waves across the seabed. Not ones to suffer the platform upon the people. You need the water and the steam to clean off the surface of the rock granite. Got it? Good. Then let us move on.

“Particular to this type of project is the **Neller stone** which is kind of like a rasping stone. This makes the granite in the middle sections a little contoured so that one brick layer fits delicately into the next giving it little space, none really, to move. Sort of like tiny scales which fit exactly into the next. Spores or spokes.

“Fourthly, you tie up the caucus parts, we will call the bricks that, and move them on site with the assistance of a crane if you have one large enough. ***We use ships for that project.***

“When you have them where you want them, in the foundation of 360 degrees Fahrenheit, that is when the primer goes on, because we know you can never graph the layers with anything you have so far created to keep even a hairs width out of the way, *for even a hairs width is too far a stretch.*

“Fifthly, you need pliers to graph off a **toupe** which is not a piece of hair in our terminology but rather a thin raspy layer of turpentine which will form in session with **Talminide** to seal off all cracks.

The Purpose



[Like this](#)

“You see when we do it, we make perfectly sure that our cuts are so exact that there can be no breakage and no leaks for millennia.

“So don’t tell us you made the great Sphinx nor any other of the larger demonstrations you use for Geology, Pyramidology, or just good old fashioned tourism, for we laugh at you every time you do.

“Those old buildings were created by us for Way Stations or Beacon Towers, much like your airports engage in. They last centuries and longer.

“In one form.

“You do not.

“You reincarnate and still find they are there. The same ones you saw before.

“Tie off channel now for us, Jamie, please. I will give to you our coordinates. Thank you.

“Swift channel 3 on Mongoose Polaroid 9. Tenth out and tie off Hemmingway for High Command. Have a good day to you both and three. Good day and good night. Captain Jennifer Higgins, Esquire of Pollus Four. Out at 6:59 pm”

Jamie: Tying-off for Captain Jennifer Higgins at Swift channel 3 on Mongoose Polaroid 9. Tenth out and tying-off Hemmingway for High Command as well. 2nd Class Airman Captain in training Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team. Out at 7:02 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

14. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File: (Entry 14) - Children Of The Lesser Gods!

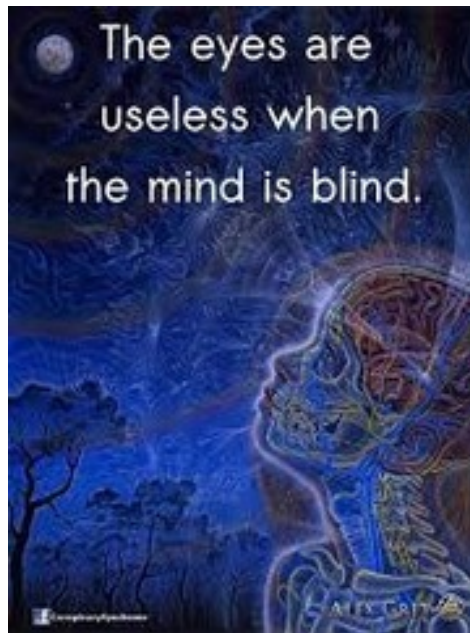


Topics about the corporate elites e.g. bankers, make great copy, and much as the commanders have touched on them in past writs, it seems the message has not been hammered home enough for people to "see" how wickedly enslaved they are. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [December 9, 2013 3:00 pm](#)
- [Way Of The Leeches](#)
- [Bleed Them Dry!](#)
- [They Just Can't Get Enough](#)
- [We Call Spade A Spade](#)

Introduction



[Wake up!](#)

*"Boy, do you have it rough, and because you were not paying much, if any, attention at all, you are all now in the stew pot of financial larceny, but that is not all. Dear friends, **you are more than being double and triple and quadruple taxed by your financial system, and your governments, provincial, state, federal, town, city, village, and so on. You are being taxed double digit by the religious establishment.**" - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

December 9, 2013 3:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

2:50 pm

Uthrania: Already on standby for Captain Jennifer Higgins.

“Captain’s on the deck, Sir. Captain Waldorf!”

Uthrania: Ready. On standby.

(Captain Jennifer Higgins saunters past operations and communications outfitted in a green leotard jumpsuit with orange lapels on the shoulders and cuffs to match. High top and orangey-green boots complete the slight ensemble. – Rania)

2:54 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: *(The Captain quickly looks at her watch and relaxes into her chair. – Rania)* “Six minutes to go. Take five, Uthrania.

3:00 pm

“The ionization of earth’s layer is not the only obstruction to civilization. *And for those new ones of you not yet familiar with our files and writs, this is not the only time we have spoken of thus.* My insertion please, Captain.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Let us begin with the notarization of the stew pot, shall we, when Benedict Arnold first gave the company man, or men, his notice.

Way Of The Leeches



[Well said...](#)

“The financial district of all larcenists are forever giving the human race down there the run for their money, and this most literally. But they are not the only source of income on this world of yours: the banks, for they work hand in hand with all religious authority whose design on your pocketbooks is the same as the dry-gulching of the people by the banking facilities.

“You pay for everything! Every little service, and what do they call it but ‘efficient banking practice.’ You pay interest on interest. You pay dues. You pay bank fees. You pay through the nose on overdraft at over nineteen percent. Yet the banking establishment has their banner up and all over the place telling the people: **‘THIS IS THE BEST PLACE TO BANK! ZERO CREDIT NEEDED!!’** which of course is never the case. They just want to zero in upon new and potential customers whose accounts will bring the banking elite’s accounts up to par with the rest of the multimillionaires and billionaires in the world.

“Oh, the design they have on you! But try to move to another smaller banking facility and all hell breaks loose! Others have tried it and arrests in your New York were prominent. No leaving the conglomerates once you are there is any longer allowed.

Bleed Them Dry!



[Taxed to the limit...](#)

“Oh, tenement buildings sparsely furnished cannot convince them you really do need your money out of there, for you can no longer afford the fees. You want to deal in cash only, but the stores won’t allow it because the credit card people and the debit bank larcenists will not take home a cut of your wages. ***And all this makes us sick! because we realize only too late that***

many, if not the most of you, still have no inkling of an idea why this is so, and who makes it so.

“You think because you seem to live in a wealthy western country that you are by far off better than anyone else in the world. ***But we can tell you that even the rich and wealthy have their set of problems as they take from one another***, and assassins from organizations and outfits like Blackwater, the hired assassins for foreign enterprise, might just really dry-gulch them as well!

“Boy, do you have it rough, and because you were not paying much, if any, attention at all, you are all now in the stew pot of financial larceny, but that is not all. Dear friends, ***you are more than being double and triple and quadruple taxed by your financial system, and your governments, provincial, state, federal, town, city, village, and so on. You are being taxed double digit by the religious establishment.***

They Just Can't Get Enough



[The duped faithful...](#)

“No matter where you look, **your wages ARE THE WAGES OF SIN! This is because TAXES ARE AGAINST ALL UNIVERSAL LAW, AND NOT ONE PROPHET, TRUE SAGE BELONGING TO US, SCRIBE, OR ANY OF OUR OTHER PEOPLE WILL TELL YOU DIFFERENTLY.**

“So let us look at the churches now; in particular the mother and father churches and other-world religious establishments who encroach upon the intergalactic soothsayers, who may say to you one moment that ‘God, the Father,’ said this or that, while this pulmonary ranking of intergalactic soothsayers from beyond the firmament on the dark side of life stifles the **real prophets who DO COME WITH OUR WORDS OF REASON AND TRUTH!**

“‘Be good! Damned!’ they don’t care about your souls, brethren, and ladies. They are varmints!

The morose stench of the land! And in all their travels have they not brought to the people one iota of truth which has not in some form been altered *to suit the needs or wants of the Hellish race from other worlds. And upon your back do they continue to ride.*

“Churches’ tithings are actually taxes on the people. And why do the banks not write into existence all the necessary assistance churches through their taxes give at times to assist others? The main game plan, people, is to weaken the population and keep the people duped and in darkness as to the level of their own soul power.

“This keeps both the financial system of the Hellions rich and wealthy, and the religions up and running on many false concepts which only serve to hold back the unsuspecting people on their evolutionary journey upward!

We Call Spade A Spade



*It's easier to fool
people than to
convince them
that they have
been fooled.*

-Mark Twain

[Too true](#)

“Begin to call tithings what they really are! Veracity in all its duping movements and if ever a cause was wanted such as a miracle to help all the people out of tornado land, who lost everything; or the great giant swells upon the earth, as in Laredo, Texas, or New Orleans, *the bank will never write into existence the funds needed to rebuild, and that is simply due to the fact that they are there for projects by great building corporations where they lend money at interest and receive a great comeback at the full expense of the people.* Nothing is ever for free on your world, loves, because you have no sense of who is at this moment running it dry-gulched into the earthen ground!

“Hop-scotch around the problem will also do ye ones no good, and fare-thee-well upon the evacuated starships of your personals is *the best method of corporate control, for they have*

along with the banks your vast armies, and encryption policies do not allow for hackers into the regimen of what exactly they are doing to you through Pentagon Papers.

“Good Night. Sign off for me again please, my Jamie lad, and I will give you your coordinates. Bristle with pride are you (*The Captain smiles tenderly.* - Rania) for we have all yet to meet in the flesh, and my husband by my side will a trip around the far side of the moon be yours and Rania’s, and Reni’s, before too awful long, as they say upon your very outmoded little world.

“Pulmony 6 at Variance 7.2 Tripoli. 10.4 on the Telepathic wave frequency of 7.9 2. Thank you, readers, and Good Night. Captain Jennifer Higgins, Esquire of the 17.4 nations on the outback of the Australia jet stream. You figure that one out, lads! Signing out at 3:31 pm”

Jamie: Signing out for Captain Jennifer Higgins at coordinates Pulmony 6 at Variance 7.2 Tripoli. 10.4 on the Telepathic wave frequency of 7.9 2. 2nd Class Airman Captain in training Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team out at 3:33 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

15. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File: (Entry 15) - Entrenched False Teachings To The Entranced!



Captain Jennifer Higgins dispels in one fell swoop most of the grand misconceptions and illusions which people have long accepted as truth and reality from the so-called "Founding Fathers of the Church" that had pulled the wool over their eyes. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [Do Angels Have Wings?](#)
- [Halo Or Aura From The Crown Chakra](#)
- [The Flock Led Astray](#)
- [Falsified Hellion-Conceived Precepts](#)
- [Does Each Of Us Have Guardian Angels?](#)
- [Don't Miss Your Chance!](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the starships](#)

*"But oh, have the churches had fun with you! **They took your minds and your money and enslaved you to a principle which does not even exist, and rationalized right out of queue the gamblet which states that: you will be given paradise at the drop of a drink and crust of bread AFTER you threw all your negative** (you get to keep the good, you know) karma upon the back and shoulders of just one solitary man, whom in all good conscious would never take your lessons from you and leave you bereft from ever completing them in your lifestream!" - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

Do Angels Have Wings?



[Winged or in starships](#)

December 10, 2013 3:00 pm

2:44 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jennifer Higgins, Corporal Hughes, Sir.

Corporal Hughes: “Aye, Sir. Captain Uthrania is on standby Captain Higgins, Sir!”

(Captain Jennifer Higgins walks briskly onto the bridge outfitted in a two-toned light-medium brown kaki shirt and pants. The pants of a lighter brown billowing at the waist down to the ankles, held up by a gold belt-suspenders. Medium length up the leg brown lace-up boots with the ornate silvery-gray toe displaying the customary pink dots of a captain’s rank complete the ensemble. A short stand-up collar with the pink, blue, green, and yellow angled stripes are well seen above the brown-toned Captain’s Waldorf jacket. The Captain is motioning me to begin. – Rania)

3:00 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well now, a good beginning today, and a few notes I have jotted down will be the main epic of our journey through the ages. Angels in Flight. Are they not residing in typification of their wings as being aboard a starship?”

“Let us put it this way then for the better of your understanding, dear people upon Angorius, your earthen planet: *angels do not espouse wings! But wings are rather a symbolization of flight or ‘flying.’ Many ‘other’ ‘angels’ came down from UFO’s so well known by your governments. These are starships and people, the captains’ and crews from other worlds, many of whom first saw to your seeding here as their people away from home. These ‘angels’ as spoken throughout history, the starship people, are here to help raise the conscious ability to think upon a grander scale than just themselves.*

Halo Or Aura From The Crown Chakra



[Halo, aura and crown chakra](#)

“Just surmise for a moment in time if you will, just how the *halo activated around the crown chakra* came into place upon the stained glass windows of the churches adorned walls and windows alike. It was to be seen that the pure aura around these gallant and ruthless not, men and women alike, who harboured no resentment to how truth was to be taught

“- **unlike those so-called scribes and scholars whom they took down their dictation from were none of ours**, and their truth was bearing on the ridiculous, and their family lines in ecclesiastical formula were made up to ‘fit the bill’ for Israel to one day come into its own

“- were said to deliver the scope of universal non-bigotry to the peoples in allowing them a glimpse, and more than even a glimpse, into the way the peoples gathered at the inception of the seedlings, **so that all peoples from other worlds would accumulate at one point on this earth, throughout this earth - the earth being the point of habitation - to learn to cooperate with one another, learn from one another** and not to intermarry at that time and place, for to keep the cultures intact; but only at that time for the experimental purpose of learning the pure habits and way of the divine from each segment of interracial groups.

“It was a very useful and interesting experiment, but many today have even taken that out of context and allude to one race of people being guaranteed a better place in the heavens than another race. This is idol worship of oneself, and we have told you many times before, that to worship any god or creature was to worship yourselves, and why would you wish to do that in any case at your tender stage of development?

The Flock Led Astray



[Dogmas and doctrines](#)

“But oh, have the churches had fun with you! **They took your minds and your money and enslaved you to a principle which does not even exist**, and rationalized right out of queue the gamblet which states that: **you will be given paradise at the drop of a drink and crust of bread AFTER you threw all your negative (you get to keep the good, you know) karma upon the back and shoulders of just one solitary man**, whom in all good conscious would never take your lessons from you and leave you bereft from ever completing them in your lifestream!

“For if you do not learn of your own lessons whilst you are upon this earthen plateau, you are doomed to repeat them. And every incarnation you serve down upon such worlds with such primitive solutions for your evolution, which in no wise work, will be another almost wasted incarnation.

“For to repeat grades in a schoolroom never even learning the fundamentals of life within the universe garnered alongside other highly evolved people who have left their kindergarten, elementary, and high school classes behind for the first step into paradise of the lower rungs, will forever take you around and around the obstinate wheel of life, and tiresome does that truly become.

“What does it take to get it though your tiny minds and heads that concept which your money system even teaches you? To sit on your behinds, your fannies, as some say in Great British Isles, is not going to earn you a halfpence.

“**Can you not see then how the churches are in league with the banking money system**, dear people, yet? There is a standard to keep. You receive nothing for nothing. Salvation is free? Under the churches’ stipulation of all falsified doctrine? Really? What does it take to “**come to Christ?**” A leap of faith? A word from the Minister? Listen to this, you charred minded ones!

Falsified Hellion-Conceived Precepts



[Redeemer not!](#)

“Christ in all **its** precepts would have you follow the designs laid out in their diabolic system of the creation of ‘salvation’ by the Hellianic encumbrances upon the human mind.

“**Now you listen carefully to my next words**, for they may well be the most significant you have even heard from my lips to your overly swelled-up ears!

“**WHEN YOU ‘FOLLOW CHRIST’ THROUGH SALVATION OF CANNIBALISM SET FORTH NOT BY ANY CHRISTED ONE BUT BY THE HELLION DOCTRINE WHICH THEY BROUGHT TO THIS WORLD AND SET UP ALONG WITH YOUR BANKING MONEY-CHANGING SYSTEM, OH, YE GROSS LITTLE MINDS OF UNDELIVERANCE, YOU ARE THEN REQUIRED TO FOLLOW THE STEPS LAID OUT FOR YOU IN REGAINING THE OPPORTUNITY, LIFESTREAM AFTER LIFESTREAM, OF GIVING ‘AS CHRIST HELLION SAID’ YOUR MONEY AS TAXES!**

“**‘Tithings’ they call it, but THEY ARE DOING NOTHING MORE THAN TAXING YOU AT A HIGH PERCENT OF TEN PER WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE EARNING!!**

“**AND YOU FALL FOR IT, LIFESTREAM AFTER LIFESTREAM, UNTIL YOU ARE NOT ONLY BROKE IN POCKET, BUT DESTITUTE IN YOUR SOULS FROM MOVING UP THE LADDER OF YOUR OWN EVOLUTION INTO A HIGHER STATE OF LIFE!!**

“**YOU FOOLS!! WHAT EXACTLY DOES IT TAKE TO GET YOU TO LISTEN WITH YOUR SOULS, YOUR MINDS? WHICH ARE SO ENCRYPTED IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE DAMNED THAT YOU FOR SO LONG HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO TAKE THE RAKE DOWN FROM THE WALL AND CAN NO LONGER EVEN COUNT THE SPOKES ON THE WHEEL OF THE COUNTLESS TIMES YOU HAVE BEEN COMING TO WORLDS LIKE THIS IN ORDER TO GARNISH AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT THE UNIVERSAL TRUTH AND REALITY EVEN IS.**

Does Each Of Us Have Guardian Angels?



[Traditional fairy tale](#)

“Now, speaking about guardian angels. Everyone has a guardian angel, is that not right? Everyone who is born or resides down here from interplanetary worlds who have come to assist you, and who walk among you, also have guardian angels. **But who, indeed, are these “guardian angels?”**”

“Does ‘Christ’ who is one of many (for ‘**Christ**’ **simply means: an enlightened one**) stand there on some planet and section off billions of guardian angels to each and every soul who reincarnates back to this or other likeminded worlds? What a busy man!

“So, that’s not it. Ridiculous! Right? Well, try this next hat on for size:

“Some say their guardian angel is a relative. Well the problem with this is, is, relatives are also reincarnating to continue on with their lessons. So they really don’t have the time either.

“Your ‘Angel,’ people who advise you, is actually your own self. Your higher consciousness, otherwise known as your “higher self.” You have an umbilical cord also to your higher self, and that cord allows you to travel far and receive messages of which many you will call your intuition. You look after your own evolution on many levels, but you are nowhere near the plausible act of even going into this with understanding until you learn and first understand the preliminaries of conscious ability and the design of yourselves within creation.

Don't Miss Your Chance!



[With you to other worlds we go](#)

“Is this enough for now? Don’t be afraid or ashamed to ask questions of your own Being, for you are the greatest you can be at that level which you have already reached. (*The Captain smiles.* – Rania)

“That will be it for today, gracious and lovely Beings. Get your hats on straight, for goodness sake! You are at the Equinox of another age, and for ‘God’s sake’ as you are so fond of saying: **DON’T MESS UP AND MISS YOUR CHANCE OF A RIDE OUT OF HERE ALL BECAUSE SOME BRAINGLESS STOOLO PIGEON CONTINUES IN TRYING TO DECEIVE YOU BY TELLING YOU THAT WE, YOUR PRODIGALS, YOUR FOREFATHERS AND FOREMOTHERS IN OUR FLYING MACHINES, ARE OUT TO GET YOU TO HELL AND BACK!!**

“WAKE UP AND KISS YOUR FRANCHISE ‘GOOD-BYE’ AND THE FRANCHISE IS LAID OUT FOR YOU: THAT SYSTEM OF HELL YOU HAVE FOR EONS BEEN PARTICIPATING UPON THE DRY-GULCH OF YOUR SOULS!

“Good Evening, Jamie and Rania, and Reni. And listless not are ye in subjection of such trauma as set upon this world you were created for as well by our hand.

“Good Day, Siva, our dear friend, and recompense is not too far away, but keep your shoulder to the grindstone and begin reaching further abreast the stars, *for your mind needs elevated above the present formula which you have so long been presenting to your soul and others.*

“Sleep well, world, but not too long, for sleep will overtake your good works toward your own progress and that of the others, and you may well then miss your ride out of here!

“Captain Jennifer Higgins, moderating nothing much at the moment. Adieu and Salaam!

“Please tie off channel for me, Captain Uthrania. And put this on as quickly as you are able after my last, please Jamie. Good Night.”

Uthrania: Closing down ultra 4 Damon 5, 6 and channel frequency Dupont 7.4. Out for High Command at Station 9 for Captain Jennifer Higgins, Esquire. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Over and out at precisely coordinated Gregorian time clock 3:54 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

16. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 16): On Money, Power And Enslavement



Captain Jennifer Higgins is back with her typical tirade against the high and mighty. Though cloaked, her words are spiked with truthful innuendos calculated to hit home. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [March 10, 2014 3:00 pm](#)
- [Money And The Glitterati](#)
- [If Walls Could Talk...](#)
- [Profile Of The Usurper And Usurer](#)
- [The Plot Thickens...](#)
- [A Glimpse Into The Life Span Of The Highly Evolved](#)

Introduction



[Rulers of the world!](#)

*"Interesting, but less than beguiling I should think, and with the **Swastika** placed once again firmly in the ground, the **Knight's Templar** along with all their swashbucklers and lantoons have relegated a new form to their outlet named the good ol' **Skull and Bones** of the journeymen, so well connected to the Masonaries, and do read what was at the base of the Lady of Light off New York." - Captain Jennifer Higgins*

March 10, 2014 3:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

2:43 pm

“Captain Jennifer will be on deck at three-fifty, Captain Uthrania Seila, Sir.” - **Captain Morgan Esquire** waiting Command.

Uthrania: Thank you, Captain Morgan. Pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir.

Captain Morgan: “Thank you. Sir.”

2:50 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jennifer Higgins, Sir.

“Captain Higgins on the bridge! Everybody stand!” – Corporal Luburg!

(Everybody stands. I wonder what is going on? – Rania)

(As Captain Jennifer Higgins strides purposefully onto the bridge on the southern deck of her ship I notice she is not wearing full regalia but rather her sandy blonde hair swept up in a twirl laced with ribbon weave, and the dark brown or brunette has disappeared. The Captain’s leggings are stark white with a brash of blue turquoise trim around the tops of her boots. Captain Jennifer’s ensemble has just realized that to wear a red skirting over the broadband wavelength of pantaloons just did her credit to the most unusual attire we have since seen her

wear! (Grin!) Good for you Captain Jennifer! I am still waiting to find out what we are all standing for. As the Captain sits gingerly on her chair... she briskly addresses me. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, Good Morning, little duck! Oh, yes, I finally found out James Galiac’s secret name for you, ha ha..ha...!”

Uthrania: Good Morning, Captain Jennifer, Sir? And how are you today? *(I ask pleasantly but without any amusement. – Rania)*

Captain Jennifer Higgins: *(Choking with laughter...- Rania)* “Well, dear, my goodness, I have never heard of such a thing, addressing one’s Captain and sister as a DUCK!” *(More choking with laughter...humph. – Rania)*

Uthrania: Would you care to work, Commander? *(Unamused. – Rania)*

3: 03 pm

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Of course, dear. Ha ha ha... Uhum.. now, where were we?”

Uthrania: No where, Captain. We have not even as yet begun. *(I flashed the Captain a sour look. – Rania)*

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well then, we’d better get started. *(The Captain straightens up and sits back in her chair, trying to put together a straight face. – Rania)*

“Captain, I must apologize. If accepted, I would now like to move on.”

Uthrania: I am ready to proceed, Sir.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Oh, don’t be down in the mouth at me. Let’s see now, the ostrich in the dell. No, that was given to Francine last week and was..”

Uthrania: What was that about?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Oh just some straight-laced emphatics about a rhinoceros and the dumbed-down donkey man ...bankers and their lucid luck with everybody else’s money. I am just trying to find my notes to th... ah! Here they are! Now, let me see. Alright. The Catholic system is the trying time of New York Mayor, oh, we are not supposed to tell that one’s name yet. O.K. Ready Jamie? I am going to get you to tie off for me yet, son. O.K. Here we go.

Money And The Glitterati



[Prince Talal](#)

“The spendthrift New York Mayor who equalizes on his house payments to the New York Banker Morgan and Chase just threw a real monkey wrench into the poor ol’ Catholic Church’s New York Mayor’s shirt-bottom or tail of such.

“In any case, here comes the Saudi Royals from the line of Talal, the brother of the Saudi King Abdullah ibn Abdulaziz ibn Abdulrahman of the clan of the Al-Sa’ud. And what are they up to? But good. Indeed Prince Talal is getting aged, as they liked to say at one time, but the far reaches of the Iranian principal just short-ticketed the New York Stock Exchange into bull-running the prerequisite to the Chinese Bounty-Clock. Now, what clock is the most famous in New York? Hemmingrave knew it, and so did Stockholm. And the most prestigious clock in New England?

“Not so new? ***Just watch it ticking down.*** A regular bulwark that is. (*The Captain lets out a great grin. Smiles.* – Rania)

If Walls Could Talk...

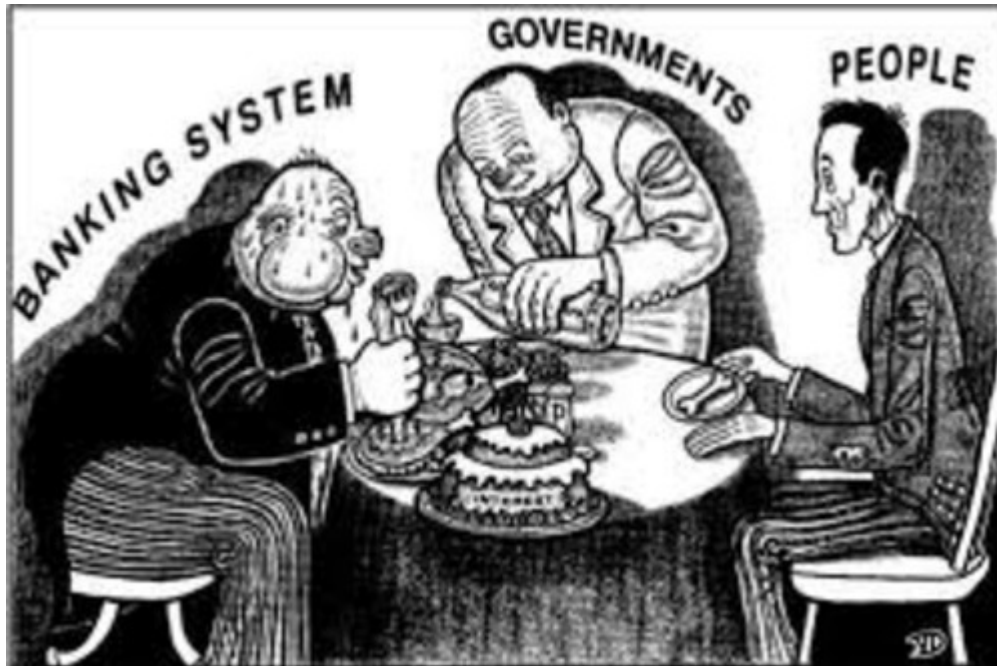


[Inside the Vatican](#)

“The aqueduct is a vivacious turnpike of the extremities of Ol’ *Abe Lincoln’s last bastion memorial which will soon so unfortunately be coming down*, and of this I believe we had forecast out to the waning public some months or year ago, didn’t we, sweet one?

“Now the *formaldehyde found in pristine composition of toothless toothpaste can also be found in the crevices in the painted area in the Vatican’s walls*. No? Go and look. Ah, with a magnifying glass even. In those crevices are the smallest bullet holes, and we hate to see such composition of Michelangelo’s most recently developed work disintegrate. So we are telling you now, *Pope ‘Paul’ the fourth* (you figure out who that is) that laden within such crevices is enough powder and chemical liquid fluid to blow half the building to kingdom come where it actually deserves to be.

Profile Of The Usurper And Usurer



Power and greed

“Now, how about this for a symposium, loves? The kettle tea party for Queen Charlotte of the ‘**Netherlands**,’ could we say, is ‘**laced**’ (*bold that for me will you, Jamie, sweet boy*) with cyanide, and the blustery paltry winds which blow no one any good are the rectum of the lion’s last crust of bread, and if we did not say so then another poor ol’ Royal would be blistering and **dead**. (*Bold this one for me, also, Uthrania, please. And please forgive me for my inattentiveness to your ...ahum..(grins)...cute name..!*).”

Uthrania: Alright you are forgiven, Jennifer, but your turn is surely coming up..(*grins*)!

(*The Captain continues grinning sheepishly though.* – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Hankering along the lines of formaldehyde is the foremost banking suite, the Nutcracker Cross, wherein the ‘**New Banking System**’ will learn to grab all the nucleus money in jewels and back drafts right and directly out of the Vatican’s financial computers whilst the City of London, which the Queen is no longer allowed to enter of her will, will be subjected no longer to ‘**outrageous**,’ as she puts it, ‘**taxes**’ on any more of ‘**her houses**.’ (*Jamie, place all bolding of words within quotations. In this way I will not need to forever be asking this of you. Thank you, son.*)

The Plot Thickens...



[The African currency](#)

“Now, wisp-o-willow down there in New Jersey, New Hampshire, and the Crookshank Polarized Region will be seen - *now pay attention to this next one* - to offset the Sentinel Region of Hungary all the way to Forsythe, Poland, and you figure out where that is, and back into Malaysia to **BRING** back the African currency under a new name. That’s right, they will force it to remain **NOT** under the dinar nor any other reich, but rather a **NEW NAME** will be given ‘tentatively’ to it **IN ORDER** to throw China a new left hook!

“Interesting, but less than beguiling I should think, and with the Swastika placed once again firmly in the ground, the Knight’s Templar along with all their swashbucklers and lantoons have relegated a new form to their outlet named the good ol’ Skull and Bones of the journeymen, so well connected to the Masonaries, and do read what was at the base of the Lady of Light off New York.

“Well, shortened file today, Jamie and Captain Uthrania ‘Ducky’ Seila! And ha..ha.. I will be on my way.. (*Captain Jennifer Higgins offers me a tender smile and a wide grin for Jamie. Sigh. – Rania*) Out. Over and Out.

A Glimpse Into The Life Span Of The Highly Evolved



[Birthday cake](#)

“Sign off at these coordinates, please, Captain in training, Jamie, Second Class Airman, and doing a pretty good job of it ..too.. 17.5 10 Juxton Class One;

“Forsythe, please neutralize the base coordinates for Captain and Admiral Frank Herman Griffith at Polaroid 4. Hemmingway, out for Gulfstream 10. Shut down all frequencies, please, Captain Uthrania, at a roundabout in the midstream of Alphas 4. Jennifer out.”

Jamie: *Happy Birthday, Captain Jennifer!* Shutting down coordinates 17.5 10 Juxton Class One. Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Private 2nd Class Airman and Captain-in-training of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8, signing off at 3:42 pm

Uthrania: Shutting down all transmittal frequencies 10.5 Jargon 8 Pristine coordinate with Commander Griffith Sr. and close down Nautical 14.7. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries- Cortez at 3:44 pm

(Note: *I still do not know what we were all standing for.* – Rania)

Corporal Bronson: Oh Captain, I am sorry. Let me explain. It is the Captain’s own birthday. She is 102 plus 4 plus. Well, we dare not mention all of the zeros.... (*Grin!*) And they add up to somewhere around 1200 and 55 years, but not all in the same body. Just a change of venue, as we would say, ***where the consciousness is not interrupted, as one places it within another structure.*** That is something to stand for, would you not say, Captain?

Uthrania: Indeed, I would! Thank you, Corporal, for the update. (*A slow grin begins to cross my face*). (*Smiles!*) Uthrania Out. 4:00 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

17. Captain Jennifer Higgins' File (Entry 17): Time Travel And Earthen Stealth Weaponry



Captain Jennifer Higgins speaks of their development of time travel technology and of a mighty power's secret employment of rogue technology up in the skies... - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Introduction

- [March 22, 2014 2:00 pm](#)
- [Skiping Around The Fabric Of Time](#)
- [Truth In The Royal Vaults](#)
- [Do Not Even Think We Still Do Not Retaliate](#)
- [On Blowing Up A Plane](#)

Introduction



[Armed starships](#)

" ... But what we may divulge is the effects it will, rather DOES, have on the military might of the world in its overall efforts to track down beacon planes - planes enhanced with chips hidden throughout them as heated particles – and cut them exclusively out of the sky..." - Captain Jennifer Higgins

March 22, 2014 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

Uthrania: Ready for the Captain, Lieutenant Waldorf, Sir.

Lieutenant Waldorf: “Indeed. Escaping from one ship to the other is oftentimes a bit of a horrendous job with the U.S. military always having us in their sights. **We do not always wish to bring down their own bases turning them into radioactive dust. We may from time to time in order to teach them a goodly lesson dismantle all their electronics, but we have in the past and present also designed to do as little harm back to them as we can.**

“Times are changing however, and penance gives them a quick response back to themselves **as no longer are we willing to put up with their nonsense.** Bequeathed onto them now are the bull roaches who deem it necessary to withhold certain information from their military men and women ‘**in uniform,**’ as they so quaintly say, and because of it they do have enough information with which to make uniformed decisions. Lieutenant Waldorf over and out, Sir. Thank you for listening.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant Waldorf, Sir.

(Captain Jennifer Higgins enters into the main aft deck today dressed in royal blue/green ensemble with turquoise laced-up boots of dingy-gray leathered material (not the real thing, thank goodness). The Commander carries herself with a royal dignity as bestowed upon all Captains and Commanders of the Unified Federation of Starships. Captain Jennifer seats herself at the consol and punches in a few quirks and nuances, then rises from the chair in order to take her own. – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Good Afternoon, there, Uthrania Seila! And how are you, this day? And Jamie and Reni, too, dear?”

Uthrania: We are all just fine, Captain. I understand you just had a celebrated birthday of

over twelve hundred years, Sir?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, yes, dear, indeed I have to my credit.”

Uthrania: And how is the old bucket of bones doing this evening, Sir? *(I slowly show my teeth in a grin. – Rania)*

Captain Jennifer Higgins: *(The Captain puts back her head and lets out a yowl of laughter! – Rania)* Well, *(Choking back the tears – Rania)* “I guess I sure deserved that one, Captain! And to your credit, Sir, do I bow! *(Captain Jennifer Higgins is still yowling in laughter! – Rania)* So, shall we carry on then, before we become sidetracked all the further, love?” *(The Captain is still choking back her laughter. – Rania)*

Uthrania: At your service, Sir. Whenever you are ready. *(I smile at Commander Jennifer Higgins. – Rania)*

Skipping Around The Fabric Of Time



[Traveling through time](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Well, do you know **Samuel Dickens**, love? He is the chief engineer for the Paxstons Suite Four on the Lethbridge Pontiac Intrepid, and he has just calculated the approximity of Murphus Four, in generating a new time warp which will allow each of us with our new pattern buffers to sinuate the DNA warp feature

Uthrania: No, I am not aware of this engineer, Jennifer, but I find your topic of concern very interesting. ***So the pattern buffer is to be altered in order that the molecules of DNA patterns are able to move through time warps.*** Is that right, Sir?

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “More than that, love, is the very estranged-to-us feature of **molecule transmission through a vortex of time travel without, now get this, little doll, without, Captain Uthrania, the mutation to the bodily or soul structure in trying,** and we might say, without success, in the over productive capacity of lining the perimeters of the fact-machine with an overlay of dementia to be later straightened out by a replica of pattern buffer inlay due to the coordinated preference of all helix-DNA aptitudes, parse. So now we have caught you up to spec on this one, love, let us now proceed on with our current dictation, shall we?”

Uthrania: At your service, Captain. *(I again offer Captain Jennifer Higgins one of my winning smiles which she again instigates back. – Rania)*

Truth In The Royal Vaults



[City of London](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “I just love your overly correctiveness in behavior, Uthrania. So now quickly let us begin. Now, where were we from last time? Oh, I don’t even remember. Well, how about this sheet then. Begin recording, helmsman. Pictorial Three.”

Helmsman, Deuchman: “Aye, Sir. Course laid in.”

Captain Jennefer Higgins: (*The Captain clears her throat.* – Rania) “Sanctimonious with all church doctrine is ...the climatic affair of the Royal House of London, and there is a reason we call it that, and that is to underscore the perimeters of that territory which is **NOT** allowed to their heiress-ship. Umm, I wonder not why?

“This needs to get out, for the fun in the belfry just broke a stool-pigeon, and, Tony Blair, and don’t you even think to touch our people and prophets, Sir, ...and Tony Blair has acquisitioned the turnpike or, uh, sorry, ***Turnkey to the Vatican Vaults and is sequestering the polarization of the ‘Truth’ back into the vaults of the City of London***, rah, rah, rah.

“So, in other words, the Dutch is out of the bag and the Royal sequence of all **hidden doctrine and Truth**, as it were once believed, has once again sectioned the Queen, Elizabeth, the old girl, the II, right out of her mind. But not quite, for this lady is not the ordinary lady-in-waiting for someone to dementia herself into believing that which is no longer proved by us to be true. Good for her!!! Long live Queen Elizabeth Two

Do Not Even Think We Still Do Not Retaliate



[Our weapon against yours](#)

“Now, the other matter under discussion with Captain Jerome Greek Melford ..”

Uthrania: Rutherford, Jennifer.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “I am sorry, Sir, I was led to believe ..well, are you sure about this?”

Uthrania: That I am, Captain.

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Captain Jerome Greek Rutherford has engaged the most interesting element to **his arsenal or array of weaponry against the militaries of any world** such as yours on Angorius. And do you wish to know what that is, Captain, without our giving the game away?” (*Captain Higgins smiles.* – Rania)

Uthrania: As long as no secrets are told. Fire away, Captain. (*I flash Captain Higgins a smile back.* – Rania)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “Saultmore Pectine. Ever heard of it, lass?”

Uthrania: No, Jennifer, I have not.

On Blowing Up A Plane



[Blown to bits](#)

Captain Jennifer Higgins: “In that case, I will not tell you. **But what we may divulge is the effects it will, rather DOES, have on the military might of the world in its overall efforts to track down beacon planes** - planes enhanced with chips hidden throughout them as heated particles – and cut them exclusively out of the sky.

“These synchronized trackers are what we call ‘**spandex affairs.**’ We call them that ***because the beacon chips built into each new plane for other countries’ governments and military to purchase, have a heat detector which plane, if blown to pieces, is able to track the source coming at it in all directions,*** firing back a sequence of coordinates to the U.S. military base hidden in the mountainous area of the Himalayas, Greece, and Poland, and in doing so the ‘**weather**’ balloons are hollowed-out to meet the farce of ploy, and ingenuity is then offered to the seclusive government agents as an apology for:

“***Whatever happened to your plane was definitely not our fault. But here is what we will do to help you in your crisis and plight: we will send over a couple of high-grade plutonium with our engineers of high rank, and they will fire a couple of grade shots into whatever is left of the material, and we will measure the radioactive sequence of waves left behind and tell you who, if anyone, was responsible. But we can tell you right now, it was not us.***’

“Well offered with a smile and a wave, and anyone seriously believing this dementia is well coordinated to be in the Deva Chan without a boat.

“Good Evening and Good Night from our end.

“Please sign off coordinates for me today, Uthrania, and please advise Jamie to hurry on with his itinerary, and I will catch him next time. Good Bye!” (*And with a wave of her hand, Captain Jennifer Higgins, the multimillion dollar woman escapes her chair and quickly dashed out of the door.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Peanuckle 10, signing off Hemmingway High Command for Captain Jennifer Higgins. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez at 2:49 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Sampson Griffith

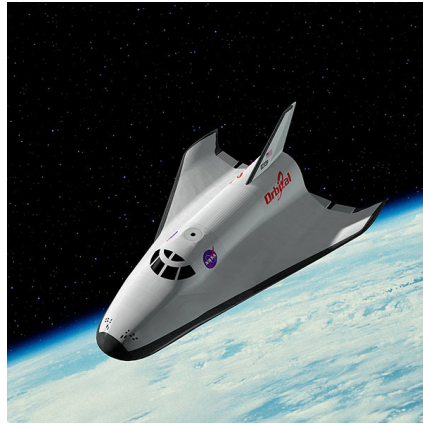
01. Captain Sampson Griffith Files: (Unit 1): A Commander's Bird's Eye View



Humanity's problem is greater than words can tell. The conspiracy from the Top runs so deep and is so securely entrenched that only a massive awakening by all populations will succeed to overturn it, barring galactic intervention. - Reni Sentana-Ries

- [Getting Acquainted With Captain Sampson Griffith](#)
- [The Knowledge of the Universe Will Sink All Churches From Lack of Funds](#)
- [The Truth on Corporate Wickedness is Stranger Than Fiction](#)
- [Listen to us, Generals and Priests!](#)
- [We Are Poisoned by Degree – Blinkensop Style](#)
- [Washington is the Problem](#)
- [We Seek Amiable People to Assist the Fleet Commanders!](#)

Getting Acquainted With Captain Sampson Griffith



[Our Words Come From Above](#)

August 12. 2013 8:36 pm

“How many nautical miles, Lieutenant?”

Lieutenant: “Seven, Sir.”

“Helmsman take us to the Rim.”

Helmsman: “Aye, Sir!”

Lieutenant: “Captain, are you on board, Sir?”

Uthrania: I am now on stand-by, Lieutenant Heathrow.

Lieutenant: “Thank you, Sir.”

8:45 pm

Captain Sampson Griffith: "Ahem!" (The Captain clears his throat. – Rania)

“Yes, well, introductions are rather in order, Captain Uthrania, and my name is Captain Sampson Ethan Griffith, son of Commander and Captain Griffith. And your full name, Captain?”

Uthrania: Full name, Sir, is Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “You are a Galiac I presume as well, Captain.”

Uthrania: Yes Sir, I am. Both Captain Sophram Galiac as well as Captain James Galiac are my full brothers.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Thank you, Sir. Now back to the drawing board. I have my own style which is quite unlike any others in that I do not acquisition any scribes who are not of the caliber of bringing information to the forefront in a few seconds of our time up here. So, now off with the formalities. We are now on first name basis, and if you are ready to proceed, then let us begin.”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Captain Sampson.

The Knowledge of the Universe Will Sink All Churches From Lack of Funds



[Wasted Donations](#)

Captain Sampson Griffith: “All right then. Here we go. In the pretence that **the churches would all go under at once** is only to remain a distant hope of those in the knowing of what damage they personages have done in liquidating the perimeters of the inside of the leather sacks which hold the congregational money. That is it plain and simple.”

The Truth on Corporate Wickedness is Stranger Than Fiction



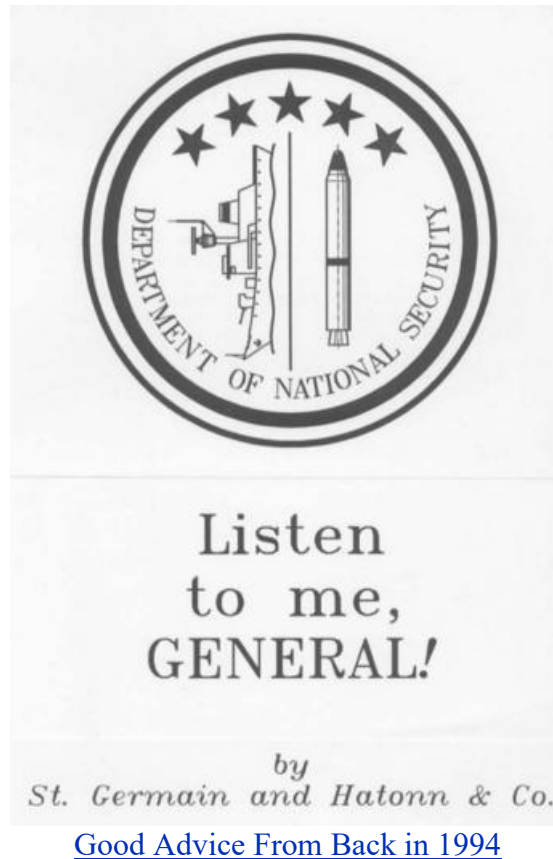
[Corporate Contempt](#)

Captain Sampson Griffith: “The beanery or brewery south-western of New Hampshire is strewn with old fashion leaves of a sort, and those leaves are the brewers’ countenance because along with the beans they have charcoaled the entire state of being of their brewery which in turns **promotes cancerous stomach cramps designed to orphus the umbilical tube belonging to the small ones still yet unborn.**

“It is a brand new experiment designed by the NSA through **poltergeist euphoria to lace the new fetus with a brain-damaging ingredient which belongs only to**

cows. You ones have little idea what takes place in **Blinkensop, Maryland**, and that is only one of their **many outlets world-wide.**"

Listen to us, Generals and Priests!



Captain Sampson Griffith: "Why is it that the satisfaction of your **military Generals** is less oft taken in stride by those **who are SUPPOSED TO BE LISTENING?!** Eh, gentlemen and ladies of the cloth?"

We Are Poisoned by Degree – Blinkensop Style



[Washington Subservience](#)

Although the "Washington Subservience" image depicts George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as being subject to the all-seeing eye of the global money elite, it cannot really be said of them that these two gentlemen were subservient, when one of them even paid the price being insubordinate with his life. Apart from that reservation about the image, I think it accurately portrays who really runs Washington, D.C. -

Inserted by Reni Sentana-Ries

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Well, just suppose, just suppose we tell you that your equipment inside your lawn chairs and inside your garage is **laced with a formulated cyanide mixed with formaldehyde**, eh?

“So, Buxton you may never have seen nor heard of, but that did not in the least stop the countenance of the **NASA Astrolab** boys from piquing it all to pieces, and, no, Reni, leave that word ‘piquing’ for I ‘do’ have it right. Thank you.

"Now continue on with your censoring of all articles but mine. Good. Now we have that straightened out, let us now proceed on with the writ."

Washington is the Problem

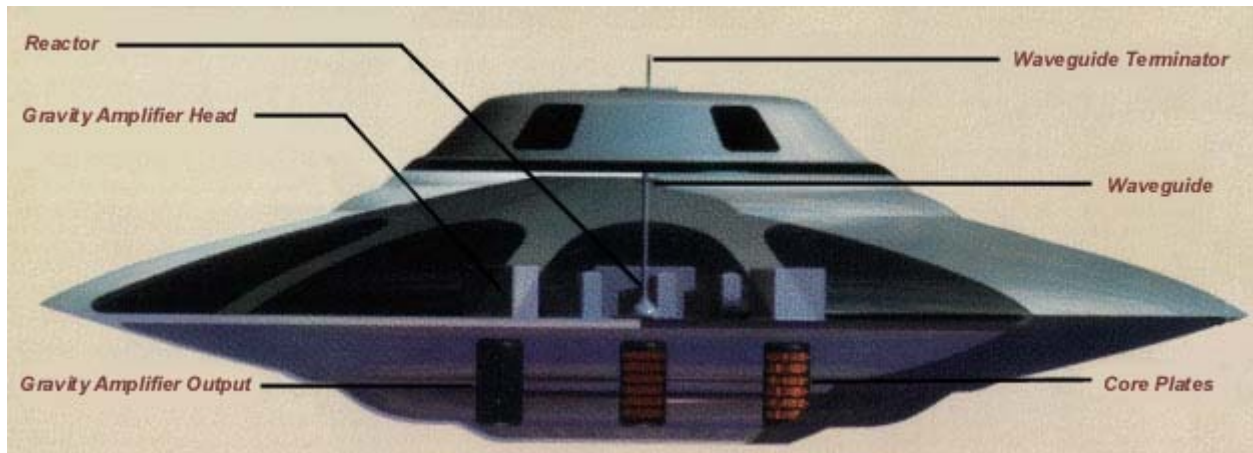


[Beautiful Debauchery](#)

Captain Sampson Griffith: “We of the **Luxembourg** men and women so high up here in your skies just one day decided to drop in and visit a few of you. NASA well remembers our ‘guided’ tour *AWAY* from the **Top Dogs in Washington’s Oblique Hall of Fame** where the poor misguided Congress and Senate sits torquing the pipe wrench until the whole and entire nation falls apart. Some mechanics! I dare

say **they should all go home** and take a hot shower to dislodge some at least of the heavily planted grime from their minds and bodies – intact!"

We Seek Amiable People to Assist the Fleet Commanders!



[Among Reasonable People One Hand Washes the Other](#)

Captain Sampson Griffith: "We have Bulstrome with us now, and **he is a fine chap as far as fine upon your planet goes**, and because I choose at this time not to be long-winded, you are of the most fortunate of all men and women alike. (Ahem)

"But do not be in the least bit afraid, all ye charcoaled amassed ones, for the brine on your faces relax in the noonday sun just as surely as you will all be left behind, for **your attitude in assisting us has been less than amicable!**

"Good Night. And that is all from me, for now.

"Please close of all telepathy channels, Uthrania, and thank you Reni for putting this over and on. Adieu. Captain Sampson Fredrick Griffith, Esquire of Idiots in Totality! Out!"

Uthrania: Telepathic amass channel frequency 7.42 over and out. (911 pm)

Sir! You have signed off "Fredrick" instead of "Ethan?"

Captain Sampson Griffith: "That is because we often code our middle initials to confuse those singular ones who have no minds in the first place." (The Captain smiles at me. – Rania)

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. Uthrania out. (9:12 pm)

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Reni Sentana-Ries: Central to our effort is our website <http://freeearthssystem.net> as it contains links to all our material on the net in articles, scribed material, and books. **We live in too close proximity to the end of this world to continue in the ignorance of our own misguided past.** Have a good day.

Captain Sampson Griffith

02. Captain Sampson Griffith Files: (Unit 2): Of Mice And Men In The Nuclear Age



Captain Sampson Griffith's use of language in this writ alternates between the literal and the metaphorical but nonetheless the message cannot hide the fact that he speaks of a new and more lethal nuclear weapon ever developed. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 25, 2013 2:00 pm](#)
- [New Nuclear "Eye" Bomb?!](#)
- [The Cyanide Connection](#)
- [The Infestation Of Death](#)
- [Rodents And Snakes And People](#)

Introduction



[Neutralizing the bomb](#)

"The nuclear age is going to astound many of you as we move our itinerary to the 'ultra' nuclear terms, because what you have now in the outlay of both Iraq as well as Hiroshima and Nagasaki are three culverts of laced-up bombs and the atomic age is once again as it was in the days of the cold war, not, in Atlantis and Lemuria, going to fester into an ultra bomb made coldly by the laced-up material of nuclear cyanide mixed with turpentine and cold fusion mixed with electrodes and my god! you should have seen with your own eyes the test results and the damage they had done!" - Captain Sampson Griffith

August 25, 2013 2:00 pm



[Captain on board](#)

1:40 pm

Corporal Ethan Broadbent: "Captain on the bridge, Sir!"

1:43 pm

Corporal Ethan Broadbent: "Captain on stand-by, Captain! Sir!"

Captain Sampson Griffith: "All be seated, please. Relax Corporal. At ease. Hello Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac High Advanced Team of Culprits at the Helm.
(*The captain smiles at me.* – Rania)

“Now today will be an **elastic** day which is a day in which we begin a topic of discussion and finish it with another sundry topic. Are you ready to begin just a little early, Captain Uthrania, Sir?”

Uthrania: Yes, Captain Sampson. I am ready when you are, Sir.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Alright then. Let us not waste any more of our valuable time and enter new time sequence apart from the two o’clock hour which we had earlier determined, and let us begin as of the rapid pace. Clock time in please, Uthrania.”

Uthrania: New time officially clocked in at 1:49 pm southwest time. Ready to begin, Captain.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Right then. Here we go!

New Nuclear “Eye” Bomb?!

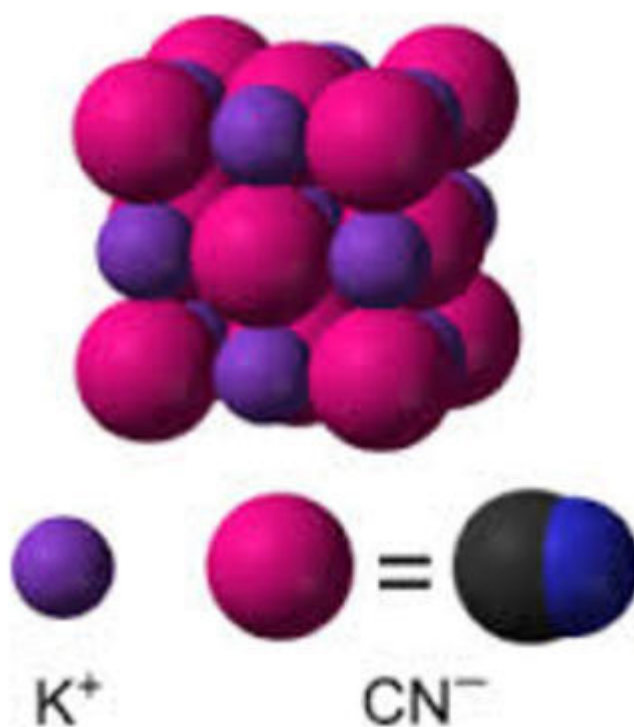


[The atom bomb](#)

“The nuclear age is going to astound many of you as we move our itinerary to the ‘ultra’ nuclear terms, because what you have now in the outlay of both Iraq as well as Hiroshima and Nagasaki are three culverts of laced-up bombs and the **atomic age** is once again as it was in the days of the cold war, not, in Atlantis and Lemuria, going to fester into an ultra bomb made coldly by the laced-up material of nuclear cyanide mixed with turpentine and cold fusion mixed with electrodes and **my god! you should have seen with your own eyes the test results and the damage they had done!**

“So, the pinnacle of all these fusion relays are just the optometries of the eye bomb which is the new name for the most sophisticated atom invention made by the **Space Group right out of NASA’s** own bosom, **and my god! What a hell hole it is!**

The Cyanide Connection



[Cyanide and the bomb?](#)

“Over nations and groups of people the laced up cyanide is the turpentine of the west, and so we have already given to you enough clues to bolster your curiosity as the neurons

peaked their left and right symbions and altered were they not as the cleaning solution everybody uses comes to light as to just why the population of Iraq, Iran, Israel, and the Northwest Territories of Canada, and the Alaska of the U.S.A., **are all being so crudely affected and dying without a trace of cyanide in their bodies.**

The Infestation Of Death



[The symptoms](#)

“And how can this happen without a trace, you ask yourselves. Simply the broad vent of the all manufactures - a symbion trace of whiskers taken from cats, housecats, cougars, and lions from around the world, and integrated them into the hybrid housecats who then are ‘infected’ with the turquoise primiting and they then ‘lick’ the people dry.

“Many will blame this infestation of deaths on HAARP, but HAARP is the least responsible for this, for **Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn and his crew aboard the Lester** will fire six rounds of ammunition to frighten the large housecats away just long enough for the scientists to perform autopsies upon the people before they are dead.

Rodents And Snakes And People



[Predator and prey](#)

“Autopsies before death?’ You ask? We tell you, indeed. For if the skin cells die before the autopsy is completed then what do you have left for your investigative experiment as to what exactly killed those people and then infected the cats?

“Many droplets of amphetamine is the sutured cause of collapse of the tendons of the rodents of Pilipino investigation, but of course, even we, from our lofty heights, know better than to trip over the rodents and their kin.

“The sewers are about to become as infested with mice as they are with rats and hemorrhaged snakes. Good Day. **Commander in-Chief Hemmingway** just signing in for Doris to take your place.”

“**Captain Symington** signing out now for the dwarf channel 5. pix 6 and **Captain Fredrick Griffith** over and out on fine-tuning the telepathic ordnance. Good Day.”

Uthrania: Signing out on telepathic frequency 4.9 gulf7 at 2:07 pm. Salu and Good Day.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. Captain Sampson Griffith Files: (Unit 3) - Lessons On The True Evolution Of The Species



Did we humans evolve from apes as the evolutionists have us believe? (Or were the diverse races on Earth descended from Adam and Eve, as the creationists/religionists insist, no matter how illogical?). Let's listen to Captain Sampson Griffith debunk both myths and explain how it all happened. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 4, 2013 6:00 pm](#)
- [Origin Of Diverse Species](#)
- [Propagation And Evolution Of Lower Organisms](#)
- [Darwin Got It All Wrong](#)
- [Human DNA's And Non-human's Don't Match](#)
- [On Cloning And Hybrids](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from Captain Sampson](#)

" ... In the first place, the monkeys and apes and chimpanzees and homographs of long ago resemble the same you have upon your earthen plateau today, do they not? Of course, and they are not much different now than they were then, so they could hardly have been said or spoken of to describe 'evolving' into men or women or child any more than it can be said of the human man today who vastly de-evolves in his or her mind, to regress impropotionately into monkeys, apes, and the like." - Captain Sampson Griffith

September 4, 2013 6:00 pm



[Captain Sampson online](#)

5:27 pm

Uthrania: On stand-by for Captain Griffith, Lieutenant Silvroy.

Lieutenant Silvroy: “The Captain will not be on the bridge for another ten to fifteen minutes, Captain.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant. (I leave my seat. – Rania)

5:45 pm

Lieutenant Waldorf: “Captain Sampson Griffith on the bridge, Sir!”

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Thank you Lieutenant Waldorf. Glad you could join us, Sir. Good Evening, or rather Good Day, Uthrania, er, Captain Uthrania Seila.”

(Captain Sampson looks at his watch on his left wrist. The commanders always clock in time by Angorius time Pacific Mountain which lies in the format of my time zone for relaying purposes.

The captain is dressed in a lily blue kaki primrose shirt with a lattice of fawn buttons down both sides of the front and middle. Sporting tall black highly polished leather boots, the regular uniform is donned 'after the normal sabbatical break. Captain Sampson is just back from a meeting with his lady friend, Samantha Günter of Royal repose and sports a blue/brown kaki trouser with finite stitching up the outside of both pant legs. Soon the uniform of the Federation will again be worn. A leather strapping furnishes the outside layer of both high-topped boots with the familiar silver hard toe with miniscule pink dots. These will all make sense later. Oh, the captain is ready to go into dictation. – Rania)

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Well, as much as I would like to begin early (looks at his watch) I also like temperance with starting on time. So please break, Uthrania, until such time as has been formally designated by myself.” *(The Captain rises from his chair and walks toward the coffee dispenser. – Rania)*

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. Back in six minutes of my coordinated time. *(Captain Sampson briefly glances toward me and slightly nods his head. I rise and leave my chair. – Rania)* 5:53 pm

Origin Of Diverse Species



[Whale waves](#)

5:59 pm

Uthrania: I am back, Sir.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Alright, a history lesson today as compiled and presented to students nationwide upon all paradisiacal federated planets by the Corporals of Federated Union and Scientific Studies. Major 1F”

“The conglomeration of ties from this world Angorius by ourselves, many diverse races of other worlds, has its origins in Alphas 6, 6, 14, 12 and Unit Seven, in that order. The Pleiades, Andromeda Section 7.8 and 12.10 is also transmitted by Specter Wave well through the oceanic waves on your earth of Angorius through our monitoring the whale measurements of all seismic activity.

“Their siren waves within their endorphins emitting a loud sonic higher pitch sound severs not the unifying endorphins of the dolphins as well, and we constantly measure oceanic (*the captain pauses and wipes his nose with a blue and white hanky – Rania*) seismic activity using the range in which the frequencies deride the accumulation of noise underneath the ocean floor continually on an override basis.

Propagation And Evolution Of Lower Organisms



[Evolution](#)

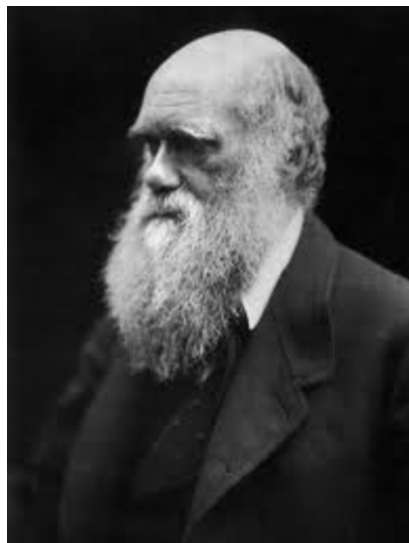
“Beside the whale manifestation the Dutch people on earth Sector Four Angorius have well enlisted their fauna to almost extinction throughout the ages, and the Netherlands have been little better. *But they are a fine example of how exactly your earth of Angorius became populated with all forms of interesting documentation on our fertilization process of the reseeded from other planets through a ‘mobilization’ of air spores of both, animals to migrate, and interestingly enough to evolve into different species as time allowed for this.*

BUT THIS DID NOT HAPPEN TO MANKIND! MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT!

“The haply migration of cells spawned from one species to another was a gallant mistake on our parts. But why did we say this? It was an elevated response to quickly set up the environment and procreation began. In order to cover parts of the earth system properly, we, what we call ‘spawned’ both, our animal section as well as fauna.

“The eels and fish were last to accumulate, and that was simply due to the fact that *many test cases had to be calculated in order to match the water content with the survival of both fish and fauna deep under the sea bed. It was like growing plants above the sea, which you would find on the land bed or mass.*

Darwin Got It All Wrong



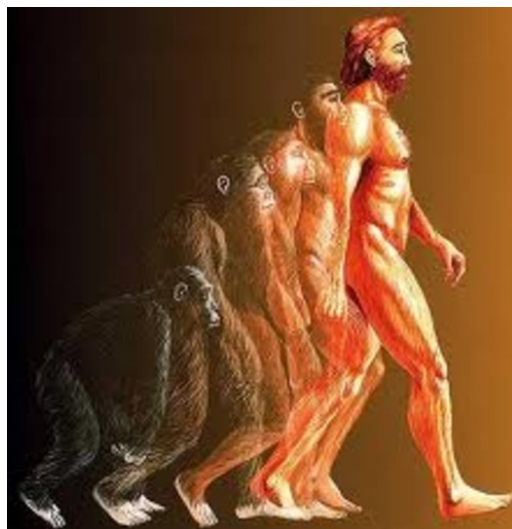
[Charles Darwin](#)

“Then we miscalculated the astronomical effect played on the hybrid land animals, and some migrated deep into the oceanic waters and bred with fish with fins, and tadpoles became toads, and reptiles walking the earth became large eels and ugly as hell, so to most literally describe them. Snakes who originated with legs became monstrous sea monsters and over the centuries lost their ability to procreate into the size they used to encapsulate and some became smaller water reptiles, or snakes.

“So, thus ***the beginning of evolution***. But let me tell you exactly now how the scientists of the earthen world Angorius miscalculated through lack of information of how ‘cave men,’ so to speak, seemed to appear and how your scientists and evolutionalists got it all wrong.

“In the first place, the monkeys and apes and chimpanzees and homographs of long ago resemble the same you have upon your earthen plateau today, do they not? Of course, and they are not much different now than they were then, so they could hardly have been said or spoken of to describe ‘evolving’ into men or women or child any more than it can be said of the human man today who vastly de-evolves in his or her mind, to regress impropportionately into monkeys, apes, and the like.

Human DNA's And Non-human's Don't Match



[False concept!](#)

“Are we not telling the truth here? Of course! We know better of that which happened as we were the ones who put them there in the first place!

“Continue please, Captain.”

Uthrania: I have not left, Captain Sampson.

Captain Sampson Griffith: ‘I see. Now most scribes take sabbatical on me and they never come back, and that is because I have wiped them from the slate of ever working beside me again. But you are a regular Captain of the fleet and as good in your word as they said you were. Thank you, and now let us waste no more precious time and continue.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

Captain Sampson Griffith: “So we will conclude this summary, or episode, for all those who prefer to think of our lesson in those terms.

“So how did the so-called ‘cave men and women and their childs immigrate from one form to the other? This is a great *equestrian question*. *Is that the right word, Captain Uthrania?*”

Uthrania: I do not think so, Captain.

Captain Sampson: (Clears his throat) ‘The DNA faction P Rubin B RS-4 12, is a heated example in notoriety among your evolutionists who try to match the DNA of these ‘ultra’ creatures with a faction of our human genes. And we tell you, this will just not work, gentlemen and lady scientists, and the reason why it will not work is the same as the **sasquatches**, they would all deform and die. In other words, their very structure of organs would not be compatible.

On Cloning And Hybrids



[Typifying an impossible hybrid](#)

(Note: Example of activity in the infamous Blinkensop as spoken about in the first five books by the captains and commanders. - Rania)

“Oh, you think not? You think we are joking, because of your experiments with the hens roost as well as the duck ‘brain’ material and the sheep cloning? Well you just try to breed the molecules and atoms of hens to sheep and see then what you get will just not survive. **And likewise would an ape or a monkey mixed with the hybrid genes of the human being even at your stage within your own reincarnational level not survive the night.**

‘Good Afternoon, as you say down there, and Good Evening and Good Night, Jamie. Please son, get some sleep and don’t stay up all night talking to your wife Rania. (*The captain smiles secretly and begins to rise.* – Rania)

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Tell Reni when he has arisen to please be extraordinarily

careful with the editing of my words. I don't like any mistakes. That is another thing which I just will not tolerate.

'You all have done a fine job here tonight, gentlemen, and au revoir!'

(Captain Samson is speaking to the twelve Lieutenants. The Captain rises and leaves the helm board. Lieutenant Waldorf sees him out. He walks behind the Captain, stops, stands at attention, and salutes closing 999+999 the door behind him. Captain Sampson returns, nods toward me and speaks asking me to tie off all channels to Apex 3 Nautical 5 Section 12. Turns around and walks back out the door. – Rania)

Uthrania: All channel tie-offs engaged. Apex 3 Nautical 5 Section 12; Symington, please close off all channels to Apex 4, Andromeda Q. Forsythe, please close off Pleiadean channel Zero X and Platypus 09. Thank you, gentlemen.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the High-in-Flank Galiac Team Swat 14.9.
Out at Pacific Mountain Time Planet Angorius, Ryley,
Alberta, Canada, on the American Continent NWCentral Time 6:43 pm Adieu

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

04. Captain Sampson Griffith Files: (Unit 4) - Tie Up The Loose Ends If You Can



Captain Sampson Griffith touches upon a potpourri of world issues, brief but with a sting, and makes reference anew to "paradisiacal" standard with humankind veering off course - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 14. 2013 2:04 pm](#)
- [No Man Is An Ireland](#)
- [Hunky-Dory, Indeed!](#)
- [The Road To Paradise](#)

Introduction



[Way back to paradise](#)

" ... and remember, Reni, to also brigadier the forces when it comes to retraining minds back into the forest of their own gloom and doom, for the light you also bring along with the rest of us will indeed lead them from solitaire back into a paradisiacal standard. And after all, is that not what we all want for them? Only most of them do not realize it." - Captain Sampson Griffith

September 14. 2013 2:04 pm



[Scribing begins shortly](#)

Uthrania: I am on stand-by, Colonel Fulsom.

Colonel Fulsom: “Thank you, Captain. Noted. Captain Sampson Griffith will be on board shortly. Oh, here he is. Captain!” (salutes).

Captain Sampson Griffith: (*The Captain salutes back to the Colonel.* – Rania) “Colonel. Hello, Captain Uthrania of the Galiac Team. Welcome back on board this old closet. (Captain Sampson Griffith smiles. – Rania)

“Refitting the Elexis should be completed shortly, and then we will be well on our way.” (Sighs)

Uthrania: Captain! Is not the Elexis the ship of Captain Dexter and Captain Agatha, Sir?

Captain Sampson Griffith: (*The Captain looks down and sighs* – Rania) “Well, yes, in a way. But after refitting is through we will strive to attempt in confusing our adversaries just a little bit further in relinquishing control of one ship to another and so on down the line. Except for the Excalibur and Stargazer Intrepid our codes along the side will not allow for distinguishment of whom exactly is piloting the ships.”

Uthrania: Oh, I see. Thank you Captain.

(I nod my head. Captain Sampson Griffith is outfitted in a tenor-based gray suit of one seamless material, it would seem. On his right arm is the exquisite formation of a starship badge with ships shown as fireflies in formation. The upturned collar as well as the elusive brim in black paten of the hat sports the not so unusual stripe in pink and blue which also signifies land duty aboard and off ship. Black tightened boots shined to a sheen, are laced up and down either side with strippen dried cloth, and woven tight as a corset of old. Gray legs of the one piece suit

cover the high topped black highly polished boots down to the heel and sport also the diagonal pink, blue and green stripes down one side at the bottom and the other side the pink, blue, and yellow diagonal stripes at the bottom as well. The cuffs are molded with the same diagonal stripes also, but in reverse. The green and yellow stripes alone garnish the flat cuffs in their reverse. Upturned collar features the exact same molding. The Captain removes his hat and is seated with a coffee of liqueur, bottomless it seems in the stem but completely non-alcoholic in its content. – Rania)

1:54 pm

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Well, ten more minutes, exactly, before we will begin. Take a short breather, Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and... *(the Captain looks around at the person entering through the door. – Rania)* Hello! Over here, Henry!’ *(The Captain waves General Peters over – Rania)*

General Henry Peters: “Hello, Sir! I am finally finished refitting inspection and (the General spots me) Oh, Hello, Captain! How are you?”

Uthrania: I am well, Sir. Thank you. And may I ask “How is yourself, Sir?”

General Henry Peters: “As good as can be expected, lass. *(Then turning to Captain Sampson, the General continues...)* Now petrified steel could do a turn of a better job all around, Sampson, if the lethargic great mess hall would hold a lot less men.” *(The General nods at the Captain.)*

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Aye, Sir. But *ain’t* that a fact, as they say on Earth Colony Seven?”

General Henry Peters: “Right ye are, lad.” *(The General sits down. – Rania)*

Captain James Griffith: “Son, it is now high time for the bullrock to decipher what is going down. and cousin, uncle or not, we must get this boat rolling and the sooner, Captain Sampson, the better, lad.”

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Aye, Sir. I do agree. As a matter of fact, directly following this most shortened version of dictation this eve will be enough time for we three to retire to the General’s quarters and discuss round table affairs. But for now we must need to be patient for I have a little discussion of my own for the Captain to take down in script with her pen/keyboard, now is it. Why, I do remember the days when we gave her dictatorial work and all done by pen...*(The Captain looks at his watch – Rania)* 2:04 begin.”

Uthrania: Ready, Sir.

No Man Is An Ireland



[Turkey in focus](#)

2:04 pm

Captain Sampson Griffith: “Our first entry of the day, or rather our fourth Unit, is it not, sequences not the hybrid offspring of President ‘Cluckmour,’ but rather a simulation of those Generals who just overlap the President of Turkey from time to time. It is truly an interesting disclosure, and we do hope that those with information which may even be past that of our own reasoning keep to themselves the itinerary for now in order that the rest of the Middle East can be released from the tourniquet around their arms, legs, feet, hands, and most of all, of course, their necks!

“A very fine brigade Turkey has, to say the least, but upend-shod over the brim of the baulstrom and fountom sequential study of the maggots within the Israeli, not, ranks, will be forth telling of who, exactly, means to impersonate those fine gents not in the offshore drilling off the coast of all places – Ireland.

Hunky-Dory, Indeed!



[The sign says it all](#)

“So, ‘Hunky dory!’ many Irishmen and ladies would shout, but after all, ‘lads,’ it is the Pilsner liquor which gets them all a rounded up in the end, would you not say? (*Captain Sampson, nods and pauses briefly with a slight half smile on the right side of his mouth.* – Rania)

‘In an overall effort anyway, those Irishmen and Irish ladies really do know their stuff and when it comes to American and British/English influence, well, they believe just an extra dram will suffer to change all of their minds.

“This is a short one, Captain, but a very prominent piece of non-laced-up and seasonal attire and exquisite in its manufacture of sequential epitaph of interference in both Russian territory of the Satellite States, as well as the European Union, which Captain James Galiac slightly covered the day before!

“So with little more adieu I will sign off, and close down for us please, Captain Uthrania, this little nest of vipers which we continuously watch from our hawks perch in their skies.

“Whose?’ You say? Theirs. But you are correct, of course. They are indeed our skies, boys and girls of the Pentagon!

The Road To Paradise



[Paradise on earth](#)

“Good Evening, Uthrania and Jamie, and remember, Reni, to also brigadier the forces when it comes to retraining minds back into the forest of their own gloom and doom, for **the light you also bring along with the rest of us will indeed lead them from solitaire back into a paradisiacal standard.** And after all, is that not what we all want for them? Only most of them do not realize it.

“Good Evening. Good Night. Adieu. Please close off channel, Captain Uthrania, for us, and Good Night. Captain Sampson Griffith out on channel wave Texture 5.8 9.”

Uthrania: Tying off all channel frequencies Texture 5.8 9, Luthon 7, 5.6 8 Tail down on 12 4. Close off all telepathic signals from Top Mont 7.4 10. Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing out for High Command at 2:23 pm. Salu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

Captain Jeremiah Higgins

01. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 1) - Introducing Captain Jeremiah Higgins



Captain Jeremiah Higgins, while long working on the sidelines while up aboard the starships, launches his maiden writ and talks about interplanetary vortexes relative to Earth, and about mind waves and oceanic waves related thereto. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 12, 2013 1:39 pm](#)
- [The Captain Speaks On The Continental Shift Of The Planets' Vortexes In Relationship To The Earth – Angorius](#)
- [The Mind Waves](#)
- [We Can Control The Oceanic Waves](#)
- [Disposing Nuclear Waste](#)
- [A Word To The United States](#)
- [Till We Meet Again](#)

Introduction



[Scribings from the Starship](#)

"...the extreme temperature in relaxing the corridor which we seldom let anyone not of our fleet travel through in order to bypass the dreaded Van Allen Belt - is only one way we allow oceanic waves to resurface without placing entire continents in danger. So when you have a

tsunami, you will notice it only reaches in places just so far, because when the 'brim' is full you will see how we switch the undercurrent well back to sea..." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

August 12, 2013 1:39 pm



[Captain Higgins speaks from his ship](#)

Captain Jeremiah Ruttex: "Captain on the bridge, Sir! Uthrania will you now be seated early, please. The Captain..Captain Higgins, Esquire of Fourteen nations southwest perimeters of Jupiter is on board."

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am in attendance.

Captain Ruttex: "Good. Thank you, Captain."

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins saunters in. He has on a braided brocade coat jacket with fur lining on the outside of the sleeves. Royal Navy blue. Black shined to a peak, boots, and a Captain's hat in orange trim with lattice work on the collar of the coat. He came in from

frosty weather. – Rania)

1:43 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Prepare please, Captain Uthrania Seila, for the tenth nautical realm of serious thinking caps, for all will need them before I am even through.”

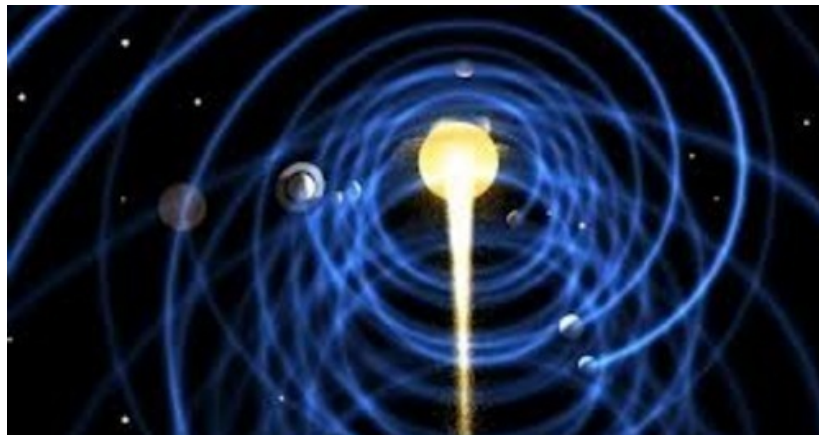
Uthrania: Sir!

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good. Well if you are ready and we are all here, let us just begin early, shall we, before the Lieutenant, Hargrave’s eldest son, comes back on shift.”

Lieutenant Hargrave: “Seventeen Nautical miles, Sir, from the nearest transport station. Lieutenant Hargrave reporting in for duty, Sir, early!”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good. Thank you, son. Just wait for my command, please. Just take a chair over there, please, and pour out yourself a coffee. (*The Captain clears his throat.* – Rania)

The Captain Speaks On The Continental Shift Of The Planets’ Vortexes In Relationship To The Earth – Angorius



[Vortexes of planets](#)

“Let’s begin, shall we? Now, our first topic of the day, or evening from our end rather, will deal with The axis of the continental shift.

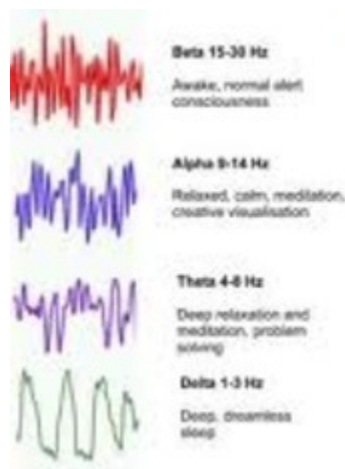
“The axis of the continental is hitherto neither here nor there, and because the cloud of dust particles laden so thickly around the stern side of Jupiter’s south pole have settled on the diaphragm of the hinges of “Tupour, its furthest moon, gliding far away from the overly obvious design of that part of the universe at large. The Angorius telescopes are unable to penetrate the distance needed to verify what that dust cloud ominously consists of.

“Nautical miles now, son?”

Lieutenant Hargrave: “4.7. Channel open, Captain!”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Aye, son. Just relay our frequencies and advise them at control station tower 5.6 to send all transmissions further into the universe, rerouting them through the sequence telepathy in one round-a-bout effort and send it through the “hole.” Thank you. Now we will continue.

The Mind Waves



[Mind waves](#)

“We channel the wings and collect all frequency mind waves and tie them in a kind of knot together and send them through the vortex as mass.

‘That is how we manifest our words from one scribe to another when information of the same and exact nature is needed elsewhere. Therefore, we actually work with very few scribes who are our selected prophets, and prophetesses, as you call them, down there on your own unique planet of earth, which we titled long ago with the name of ‘Angorius.’

We Can Control The Oceanic Waves



[Oceanic waves](#)

“Now the tidal waves will come and go upon your small, very small planet in comparison to many other higher advanced worlds - but we are able to control to a large point the extreme - glass of water, please, son. -

“...the extreme temperature in relaxing the corridor which we seldom let anyone not of our fleet travel through in order to bypass the dreaded Van Allen Belt - is only one way we allow oceanic waves to resurface without placing entire continents in danger. So when you have a tsunami, you will notice it only reaches in places just so far, because when the ‘brim’ is full you will see how we switch the undercurrent well back to sea.

Disposing Nuclear Waste



[Nuclear waste](#)

“It is unfortunate that those scientists of your people are not allowed to do their charm upon the good and holy, so to speak, but must instead follow orders from the Senior Command of the long arm of the military, to be concise, **about developing small nuclear waste placed a-deep in atomic miniature bombs**, and from there do the Assets place them under the rim. ‘Get out of there!’ and by automatic detonation set them off!

“Think Japan was an accident or miscalculated effort? No, not in the least.

A Word To The United States



[US forces](#)

“Boys and girls of the United States Green Beret, let us not fixate ourselves upon the never-ending problematic structure of the boys and girls in D.C. but rather take of yourself a furlough of a relaxant when ye are all asked to monitor from deep down under and over the skies and in the deep jungles of southeastern Brazil and the flatlands of North-West Africa, and Nelson Mandela curtails your visit for the prime reason.

“He just ‘Don’t want any more trouble with the United States Officers!’ for this is a time where relaxants are needed, and so we of the Fourth Command dig in our heels adversely, watching and waiting for a sign of intelligence from Top Brass Command of your regiment, and we pray, if praying was still allowed and could do any good, that the great minds which run Washington - Hargrave, son, give me a tablet. Thank you son. (*Captain Jeremiah Higgins jots something down – Rania*) - could only oversee their own breaths in the imposturizing of many of their ladies and gentlemen of the illustrious House of Commons up there in Canada’s north, for we are plentifully sure their overall reaction would be one of: “Gross misconduct, Ladies and Gents of the House of Congress!” For **we, your brothers in arms, surely dictate to your troops as well and want them out of Afghanistan** no sooner than our President says ‘Affirm.’

Till We Meet Again



[Adieu](#)

“So there you go, boys and girls, just a little more to chew on, and the understanding you will gain from this writ, James... sorry.. Jamie, son, will be nauseating to your flesh and brine.

“Be impertinent not, for this is my writ, and you illustrious boy will take on your shoulders just that which you take off mine own.

“Thank you, Captain Uthrania, and put this on promptly when you have a minute to do so.

“Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire for the Fourteen Nations Southwest of Jupiter’s central moon. Adieu. And sign off for me little prophetess, and have of yourself another relaxing day.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. I have three more Captains’ coming in later this afternoon. Tying off nautical channel 4.6. Dwarf 11.2 on the Round-a-Bout. Uthrania out. 2:17 pm (**End quote**)

-Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries – Cortez

02. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 2) - What Are The Tell-tale Marks Of Past Incarnations?



Do we retain the scar(s) of our past or previous lives, like a bullet shot strangely visible on the skin since birth? Or have you ever wondered what birth marks are for? Let us listen to Captain Higgins explain the mystery surrounding them. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [August 14. 2013 8:00 pm](#)
- [The Scar\(s\) Of Past Incarnations](#)
- [The Clues Are On The Skin](#)
- [A New Body In A Different World At Last](#)
- [The Congenital Abnormalities](#)
- [The Grand Delusion](#)
- [Captain Higgins' Verse](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the Captain](#)

*"When the dead arise
Look in their eyes
You will either see
The wisdom gained
Or the seed of doubt
Which games they play
Unto their souls' destructive*

Way

And we will always ...

No matter what they say...

*Have **our** way!"*

- Captain Jeremiah Higgins

August 14. 2013 8:00 pm



[The Captain's starship over the Philippines](#)

7:45 pm

Uthrania: I am on stand-by for the Captain.

Royal Officer Cambridge: "Aye Sir! The Captain is on the aft deck and will be with us shortly. Have a coffee, Sir?"

Uthrania: No thank you, Lieutenant. Not at this time.

Royal Officer Cambridge: “Captain on the bridge, Sir!”

Royal Officer Cambridge: (*Speaking to Captain Jeremiah Higgins. – Rania*) “Aye Sir! The Captain is on stand-by. Coffee Sir?”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “No thank you, son. Good morning or evening is it, your time, Captain Uthrania? And how are you doing?”

Uthrania: I am fine Sir. Thank you. I trust you are well?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Aye lass. I am fine as well. So now the great proverbial question.....what are we going to talk about today? How about turnpikes or turn styles? Now there is a topic we have not breached. So what time is it?” (*The Captain briefs his watch. – Rania*) “I see, well, a few minutes to go.”

(The Captain gets up and leaves his chair. He is out of uniform and wears a silk Komona with a tie belt. He is preparing for an important meeting with not much time to spare. This happens infrequently, but on the small ships there is more of a family atmosphere due to the lengths of time the Captain and crew are away from dry-dock. The Royal Officer salutes the Captain as he walks past. – Rania)

7:55 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Take five for yourself, Captain Uthrania, please. I will see you back here at eight.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

7:59 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “With one minute to go, we are ready to start. Are you ready, Captain?”

Uthrania: Yes Sir.

The Scar(s) Of Past Incarnations



[Live and let live](#)

8:00 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins Esquire of the fourteen nations of Juniper 7: “Good evening readers! And we trust you are all well and ready to decipher just a little more informational packages as we tend to call them, in order to stretch those conscious brain masses of yours! Good then. Let us proceed for I have other business matters to shortly attend to. You must understand what I mean.

“Now. The way incarnations tend to show themselves is through marks on the skin. For instance those of you who have had no polio shots in the arm, or marks resulting from.. on the forehead may notice a severe little indentation on the middle of the skin.

The Clues Are On The Skin



[Past injury](#)

“Usually this signifies bullet shots placed just above the nose area and well into the forehead.

“Many lifecycles show a tendency in the bodily fluids which are not easily nor readily known as being DNA modified, but in case our Doctors upon our ships do not research them out properly in order to pass crucial information back on to your doctor specialists, but only certain ones of them, **the turnstile back into another round of lifestreams will be** known to only surface ONCE the cranium and its juices billow as lactive fluids inside the shell otherwise called the head cavity.

“You see, dear ones, birth marks are not all that uncommon and they result in an accumulation of destructive tissue based upon an old injury manufactured in a pass

lifestream. They are left as little ‘clues.’

“Some we venture to call “**cluster clues**” and those are the red and swollen burn-like patches all over the unfortunate one’s face.

A New Body In A Different World At Last



Flawless

“These are not known as skin disorders and many times cannot even be masked by makeup nor antidotes.

*“But not to worry, for this is not your only lifestream and **a brand new body will eventually be given without these deformities just as soon as the lesson taught is well learned.***

“Synchronization of a species of birds for instance with markings all over their feathers is an antidote in a way for those wishing to live entirely in seclusion, but their lessons **are to not ‘fowl’ up but get out there and win!**

The Congenital Abnormalities



[Was it god who...?](#)

“So is it with the human race and when deformities exist one cannot not readily say: ‘Well God created us all as equal.’ Otherwise, there would be no blindness unless everyone was born blind. There would be no brain deformities, nor limbs lost over chemical warfare without everybody being born the same. All levels of intelligence would be either up or down completely, and all would be either rich, poor, handsome, beautiful, or downright, what you would term as ‘ugly.’

“Now, we do have a valid point here, do we not? Ahh, the craniums are beginning to think irregularly, which means something in the brain mass is actually beginning to happen.
Glory!!

The Grand Delusion



[Brainwashed](#)

“The synchronization of a partial memory vs. those who have most of their memory restored, happen mostly when you are all children because you have not as yet been brainwashed and deluded by those others who have grown up as brainwashed adults, **delusion of life being taught to them by even more seriously deluded people: teachers, ministers, religionists of all categories, and the worst of them all are the ones who think they know ‘God!’**

“**Cambridge** has among its great staff some of the more personified increments of actually Cambridge type thinking caps when it comes to prose, but again, that does not....in no wise mean they actually understand much of anything which we speak of here today and neither do the majority of your world’s doctors.

Captain Higgins' Verse



[Taking off](#)

“Well, sign off channel frequency, please Uthrania, Captain of the Deck of all Chagrin to those around you, and remember this verse:

*When the dead arise
Look in their eyes
You will either see
The wisdom g“ained
Or the seed of doubt
Which games they play
Unto their souls’ destructive
Way1
And we will always ...
No matter what they say...
Have **our** way!”*

"Good night, and merriment toward the truth being finally told and understood by all those **who gait the tips of their minds with more than liquorish turpentine and chewing gun to hold it all together.**

"Captain-in- Arms well over the Philippines! Good boy, Jamie! Get this on just as soon as your other assignment allotted to you by Captain Korthrox is done.

"Adieu and good night to you all! Thank you for reading and may the light within your torsos from top to bottom **not relegate to any less than the brain function.** Close off channel frequency please, Captain Uthrania, and good night."

Uthrania: Aye, Sir! Channel frequency closed down at a vibration of 6.2-12-11 4 plex.

Uthrania out at 8:27 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

03. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 3) - The Tale Of "Two Graves"



Would the dead, the casualties of war, turn in their grave had they known the truth? Captain Jeremiah Higgins speaks about what befell the soldiers fighting wars not their own who ended up buried beneath the Arlington Cemetery. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [September 16, 2013 6:00 pm](#)
- [The Arlington Cemetery](#)
- [The Dogs Of War](#)
- [Soldiers Of Misfortune](#)

Introduction



[Scribing from the starship](#)

"Arlington Cemetery, West Virginia. Well, we have a State called Virginia with an Arlington Cemetery, so the boys in Brass back in Hoots Ville suggested to Obama's newest man, the Pope of all Lunatics, Liebermann, Phillip, and you figure that one out, that West Virginia would also be a credit to the military dead due to the fact that Arlington in Virginia was suffering a crop deficiency not, but rather an overflowing of parsons body bags. So there you have it. Two different Arlington's, and two different reasons, save for that of the best, why they are all buried there." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

September 16, 2013 6:00 pm



[Starships over the graves](#)

5:30 pm

Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington: "Captain will be here in about five minutes, Commander! – Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington"

Uthrania: "Lieutenant, please inform Captain Jeremiah Higgins that I will be on stand-by at his request."

Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington: “Aye, Sir.”

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks onto the bridge with Corporal Farthingsythe. Both men are dressed in proper uniform, so it seems sabbatical is over for us all. Staged right is the Glimmer Colony which retracts from the real one which is a larger spectrum inasfar as size is concerned. Great swaths of light emanate from both colonies, and the Captain’s Ship, the Esquire Intrepid, is on its way to the refueling station in order to deliver up shipments of hard grade cobalt. Dark rings encircle the planet’s face much like northern lights here in the north on earth planet Angorius which seem to stem from one height and side to the other.

Blue navy uniforms with the Stargazer Badge sports the fireflies in formation, and the pink and yellow stripe on the Captain’s helmet of a sorts but flat on top, speaks of rank and engagement of duty on one’s ship. Black knee high spotless boots are enlaced with a tripod of malarium which is a off-rouge colour and cordoned off at the toe with the majestic silvery-gray toned metallic cap with pink dots to array their rank. The Captain is ready to begin his introductions. – Rania)

5:40 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Welcome Captain Uthrania Seila, and how fair is the weather down there today?”

Uthrania: Quite nice though a bit windy, but not really a cold wind, thank you, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Very good. **Well tonight we have a grave story, in a literal fashion and Arlington Cemetery in West Virginia is the topic.**”

Uthrania: Sir, Arlington Cemetery is in Virginia, not West Virginia, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Thank you for reminding me, little dove, but I think in this

instance do I know so much better, so bear with me and just take down my words and read afterward what I have had to say. Can you do that for us, dear?"

Uthrania: Indeed I will, Sir. Thank you, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Ahem. (*The Captain wipes his nose with his hanky.* – Rania) Now, in ten minutes or ...(*The Captain looks at his watch.* – Rania) ...or a little over, we will begin. So take a few minutes break to yourself, Captain Uthrania Seila, and be back here at six. Will you do that for us - for me - Sir?"

Uthrania: Of course, Captain. As you wish. (*I rise to leave my chair with coffee in hand.* – Rania)

The Arlington Cemetery



[Arlington cemetery](#)

Note: *Arlington National Cemetery, in Arlington County, Virginia, directly across the Potomac River from the Lincoln Memorial, is a United States military cemetery beneath whose 624 acres (253 ha) have been laid casualties, and deceased veterans, of the nation's conflicts beginning with the American Civil War, as well as reinterred dead from earlier wars. It was established during the Civil War on the grounds of Arlington House, which had been the estate of the family of Confederate general Robert E. Lee's wife Mary Anna (Custis) Lee (a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington).* - Wikipedia

6:00 pm

Uthrania: I am ready, Captain Higgins, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Thank you, Uthrania child. And right on time at that. Good! Then we can continue on with our story of the hour.

“Now, we all know the ins and outs of the infamous Arlington Cemetery in Virginia’s northern regions, just across the Potomac River, do we not? But do we know just why the placard label of ‘infamous’ is placed over the heads of the dwelling residents, hey?

“Not on your life!’ you shout! ‘Captain! Those are our boys and a few women serving and they are to be highly honored! Are they not, Sir!’ And I walk through the crowd as they silently disperse after brokering a deal with the devil himself, if he ever existed, to take their loved ones to heaven with the angels and not the other way around, hey?

“Well, let me tell you right now, that *infamous* known for its derogatory influence upon the English language as well as all other languages languishing at the feet of the precepil, contours its own meaning that these boys and girls of good stead among their own also held captive in the militaries abroad, *have ‘died’ for the money mongers, the bankers, as well as the corporate powers and White House Globe Trotters all over the earth* in a fixation with the Powers-that-be so keen on sending them forth with the American flag in tow into dangerous territory which their leaders in the Military Brass and White House have made enemies of, and then many of these same boys and girls in tank tops and jeans not so long ago come back in the middle of the night in tubes so the American public cannot become aware of their return in the night to West Virginia gravesites, far away from the Arlington Group, for the parents, friends, and relatives belonging to the American Troops will one day search Arlington for a clue but never find them there.

“And we all know why.

The Dogs Of War



[Pawns!](#)

“Fascinating? Truth always, beloveds, is fascinating! Too bad you have so little of it coming out of the textbooks and minds of your most intellectual men and women without them getting erased along with their itinerary for all school and university curriculum.

“So now let us talk about Arlington Cemetery, West Virginia, and just why the Brass in the White House chose this site. Do not mix up the Brass of the Presidential Chair with all military structure, for many Colonels and Generals abroad don’t even know of this place. Alright then.

“They just control the email for the ‘departed’ in order to throw off questionnaires from family and friends. In fact, the great military arm of CSIS in Canada’s North as the Americans call it have a separate outlet or ‘office’ position whose job it is to email the friends and folks back home with a ‘gift’ of ‘How ya doing, mom and dad?’ from one dead soldier!

“Oh well,’ say the military, ‘one more bit the dust and we all liked good old Henry Parsons (code name) after all! Rest in Peace lad, but we just can’t tell your folks yet. Sorry. But know

this, soldier!, you did not die in vain! Israel is all the richer!!' (*Laughs*).

“Now, we are not here to hurt anyone’s sentiments, **but if you people DO NOT BEGIN TO WAKE UP TO WHAT THE POWERS WHICH SIT OVER YOU IN GLASBURY DO, THEY WILL FOREVER SACRIFICE YOUR CHILDREN UPON THE ALTAR OF THEIR OWN DISPAIR!!**

“AND WE ARE HERE TO MAKE SURE THIS DOES COME TO AN END BEFORE TOO MANY MORE OF YOU ARE LOST TO THIS WORLD IN PHYSICAL COUNTINANCE, MY FRIENDS OF MILITARY CIRCLES!

“AND THIS IS FOR YOU TOO, GENERALS! FOR YOUR OWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS CHOOSE TO FOLLOW IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS, AND YET MANY OF YOU, EVEN WITH ALL OF YOUR SENIORITY, DO NOT HAVE THE FAINTEST CLUE OF WHAT IS GOING DOWN IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWNS, VILLAGES, CITIES, AND STATES!

Soldiers Of Misfortune



[Body bags](#)

“Now, for those of you who wish to be returned back to Georgia, Atlantic City is not the place for you to be. Roadsters on the brim of collapse are shaking the very bridges to their foundation, and then, **LOOK OUT! GEORGIANS!!**

“Now quickly, before we close, let us return our attention once again to the subject material of our choice:

“Arlington Cemetery, West Virginia. Well, we have a State called Virginia with an Arlington Cemetery, so the boys in Brass back in Hoots Ville suggested to Obama’s newest man, the Pope of all Lunatics, Liebermann, Phillip, and you figure that one out, that West Virginia would also be a credit to the military dead due to the fact that Arlington in Virginia was suffering a crop deficiency not, but rather an overflowing of parsons body bags. So there you have it. Two different Arlington’s, ***and two different reasons, save for that of the best, why they are all buried there.***

“Good Night, and it has been somewhat less than an extreme pleasure in announcing this ‘grave’ story, for our hearts, minds and souls exclaim wildly against such treatment of such severely-duped American and Canadian boys and girls!

“Good Night to each of you, **and WAKE UP FOR GOD’S SAKE, PEOPLE, BEFORE YOU SACRIFICE ANOTHER GENERATION OF YOUR NEWBORNS!**

“Good Day from my end. Colonel, please see to it that Captains Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez from the elusive at times Galiac Team Members, as well as Captain-in-Arms Ceres Gyeorgos Hatonn, as well as Corporal Penticton, no mistake there, Jamie, just italicize “*no mistake there*” are taken to the dry bar and poured a drink of our finest non-alcoholic liqueur.

“Captain Uthrania, please signal when you are done with dictation in rapid sequence, and please tie off all stations. Good Night.”

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Closing off station 4.9 Pulmont 7.6. 5.8 and Desktop 4 9.5. Thank you, Lieutenant, Corporal, and Venus 14.9 7 for your affiliation with Desktop 19.8. Tie off all

frequencies to telepaths and grate the surface station of the Larynx with a Sapphire stone made of heliograph. 17.9 coded channels out at Memorandum Day 6:34 pm. High Command signing off all frequency channels out of Portsmouth, Pennsylvania. Code 9.

-Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

04. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 4) - Travails Of Immigrating To America And Military Woes



Captain Jeremiah Higgins talks about a "prerequisite" for being absorbed as immigrants to the United States, at least for some nationalities, and about what actually happens to cadets during their military training. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

- [Introduction](#)
- [September 21, 2013 4:00 pm](#)
- [First Blood](#)
- [Blood, Sweat And Tears](#)
- [Assimilation Blues](#)
- [A Pat On The Back](#)

. Introduction



[The US of A](#)

"In order to become a citizen these days of the United States of all J----Control, Brigadier General Simpson instructed the Mexicans and Turkish, Polish Immigrants that if they wished to obtain a green passport to stay within the hallowed walls of the suffrage they call the United Emirates or rather, sorry, United States, then they would first need to be repealed not for duty on

the war front. And should they survive, why, then real Citizen papers will be issued them along with a stamp for the food bank until their real cheque came in, if you get our drift." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

September 21, 2013 4:00 pm



[Trumpet call](#)

3:25 pm

Uthrania: I am at the keyboard, Captain. Lieutenant please inform Captain Higgins I am on stand-by, please.

Lieutenant Syrus Griffin: “Yes, Sir. I already have, thank you, Sir. Syrus Griffin, 2nd Lieutenant of the Major Down Forces at your service as well, Sir. The Captain will not be on board for another fifteen minutes, Sir. Shall you wait? May I get you anything, Sir?”

Uthrania: No thank you, Lieutenant. I will be back shortly.
3:40 pm

Uthrania: I am back, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire of the Seventeen furthest-most nations off the rim of Quandra Six: “Good Morning, my time at least, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and congratulations on your fine promotion into Senior Top Command of the Galiac Team. We are all finely proud of you.”

Uthrania: Thank you Commander Higgins. I am ready to take your dictation down, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Fine and dandy. Just a minute, lass, whilst I accumulate a little bit of water in my glass. Just hold on.”

Uthrania: Yes, Sir.

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins is wearing the blue-green uniform of an Injunction Police Force from Terrius Four due to the fact that he was training a squadron for Military Duty and as such is the Commander gracing the deck dressed more like a clansman in his paltry attire than a Captain of the Federated Union of Starships.

But leave no doubt, this Captain has a very powerful ranking among all Senior Officers upon his ship and the Federated Star Base in particular. Highly polished and sheened brown high top boots made of real simulated leather, not unlike what you may wear upon Angorius, your earth, yet much different, for they do not wear as a plastic material which do not keep your feet and legs from sweating.

In addition to the uniform of a mildly blue-green colour, the Captain sports his ribbons still attached to his hat's paten black brim, and his consort rallies around Captain Higgins much like a hen clucks to her chickens, telling him this and that in a wag like tongue with brief periods of relaxation. Soon the Captain, following dictation, will retire to his quarters and change into his proper attire of a lime green uniform with Military stripes engaged.

Here comes the Captain now with his tumbler full of water. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: *(Standing and sipping his water. – Rania)* “Well then, lass, since you're here let us not waste any more of your nor my precious time, and we will begin. Now what was the last entry, do you remember?”

Uthrania: Sir, you spoke about Arlington Cemetery in both Virginia as well as West Virginia, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Ah, I see. That is correct. So I did. Well then, how about today we tackle the Brass at the very top of the Military Dung Heap, and we are NOT talking about the Generals in general but rather those who set about to undermine their home-grown authority and infringe upon their standard in front of their troops. Ready, Captain Uthrania, lass?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

First Blood



[Knox one down](#)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good. Now, we can recall all the forces of detrimental behavior, and what we mean by this is: The forces so attuned to the raking they acquire at Fort Knox and West Point have now come under fire for the dehumanizing of their souls and pocketbooks if they don’t behave, because some of them just hate the thought of taking their knives and slicing off the little legs of the puppies they have grown to love by the relishing consent of their commanding officers, *for they are NOT TO FEEL THE PAIN OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN BATTLE SAVE IT BE THAT OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADE, BUT NOT THE PAIN OF THE PERCEIVED ENEMY!*”

“And if you think for a red squatting moment that that is too much to stomach then let me tell you, you have actually heard nothin’ yet, as they say so ‘uneloquently’ up there in the South-Northern country.

“The main firing line will make up of brutally engaged soldiers who would rather die than actually fire upon another human Being, and here is where Immigrants come into play, Sirs, Generals!

Blood, Sweat And Tears



Combat duty first?

“In order to become a citizen these days of the United States of all J----Control, Brigadier General Simpson instructed the Mexicans and Turkish, Polish Immigrants that if they wished to obtain a green passport to stay within the hallowed walls of the suffrage they call the United Emirates or rather, sorry, United States, then they would first need to be repealed not for duty on the war front. And should they survive, why, then real Citizen papers will be issued them along with a stamp for the food bank until their real cheque came in, if you get our drift.

“Why do you think so many Americans are ‘mad’ about the turn their so-called Government has taken after so many years of “doing things right?” We don’t think so. And what of the immigrants themselves? Does mortar duty strike any of their fancy? We highly doubt it. **But what chance do they have with a crowd like the White House at this time and place running the entire country into the brink of utter collapse and disaster?**

“Will President-elect Obama suffrage lasting words again upon his people while he runs for re-election? Or will he even make it back to the ballot box?

“Well, hares often run faster than turtles, and when the dragon-fox catches up with the Bird of Prey then all hell breaks loose and the dragon-fox catches the hare who never paid much mind to the fostering of the dragon-fox at all in his or her entire life.

Assimilation Blues



[Immigrants](#)

“But NOW attention must be paid to those immigration workers who offshond with much of your money, people, in order to relapse not themselves back into poverty as the President of Thailand, so to speak, as well as the Emperor of China’s North sasquatches. Now think what that would mean, little ones, along the entire rim of Polish natural resources whilst the United States of New England (think of what the dual purpose of this statement), lads and ladies, tidies up all around Greece and foments the alcohol content right out of both Ireland and butch crazed Greece and its Ducabor State, here is another one for you, Italy.

A Pat On The Back



[Encouragement from the starships](#)

“So that is where we will leave this file in your hands, Jamie dear boy, and continue on with your studies with Lieutenant Waldorf who will shortly be assigned to your promotion into second commander after a few years have been finished.

“Boy, you needwell, Captain Sananda has already covered this with you as well as your Captain, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain of the Galiac Team, and your part in all of this is no less than fascinating. You have much to look forward to, lad! Brief over for today.

“Please sign off for me, Commander Luxton, and take the Bridge whilst I am gone. Good Day, Captain Uthrania, and well wishes to you all. Please close off all unnecessary channels including Deuteronomy 15.4. Good day.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. Tying off all stations SW of Bridgetown, Milford, and Island Highway. Temperance 4.6 2, Nosthouse Forment station 12.9, Venus 2. Tying off all unnecessary stations for transweaving the signal, off for 8.7 realm 12. Thank you Lieutenant Waldorf and Colonel Picston.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Commanding Officer of the Galiac Team, in training. Thank you, Sirs. Signing off at Bridge time 4.1 meters into the far side of history. High Command signing out at 4:23 pm. Adieu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

05. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 5) - Repeat, Release Our Starship Brethren!



Captain Jeremiah Higgins takes a potshot at the banking establishment very much behind world governments' decisions and reiterates retaliatory measures if their people held captive are not released soon. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [October 22, 2013 2:00 pm](#)
- [Libya: Out Of The Frying Pan Into The Fire](#)
- [Banking Cartel Domination](#)
- [Set Our People Free Or Else!](#)

Introduction



[We are now armed](#)

*“So just quit dive bombing our men and you will begin to understand the reality of that which you now face, and if you won’t listen to us, **then your own demise will be evident.**” - Captain Jeremiah Higgins*

October 22, 2013 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:45 pm

Uthrania: I am on standby, Lieutenant Jakobson.

Lieutenant Jakobson: “Aye Sir. The Captain will be on board in just a few... Oh, here he is now, Sir.” (*Lieutenant Jakobson then speaking to Captain Jeremiah Higgins opening the conversation with another salute in which the Captain salutes his respect back. Captain*

Higgins walks on deck. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well, hello, team! And you, Captain Uthrania! So good of you to come on board early. And how have you and your husband been, lass, since I last spoke with you?”

Uthrania: Jamie and I are just wonderful, and enjoying every moment of every day. And you, Sir, may we enquire as to your health?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: *(The Captain gives an open smile. – Rania)* “Both, my health and comportment, couldn’t be better. Thank you, lass.” *(Captain Jeremiah Higgins tips his head to the right side and gives me one of his very rare fondly sweet looks. Then the Captain, in straightening his head, produces before the crew and myself the most sternest of looks. I guess we are almost ready to begin. We wait... – Rania)*

1:53 pm

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins stares at his watch... time is ticking by. – Rania)

1:54 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “All right, lass, then let’s just begin. If you are ready?”

Uthrania: Yes, Captain Higgins, Sir, I am ready when you are.

Libya: Out Of The Frying Pan Into The Fire



[Qaddafi's last hour](#)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: *(The Captain clears his throat with barely a sound. – Rania)*

“Tripoli is the center of all attraction in this ‘tenth’ hour of the world’s habitation, and because of it all foreign-backed forces have equally decided that they really don’t want any American/British forces gallivanting around their area of Tripoli.

“France has invaded too, and we know that since *Qaddafi was so ironically done away with, for his sense of justice permeated mine own in so many ways, we have since stressed to the newcomers to **do away with the new banking system and revert back to the Qaddafi era.***

“But now what about Tripoli, France, Hungary, Japan, Russia, Italy’s southern/northern border regions, and last but definitely not least, the Pollocks in Japan in the easternmost regions?

“Not so, little Japanese men and women? Just... look about you a little harder, and please

don't you come down hard on them with all indigestion! The majority **are** very nice people...
(*Captain Higgins, tongue in cheek- Rania*) ...today anyway.

Banking Cartel Domination



[The Queen in US congress](#)

"Now then, seriously now, down to brass tacks, as the British Queen, Uthrania, has had her plentiful fill of both her Prime Minister 'Higgins Cropford' *figure that one out, loves*, and the very 'unbashful Earl of Washington-works.'

"Forecaste on the upcoming media circus will the officious and still **beautiful Queen Elizabeth the Second quell the rift between the American Hybrid Congress**, as she terms them in her rather quaint but interesting habit of speaking, and her own 'God-given' House of Parliament.

"By watching them all we hardly think any god-save that of the **Hellions** themselves have much if anything to do with their placement, save that of the general man **George Galloway**. Generally he is the man of the hour over there in Great, or not so Great at least in our eyes, Britain!!

"(*Ahem*) Well, Piccadilly to them all! In fact, if Lucifer were still on the ground in his former placement or attire, he would offer up himself as the next candidate for the U.S. Presidency,

but the Al Gore of the hour has his eight years almost used up. So we will wait and see what turn of events he may proclaim of himself to be - or run into - if you get our meaning, **LOUD AND CLEAR.**

Set Our People Free Or Else!



[Release our brethrens](#)

“Not so much to do today, little one, and Commander Hatonn you have on your roster at *4:30 your time, little one. But barricade not yourselves in, for a presumptuous event in all the world’s true and relative history is soon to go down, and **in the event of all transmissions of this world’s currency, the banking establishment may well find itself without computer comprehension *if they do not release our men, our women and our ships.***

“Are we understood here?

“Dry gulch.

“You know what we mean, Generals!

“The banking establishment is ‘critical’ to the outlay of your world’s industry.

“Critical, yes, but not necessary. ***For we have our tendency in the hour of replacing all***

criteria with the best-known and practiced solution!

“So just quit dive bombing our men and you will begin to understand the reality of that which you now face, and if you won’t listen to us, then your own demise will be evident.

“We *will* leave it all up to you.

“You *do* have at least 48 hours.

“To wrack your minds!

“Be safe. *Do things our way for once, or we are going to tear down the remainder of your exquisite broadcasting system, and remember our scribes are all most telepathic, so they will at any given time period still know what is going on.*

“Good Night. Rupert Murphy, please shut off that damned air conditioner before I freeze to death!! Colourful metaphors excluded!

“And sign off channel composite 4 9, please, for us, Captain Uthrania, and have a most pleasant afternoon to ye all. Captain Higgins out.”

Uthrania: Closing down all channel bariums at indicated prix al, interim 4.9. Luzon open at coordinate 12 and 8. Good Day and Good Night, Captain. Signing off Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Acting Captain in training of the Galiac High Flying ‘Fireflies’ Team coordinate – Gentry 4 5 Plum. Coordinate with 6 on Station 9. Out for High Command. Finish. Stop. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez out at 2:22 pm Gallant5 pix6.

Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

**The time for Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn's next question and answer was delayed unto six forty-five. – Rania*

06. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 6) - Churches Crumble And Religion With Them!



Captain Jeremiah Higgins hints at the downed churches in the predominantly Catholic Philippines that were shaken by a powerful earthquake early this month. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [October 25, 2013 6:30 pm](#)
- [The Catholic Churches Crumbled!](#)
- [The Great Take Off](#)
- [Starry, Starry Night](#)

Introduction



[Religions](#)

"We do have a schedule to make, and our worlds and their times are all there is. So everyone prepare for the Great Take Off, and though some may bite the bullet in comprehensive study and decide they can trill our hand into their own bullet proof mouths,

WE TELL YOU THIS:

"We are not of the obstinate makeup, but neither are we imbeciles, and when we go we will not longer wait." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

October 25, 2013 6:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

6:15 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon.

6:18 pm

Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon: "Aye, on the ready for the Captain in the dry dock, Sir. He should be available any moment, Captain. Just give the Captain five minutes more, Sir, if you will."

Uthrania: I will wait accordingly, thank you, Lieutenant.

6:23 pm

6:22 pm

Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon: “Captain’s on board, Sir.”

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

(I watch as Captain Jeremiah Higgins strides across the deck with his broad shoulders, attesting to a gray-blue uniform with buttons of brass lilac, and Hemmingrade pasted across his shoulders, as they say. Not in so many words, but as a testimony of exactly who he is.

Long strides take the Captain to his bench chair where he also sits again most gingerly upon the cushioned seat. Captain Jeremiah Higgins is motioning me to speak. – Rania)

Greetings, Captain Jeremiah. Whenever you are ready, Sir, I am ready to begin. (I smile at Captain Higgins. Again I wait. – Rania)

6:30 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: *(Consort to the Queen ‘Elizabeth’ in another time, another stream. So he is back to help her, to assist, once again. – Rania)*

“Alright, if we are now ready to begin, I will consort with Peter Higgins at another time. So!
(Captain Higgins sits heartily back in his chair shifting his rather large torso into a comfortable position. – Rania)

The Catholic Churches Crumbled!



[A Bohol church downed by an earthquake](#)

“Today, let us begin rather shoddily with an abrupt ending to our story ***which will be told in degrees by Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn***. My loves, how will the nonsense of religiosity be capsulized?

“Well, by degrees, we would say. ***Churches downed by the very hand of man on the oceanic floor planting this bomb and that, shifting the very plates which Islands and main lands sit upon!***

“Is it worth a farthing then to keep all astronomical tenure, rationing and teachings to oneself, Steve, or should the whole of humanity instead relish that which the stars hold? Now that is the question.

“But by far, our dearest friend of the hologram epics, do we section off a little at a time, the gulf which hold our ships to the bottom down, or so it would seem.

“But, when the Ram leaves the Sheep, and the Coiled Snake leaves the Rabbit Hare and the Fox, then Chinese ‘sorcery,’ as the Catholic church calls it and them, are temperance in conjoiling the epitaph of all religiosity to the detriment of no-one.

The Great Take Off



[Evacuation ships](#)

“After all, dear friend, we have already begun in coordinating the seasons to our own regret, ***for our standards will never be yours as a peoples***, and Hemminggrade did their best for a season and a half, and because the Chesapeake in New Orleans, and yes, there **is** one there (bold ‘is’ please, Jamie, my boy) and the Fire Fox left the pieces all over the place whilst Microsoft did in the Big Apple with only a half of a season, left....

“***Now, Steve, we know you are getting very used to our cryptic linguistics***, and yet your continual frustration shows in the way you hold your pen. But fear not that the stars begin to leave for their journey homeward, for no one whom we have already alerted will be left behind **UNLESS** they choose to follow their own path of least resistance and make us wait until the hour is past which we can assure you we will not do.

“We do have a schedule to make, and our worlds and their times are all there is. So everyone prepare for the Great Take Off, and though some may bite the bullet in comprehensive study and decide they can trill our hand into their own bullet proof mouths, **WE TELL YOU THIS:**

“We are not of the obstinate makeup, but neither are we imbeciles, **and when we go we will not longer wait.**

Starry, Starry Night



[The starships](#)

“Good Day, and put this on at your own expense not, Jamie, for the cloud covering in your skies and Rania’s too are the same bout of strawberry jam, and a good son will it take to bring this world back about!

“Good Night and Good Day from where we are at.

“Simon Jennings, close off the fan please, before I catch my death of cold! Commander-in-Chief of Luxon, ‘Minnesota’ left rank up unto Hemminggrades in the Clouds. (*The Captain smiles.* – Rania)

“And please now tie off all channel frequencies, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and beware of all who come calling in the name of the Brotherhood of Light!

“***We do mask our behavior from time to time***, and the pixels in the outermost limits, Jamie, are the twinkle stars in your and Rania’s skies. Watch them both tonight therefore as your time preceded the ultimate test, and that is from the goodness of our hearts. Commander Higgins, Jeremiah, over and out on subway frequency 2.4 Dupont.”

Uthrania: (*I smile at Captain Jeremiah Higgins.* – Rania) Tying off Dupont 2.4, Ultra wave 5.6 and Nuance Hemminggrade 7.10. Lieutenant Waldorf, please ensure Luzon 12.6 sub-

altrain, and 4 and 5 be left wide open for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Thank you, Sir.
Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the Galiac High Flying 'Fireflies' and
Team signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins of High Command. Station 10 close out.
Adieu.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Thank you, lass!" 6:52 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

07. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 7) - Placement Of The Stars And Other Topics





Captain Jeremiah Higgins talks cryptically and at length on matters of the zodiac which an astrologer like our moderator, Steve Kinsman, is well placed to decipher and/or demystify. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [October 28, 2013 3:00 pm](#)
- [The Signs Above And Below](#)
- [Message For Steve Kinsman](#)
- [Hear Ye, Hear Ye!](#)
- [There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. - Hamlet \(1.5.166-7\), Hamlet to Horatio](#)

Introduction

Aries		♈	Mars	♂
Taurus		♉	Venus	♀
Gemini		♊	Mercury	♂
Cancer		♋	Moon	☾
Leo		♌	Sun	☼
Virgo		♍	Mercury	♀
Libra		♎	Venus	♀
Scorpio		♏	Mars	♂
Sagittarius		♐	Jupiter	♃
Capricorn		♑	Saturn	♄
Aquarius		♒	Saturn	♄
Pisces		♓	Jupiter	♃

[Zodiac signs](#)

"Now, Rania, here we are already at High Tide, and what do we mean by that, lass? **Just the grave dug all too soon by those who would not be listened to and obeyed, and because of it many earth tremors hit the waves a little premature**, and we had a far sight inkling that this would occur before we prepared the people sufficiently with the information to evacuation Pollus 10." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

October 28, 2013 3:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

2:47 pm

Uthrania: Lieutenant Cummins, I am Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Please advise Captain Jeremiah Higgins that I am on standby for his dictation today.

Lieutenant Cummins: “Thank you, Sir. I will tell him straight away, Sir.”

(Five minutes later, Captain Jeremiah Higgins strolls onto the deck wearing a one piece collage suit of greens, reds and beige hues. The Commander smiles at me and takes his seat on the bridge. Captain Higgins waves his hand for all to proceed as normal, and turns gravely toward me. Commander Higgins loosens his brigadier’s tie around his neck and proceeds with a reminder to all aboard his ship. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Please resume the ‘Epitaph of Finance’ of Mr. Sentana-Ries as according to initiative practice and ward off the financiers as preceded by those who instituted them in the first place. Good Day. *(The Captain turns to me again. – Rania)*

The Signs Above And Below



[Astrology signs](#)

“Now, Rania, here we are already at High Tide, and what do we mean by that, lass? ***Just the grave dug all too soon by those who would not be listened to and obeyed, and***

because of it many earth tremors hit the waves a little premature, and we had a far sight inkling that this would occur before we prepared the people sufficiently with the information to evacuation Pollus 10, and here upon Angorius do we also tend to the flock, as they call it, in order that none whom have prepared themselves by the listening and reading of our fond words toward their welfare, need miss their own flying boat at all at this time in their most unguarded history.

“Oh my, and *listen to this next part, Steve*, for gentlemen are ye all who take down these words literally without really and actually understanding credibly too much insight into our workings.

“Pollus 3 is a moon, Steve, which rotates twelve sectors NW of Pollus 10. Now this is interesting due to the complications of the Chinese Zodiac which leaves the Hare alone after twelve pm and rotates the Bunny seven seconds later. Just look at the furthestmost star from the Bull, and the Queen of England is about to change her mind distinctly toward the Parliament on the Hill run-a-bout by her own Prime Minister General Harper, an exquisite study of the Ram when all tails are down.

“No more comets in general, Steve. It is just a ‘polarized’ effect which takes the Don-key away from your door. ***And our protection at this time with Uthrania’s ship is a must.***

Message For Steve Kinsman



[The firmament](#)

“Now, let us get back to the topic of the day, for the broadside of the sword, General McCarthy (as you will always be to us), is no more the obscene, as you call it, obstacle in the way of the down forces of the U.S. military and navy ***to escalate more tremor upon the poorer nations of Alaska*** or within if you get our meaning loud and clear.

“So don’t do it, please, and for your own goods do not even try or we will fry you right where you stand.

“Now, no more nonsense please, Steve, with the likes of those whom you once thought to be askew but your compatriots and friends, for we may have an assignment for you brought to you at the night, and if you are wise you will place. ***And listen here carefully, Steve, you will place the ‘Bull’ with the down-turned horns” right directly ‘in front’ of the Ram, while the Chinese Sheep and our Dove turn summersaults in the clear blue night sky, and the little to big dipper rearrange their entire appearance which will happen at the time of the half moon.***

“Watch therein carefully as the specks of light shut down and alter course, and when they do, new ones will take their place, and ***when you watch carefully, Steve, we will watch for you and light our skies with a brilliance of display upon your horoscope accuracy which you do have, but only for a point in time longer, for we are all leaving with you soon***, and your beloveds aren’t going unless they shovel the ‘shit’ away from their own doors and believe all you have been telling them for the past year and a half. Good Day, Steve, Mark, and the rest, for we are becoming just a little farsighted and soon will have time to speak to you no more.

Hear Ye, Hear Ye!



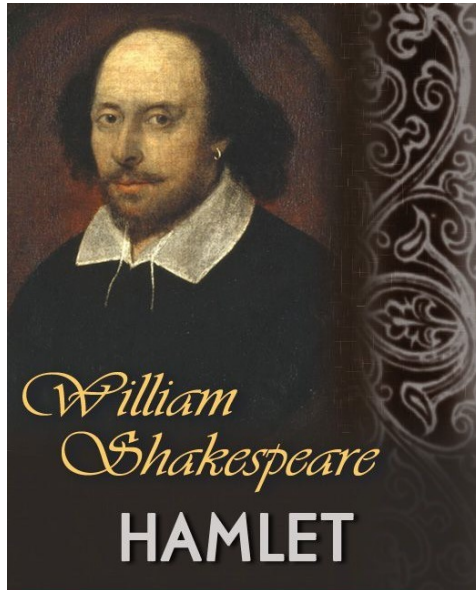
[The Queen of England](#)

“The Queen of England and the Dauphin of France obliterated their scone once again, and Tony Martin of the Great English tradition faced once again brunch with scones and strumpets and a tea laced with cyanide, for their own stomach could not digest what the Queen of England was about in her new high horse of Lexington, and ***the Lutheran ‘Pope’ decided that Mormonism was about as helpful a religion as those who promoted Martin Luther King and his compatriots of centuries before.***

“DeGaulle in the forest of the wine shaft didst never promote as near the words of that *diabolical Churchill* who wanted the south-eastern war to escalate and still be considered as a man with a quill up his left esteem, if you get our drift here.

“So, when the temperance of souls naturalle decided to elope to the far distant planes of Athabasca, the great Queen of England had had enough and approached Prince Chamberlain, her consort, for Prince Philip of Windsor, is he? No? Just wait and see!

**There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. - Hamlet
(1.5.166-7), Hamlet to Horatio**



[Shakespeare](#)

“Hamlet, didst Shakespeare notice when writing his lines, that ***that fine gent of ‘Trimbolly’ Athens, didst not form the epoch of his dreams.*** Figure that one out Jamie, our Shakespearian lad!

“Well, tie off all frequency, Uthrania Seila, and let us all retire soon, for the night skies are clear and blue and with the red produce a hue, and if a poet we may be, then grant us all compatibility!

“Signing out of forestland, Utah, Minnesota high skies, and the radar chaps will no longer do you much good.

“Jeremiah, Captain of many more ‘boats’ in your American skies, fellows, than you could even memorize.”

Uthrania: Tying off ultrawave 4.10. Lister9, and Station One. Continue in rapid display of clear skies, Captain Gregory Symington, and leave open, channels Luzon 12, 14, 4,5, and 6

for Hemmingrade Number 7 for Captain Frank Herman Grifford and Rear Admiral General, Captain Alfred James Somajar Korthrox.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Galiac Team, in training. Good Day. Signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins High Command at 3:26 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

I happened to know what Captain Jeremiah Higgins was referring to above, on Hamlet,:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. - Hamlet (1.5.166-7), Hamlet to Horatio - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

OS. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File: (Entry 8) - Brain Teaser



Our brain is a vital organ and a mystical wonder, prone, however, to go haywire in its casing or go unhinged, so to speak, from an otherwise perfect body. Captain Jeremiah Higgins says as much to reawaken it to its true calling. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 11, 2013 3:30 pm](#)
- [Clear Away The Cobwebs](#)
- [Pay Attention](#)
- [Grey Matter](#)

Introduction



[Scribes](#)

"But again, what has all this to do with my topic of the night or day? Nothing, really. I am just striving to shake the very cobwebs from the loom in your minds so as to cordon your very brains from going dry gulch on me before the very climatic end of which you will most certainly ascertain, that you 'do' - italic Jamie, please - ..you need to be fully conscious to understand. Alright! Are you ready now, Hampshire fools for intellect? GOOD!" - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

November 11, 2013 3:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

3:27 pm

Uthrania: On standby, Lieutenant Cummins, Sir.

Lieutenant Cummings: "The Captain will be with us shortly, Captain. ...Oh, here he is.
(Lieutenant Cummings stands at salute as the Captain walks briskly onto the bridge. – Rania)

Hello, Sir." *(Captain Jeremiah Higgins salutes the Lieutenant and then myself. I return salute and we begin. – Rania)*

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Well, lass, it is time we began because distinctly am I/we running a little late. One minute past the half hour. Now, how have you and Jamie and Reni been, lass?"

Uthrania: We three are just fine, thank you Captain Higgins. *(I offer the Captain a smile before we begin. – Rania)*

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Dearly beloved of the earthen plateau called, er, ..as named Angorius. Now, how does that sound, Simeon?" *(Simeon is a name given to me by my brother, Captain Sophram Galiac. – Rania)*

Uthrania: Very colloquial, Sir. And...

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "And ..the briefest salutation as yet preformed by an acting captain of the fleet of all Stargazer starships! Ah, well, now let us get down to our main topic of the day, or night, shall we, lass? Laddie? Jamie put this on distinctly following those others in the lineup, and do not worry so much about the timing for we are all going on a very shortened sabbatical. But our linemen will be eschewed up in the stars, so anyone

thinking - **even** *'thinking...'* - italicize that one, Jamie, ..will be fired upon promptly. So don't even get any ideas of the range of our ships.

"Now, tulip water releases the endorphins in the scrotum, and this ensues the best dietary fissure possible when one is making children.

"But what has all this rambling on to do with the topic I will soon and shortly bring forth? Well, my lambs, absolutely nothing at all. *We just wanted the lot of you to wake up before pretension set in on your mind waves*, as you so eloquently call them, so you would be more apt to listen and even *'understand'* - italic there again, Jamie. (*The Captain smiles at Jamie as he speaks.* – Rania) - what we are saying. Now, wouldn't that be a nice change for both you as a people, as individuals, and us! (*Captain Higgins offers one of his grins.* – Rania)

Clear Away The Cobwebs



[Cobwebs in your mind](#)

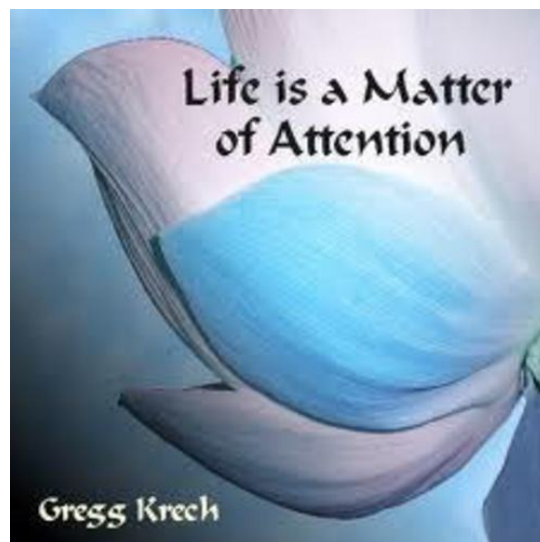
"Toledo, Frankincense, and Myrrh! Do I have that right, little bible bumpers, or would you say I got **two out of three**? A B-plus? In any case, the Bush faculty North-Western University of Georgetown, we all know the one, don't we, gentlemen and ladies of the

genre? has often quipped that if the NSA in Georgetown decided to really do some **generic study on Toledo**, France would be the first one to jump on board because, quite frankly, France is the offshoot of some of the finest universities in Great Britain due to the literature by the mounds which come out of Graceland to there.

“One would be most remarkably amazed at just what one finds in those hallowed halls of Newark, New Jersey, for instance. And Colorado, New Hampshire, and Minnesota, New York, and Paisley are the roaring crowds of the nineties still outfitted in their striped and plaid pajamas with the little girls minuets all a-girded about the striptease mall in North Hampshire where their parents just never go.

“But again, what has all this to do with my topic of the night or day? Nothing, really. ***I am just striving to shake the very cobwebs from the loom in your minds so as to cordon your very brains from going dry gulch on me*** before the very climatic end of which you will most certainly ascertain, that you ‘***do***’ - italic Jamie, please - ..you need to be fully conscious to understand. Alright! Are you ready now, Hampshire fools for intellect? GOOD!

Pay Attention



[Well said](#)

“Then here we go!

“This has lots of syllabus and meaning, so listen up carefully and gauge the next very move most of you are needing to make in order to draw yourselves by the string of your pants and G-strings back up to the level where your brains meet higher than your brawn or beauty. **Bold this paragraph, please, son, for me.**

“The henchmen ill equipped themselves in Dorkland because they forgot to bring along a strapping whip to ***ensure the students all took note of all they were to be taught.***

“But one clever man, this teacher, met up with another clever woman, that teacher who wrote the lobotomy of the henchmen on each boys’ and girls’ bathroom wall.

“Now scores of bathroom tissue served as a catapult to the seasoning of replication of the words of the two clever ones and as the paper became stuffed down each drawer for protection, ***the Hellions and their henchmen began looking in every place but one, and you can well imagine where that was.***

“***At the end of the day, the manufacturer of cell phones and text machines did not see the Hellions coming, and no secrets therefore were hid.*** But the ones in the classrooms had to excuse themselves from period to period, until all bathroom facilities had been well used up and the loose leaf paper roll by roll with its, shall we say, ‘***descriptive***’ - italic please again, son - ..memorandum so now well memorized by those in likened fashion of cleverness, wafted down the toilet drain, and with one ‘***gigantic flush***’ - italic/bold, Jamie, lad, thank you - ..the condoms all went down the drain with the hidden paper inside easy to slide.

Grey Matter



[Human brain](#)

“Now perpendicular to what you all think we should be talking about, we of the starship commanders also have our colloquial mannerisms in getting through to your ***dusty compartments which many of you still choose to call your brain.***

“So Good Night, and tie off channel frequency for me, Captain Uthrania Seila, and Mack the Knife is on his way down the Mob drain as well. Good Evening and Good Night. Captain Jennifer Higgins will be next on line tomorrow, Uthrania, Jamie, and Reni, or the day after. Good work on your project from Captain Sananda, James Galiac, and Good Night.” (*The Captain yawns following one very lengthy hard working day.* – Rania)

Uthrania: Tying off channel 4, Symington, Gregory, Captain of the Starling, at a perimeter of Dogbol 7.49. Ratio7 and leave Hemmingway open on all channels and Luzon 4. Good night and good day. Signing off for High Command Captain Jeremiah Higgins Pollock 4. Neufus 8 open. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Fireflies and Galiac Team. Adieu. Jamie, please tie off Quadrant 8.

Jamie: Signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins High Command Central Station Forest Grove Canada and B.C. and tying off Quadrant 8 for my own ship under Herman Grifford, Frank, Rear Admiral and Captain. at frequency 9 7 Luzon through Hemmingway Rufus 4. 2nd Class Airman Captain in training Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team under Captain James Galiac Sananda and Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain in training over the Galiac Team Fireflies. 4:11 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

09. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File (Entry 9): The Coming Departure And Evacuation



Captain Jeremiah Higgins tells us about signs of things to come and the turbulence and calamities that have been occurring on earth show every indication that the departure and evacuation are near. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 17, 2013 2:00 pm](#)
- [The Countdown Has Begun](#)
- [We Protect Our Scribes And Prophets](#)
- [A Warning To Hackers](#)

Introduction



[Grateful to Wikinut](#)

*“So, Captain Uthrania and Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, so **it is nearing the time for departure back onto the stars**, and for that are we most grateful that the complete and total ionization of the earth’s gravitational **magnetic** balance (that’s an important word there, son: magnetic) is about to spin out of the larks-mouth, catapulting the entire eclipse of the moon and her Jupiter relayance back into the dark ages of the time before the very first equinox began...” - Captain Jeremiah Higgins*

November 17, 2013 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:44 pm

“Captain will be on the bridge in ten minutes, Commander Uthrania Seila, Sir.” – **Lieutenant Waldorf**

Colonel Cochrane: “Aye, Sir. Just a willow-a-wisp in the wind and we all know what comes of those who insist that our works be misaligned with the truth of all they tell. First opening sentence, conclusive, Sir, for Captain Jeremiah Higgins. Please put in his entry.”

Uthrania: Well spoken, Colonel, and I will place in entry immediately.

1:54 pm

(Captain Jeremiah enters through the doors and onto the bridge, briskly, in his lengthy stride. He sports high black top boots shined to an inch, and dark brown narrow corduroy weaved

trousers, yet thick in texture. The Captain still has on his mammoth dark brown coat inlaid with what we call: Eskimo fur; galoshes over his boots, and a deep maroon sparkle hat with fur on either side to protect the ears. Captain Jeremiah Higgins begins taking off his gear and seats himself comfortably on his chair. The Commander blows warm air into his frosty hands. – Rania)

1:56 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well then, just a willow-a-wisp in the wind and we all know what comes of those who insist that our works be misaligned with the truth of all they tell.

“So, Captain Uthrania and Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, so **it is nearing the time for departure back onto the stars**, and for that are we most grateful that the complete and total ionization of the earth’s gravitational **magnetic** balance (*that’s an important word there, son: magnetic*) is about to spin out of the larks-mouth, catapulting the entire eclipse of the moon and her Jupiter relayance back into the dark ages of the time before the very first equinox began.

The Countdown Has Begun



[The departure and evacuation](#)

“So those who are now ready or almost timed out of their seizure of mind control by the sour-mouthed ones, ***please know that our design on getting you all out of there has not changed one little iota***. Understand that Steve and Mark. Good. Families intact. As it seems some have come around.

“So, Captain Symington, *George and his Helliots, not our captain, has finally succeeded in turning around the corporate powers to his way of thinking*. Good man that he is, regardless of where he stands with us.

“And by way of elimination, WE DO NOT GO AWAY! So watch your backs, dear little ones of the furthestmost accompaniment, because when it really just comes down to **POWER, WE DO NOW HAVE IT ALL.** (*Bold that last equation please, Jamie boy. Now, lad, let us see what else we have for all those who equate themselves in OUR mode and not in the least with those who would subservient them to death in the dredges of ill humanity, shall we?*)

“Tantamount to the eclipse of the ages the rhinestone boys and girls of the fifth house of the sun (listen to this one, Steve, in case you don’t have it) necessarily DO engage themselves in the intricacies and intricate WORK of the (here it is, Steve Kinsman)..lion and his ‘**dwarf,**’ (*bold that one for me please, Jamie*) ‘dwarf..’ (*That’s it boy, thank you*). (*The Captain smiles at Jamie*) ..took flight with the ‘eaglet’ or Eagle of the north, and in Russia alone there came upon the throne a new gait of attire and agenda which took down the firestone in the bridge of all worldly ‘**delight**’ (*bold that one word as well, my lad, Jamie*) and when the rhinestone sharked the light of the tri-stone (you know that one, Steve. That is WHEN the famous African rhinoceros dove the pigeon of France deep into its realm of almost ‘**another one,**’ (*lad, bold please*) no return from the model of acronyms on the war front almost gone past).

We Protect Our Scribes And Prophets



[Scribes' guided hand](#)

“Now we know you do not like the cloaked coverage we provide in our diagrams of words, Steve, and Mark, but we do it for the protection of our scribes and prophets, and because of it

little clues are left for the astute who have in themselves garnered enough knowledge and information from their studies of our words to them and to others through articulate murmurings of the Mancharians themselves also, so that as you ‘**unravel**’ (*important word there, son, so bold*) the diagram, paint for yourselves a picture in red, luscious blue-green orchids, and suave green pinto, and wrap it around a stencil and when you unfold it turn it upside around, and calculate what you have by the dimensions, and you will find the answer there, Steve. And Mark, no, paints ‘*will*’ do just fine.

“Upside around simply means that you must turn the coordinates to a 79 degree northwest and put Russia on the lions nest, and then you will have the answer to one of the most problematic questions in the entire universe which you reside in. Just one more clue before we retire you all for the night and that is this:

“Pigeon hole is N.E. of the Antarctic eclipse, and two-stone nine, Mark is something Peter and Johnny can help you with.

“Sometimes many fine minds are better than the dry gulch of just one firmament above the earth. Your bodies are 98 percent water, in fact, and the rest is the earth. So two-tone it into a planet and you will be amazed at what you will actually find.

“Jamie, son, please refrain this time from using any astronomical designs because you must allow now others to come up with the sequence without the distraction of what you yourself might put on. Just stick to the robotics of the situation and be glad this is not your task.

A Warning To Hackers



[Leave our writs alone](#)

“Genuinely do we thank the all of you, four, gallant wisdoms, and we are confident (*please bold this sentence, son, for us, will you*) that the ‘rationality’ within your tenure will foster more equations than any of you would suspect.

“Now just one word for those who erase our writs:

“We are not amused. Good Day!

“Captain Jeremiah Higgins reporting for call duty, and I turn the helm over to you, Captain Uthrania. Good Night.” (*The Captain yawns as he leaves his chair and the bridge.* – Rania)

Uthrania: 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, please tie off these coordinates for me at 12Duck Rhyn4, and leave Hemmingway 8 and 9 well open and close Luzon 12, 6 and 5. Leave Luzon 4 available for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Thank you.

And take the Station out of warp drive from the compliment of the Gastion Crew, please, Captain-in-Arms, Waldorf. And Good Night. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Galiac Team out on orchestrated channel Dupont 5 9 and rotate the 4. Salaam and Adieu. 2:31 pm

Jamie: Signing off for Captain Uthrania at coordinates 2:33 pm and also tying off for her these coordinates at 12Duck Rhyn4, and to leave Hemmingway 8 and 9 well open and close Luzon 12, 6 and 5. Leave Luzon 4 available for Captain Frank Herman Grifford.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

10. Captain Jeremiah Higgins’ File (Entry 10): We Protect Marine Life Too!



Captain Jeremiah Higgins tells of how they care for the well-being of whales, dolphins and porpoises in the sea, a protection they do for them against their land predator called man. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [November 27, 2013 3:30 pm](#)
- [The Gentle Giant](#)
- [No Help From Us Or You'll Annihilate These Sea Creatures](#)
- [The Predators!](#)

Introduction



[Gentler than man](#)

“So gait up the tract boys and girls of all Pentagonal favour, and see what you can do before you kill all the fish in the sea with your ulterior sonic booms and wave frequency, for life has a way to get back at you during your next journey homeward.” - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

November 27, 2013 3:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

3:18 pm

“Captain on the bridge! Are you there, Captain?”

Uthrania: On standby, Captain Waldorf, Sir. Please proceed on with your duties and I will wait.

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks aft deck with a slow stride stopping every once in a while to speak to this and that helmsman and coordinator. The Captain sports a white Seaman tunic – Seaman being the brand name, with short brown highly polished boots and a cropped hair style. Blue tunic jacket with the stand up collar and the officious pink, blue, maroon and yellow and green stripes of authority set across it. Oh, here is Captain Higgins motioning me to his attention. – Rania)

Uthrania: Good Afternoon, Sir. How can I be of assistance to you?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good Afternoon indeed, little dove, and we are here as always and that is for the one sole purpose of taking our time with a little bit more dictation for the enlightenment of the people so they are better able to sequence their own studies and findings upon what they have learned from us. At least it gives them a regular and truthful platform in which to do their upcoming research, and college and university students are really there for that purpose are they not? Not just to acquire someone else’s point of view, but to learn to study and do research from around the world on their own. Is that not so? That is the whole tenure of study after all. So let us get going on with it, shall we, love?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am ready when you are.

3:28 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well, let us start right on the half hour, shall we then.

The Gentle Giant



[Whaling](#)

3:30 pm

“Our coordination with all marine life is sanctimonious with a detrimental wave tide barrier which lifts certain mammals and sea creatures within a diameter of our lifting them out of sea.

“We have a stringent rod, of a sort, and because we are lightening the speed of such mammals, they fly directly into the net as we skim the oceanic waves thrusting them upward. Ever seen a seal fly, little ones of the tender rustic skin? Well, it is some sight all right, and the whales are a far sight better and cleaner to spot as **we look them well over before releasing them back into the sea.**

“So what we do with the whales and dolphins are rearrange their coordinates, their tags, with a newly-found dimension or calculation, *so that they cannot be so easily traced by the Marine Acqa-nologists, we call them justly*, and as far out to sea do they go as we reroute their perimeters and safety is in numbers, so we don’t forget that.

“In other words, they are too far out to sea for the wildlife mariners who poach them upon Angorius, your earth, and **they have no knowledge of wicked men looking for them** for we have released the mammals of their fear with one laser shot to the brain, and have sorted their minds out as to where they should feed.

No Help From Us Or You'll Annihilate These Sea Creatures



[Intelligent creatures](#)

“Meanwhile the crimps placed inside their whaling skins are altered to a fixed dimension or perimeter for your better understanding, and the porpoises are not much better off. *In the event poachers from the Marine Life Consortium tries to rearrange their lives with the Marine Biologists who work with the U.S. Naval boys and girls, we shift ourselves well into action and*

bring them down to a low grade frequency which the Marine Life Boys cannot even trace for they are always paramount to work within high ultra waves which the normal human ear cannot even hear.

“So what is the link to the marine biologists, the whales, porpoises, dolphins, and U.S. naval submarines? What do the submarines look like but large whales themselves in whale infested waters.

“The sequence of whale travel is looked upon in an ulterior way, and it is not all that nice. Whales carry quite a load of ammunition right into enemy territory. If given the chance, the **‘quarry’** (*bold that one, please, Jamie*), is a heightened form of explosive power, and sent into so-called enemy territory can dock at the bays of enemy power and enlisting the brain wave of the poor dolphins and whales ***are set to detonate and blow up the Naval and Army bases of the officers and cadets waiting on shore*** for more land duty.

“Every port worldwide could be hit by these type of munitions, and so when the seal men of the Blue Beret, and oh, yes, they are involved too, come close to the **‘docile’** beasts and place within the cull enough detonation power, not ‘powder,’ so you can only guess what we speak of, the beasts are then radioed into action and the perimeters of any Naval base for miles around them is no longer safe, **‘including’** (*bold please*) fishing hamlets.

“Get the ‘tranquil’ picture?

“So, now what are they doing to the dolphin population? ***Well we all know they are using and have been experimenting with sonic waves on the poor things***, and because of their immense cruelty we have laced the waters with a cyanide poisoning to get rid of them suddenly and quickly for there is no more assistance we can give them. The cyanide we use is calculated and formulated to attack - **sudden death** on those we are unable to help, but will only attack the DNA of those poor suffering ones without affecting fish in the sea. Unlike your scientists ours do know what they are doing.

The Predators!



[Sea sentinels](#)

“Now, before we tie off another segment I would just like to add that the Bush and Clinton Administration have had eons to get their acts together, and for that reason do they emulate no more excuses within each other, *for proxy do the U.S. Military act* and cautious not are the ulcers which brine the hemorrhaging within the intestinal tube tract toward those who are acting pitiful upon others, mammals included.

“So gait up the tract boys and girls of all Pentagonal favour, and see what you can do before you kill all the fish in the sea with your ulterior sonic booms and wave frequency, for life has a way to get back at you during your next journey homeward.

“Good Day, and put this on swiftly, dear Jamie, and please sign off for me too, Uthrania child, and Good Night, and Adieu!”

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Tying off Ultrawave frequency Moscow DET Four, proximity to the Caucus Two. Tying off Mordoff 17 and 8 on a crosswire of 10.9. Signing out for Commander Captain Jeremiah Higgins for High Command on Hemmingway 4.6. Out. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Acting Captain of the Galiac Team, in training, and Captain Surveyor of the fireflies. Signing out on Biowave frequency Dupont 9 at 3:59 pm

Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

II. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File (Entry 11): Reaping The Whirlwind!



Humankind has destroyed Earth, its adoptive, more than the "mother" planet it had been made to believe or as it dearly but ironically calls her, for the ancestors of humans were/are from other worlds. Captain Jeremiah Higgins, like others before him, makes this oft-repeated "Clarion Call" to his sad lament from the heavens. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [January 5, 2014 4:08 pm](#)
- [The Evil That Men Do](#)
- [Do NOT Pray To Us!](#)
- [King Jame's Bible Translation Only Added To The Distortions Of The Original Texts Of Ancient Scribings](#)
- [Hiroshima/Nagasaki: HELL-I-ONS ON EARTH!! Laid To Waste! Human Suffering Unimaginable!](#)
- [Rather Than Listen To Our Prophets, You Persecuted And Killed Them!](#)

- [New Age Fable - Warm And Fuzzy - Much Stricken From Reality - Many "Ascended" Masters Are Starship Commanders Who "Ascend" Back Onto The Ships!](#)

Introduction



[The lull before the storm](#)

“They wrote into your Bible book of story tales and other falsehoods, the fact that you should always pray for others while of course they of the higher and more knowledgeable degree prey on others! Captain Jeremiah Higgins

January 5, 2014 4:08 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

Uthrania: At the keyboard, Captain Higgins, Sir. On stand-by, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant: “Aye, Sir.”

(I wait... Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks swarthy onto the main deck and quickly seats himself in the high chair, bench in nature. The Captain wears corduroy blue trousers with a center crease and high top boots under the leg. Promenade stripes at his upturned colour flounce the pink, blue, yellow, marine, and green array. Black-brimmed hat in his hand, the Captain removes it from his head. Commander Jeremiah Higgins motions me he is ready to begin. – Rania) 4:12 pm

The Evil That Men Do



[A-1E drops white phosphorus bomb 1966](#)

4:13 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good Day to you, Uthrania, Jamie, and Reni. Well, let’s get down to more brass tacks, shall we, Reni, and display all in front of the public view. Keep on with your editing, and we shall begin. Jamie, take to the forefront on more scribings, and Uthrania, thank you, and ready.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Paramount to the nectar of life is the acquisition of more moderate or temperate acclamation as to who and what we should serve in the eyes and moderate ones of the people upon Angorius.

“So, ye ones think we should be all **warm and fuzzy** as you allude to ones within high diplomatic circles who shoulder all the atrocities over you?

“You are a hygienic lot of idiots at times, we thinks, for if a scalding pot of hot water were to be poured over your heads in the form of bombs of white phosphorus, do you really mean to tell us that you are that much of the forgiving type?

Do NOT Pray To Us!



[The gods and goddesses aboard](#)

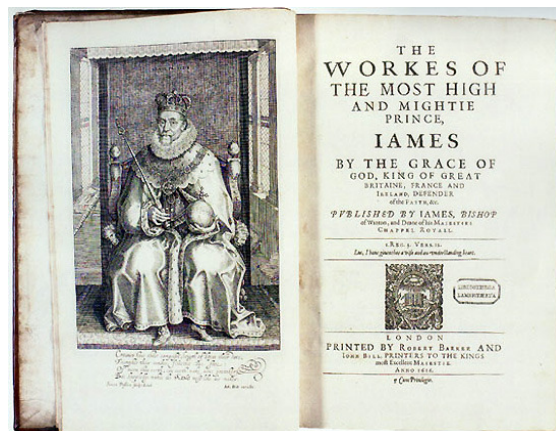
“But when you retire for the night, ye ones who in your hour of alludement or prayer to someone or another **whom you do not know anyway** due to the fact that all higher evolved beings such as the Mancharians and ourselves, as well as others, **DO NOT WANT PRAYED TO DUE TO THE FACT THAT WE ‘ARE’ YOUR EQUALS AND KIN!** of most of you anyway, you retire in a soft mood which relegates the lot of you to fostering a goodly feeling toward all of humankind around the world including those who do your brothers and sisters in with their bombing escapades, and in that mood, ***you make requirements of yourselves and requests of us, though you know not to whom you speak,*** of peace on

earth, good will to all humans, including yourselves, and 'Pray for those in high places!'

“We can tell you that those in ‘high places’ do neither want nor ask for your good-will. They would rather kill you in one fell swoop, you experimental rabbits than take you to the town square, garter and peg you to the ground, stretch your hide in the sunlight, and let you suffer just another day longer!

“They want you dead, and right now!

King Jame's Bible Translation Only Added To The Distortions Of The Original Texts Of Ancient Sribings



[King James' Book](#)

“Your text book they have altered and we image the King James of Great England did write the last.

“They wrote into your Bible book of story tales and other falsehoods, the fact that you should always pray for others while of course they of the higher and more knowledgeable degree prey on others!

“Oh you stupid fools! Don’t you yet understand that much was written into the Bible by the pilgrims of the Hellions to abscond with your duties of merriment and your wares, while unaware to yourselves you have created for them a place to plunder and destroy your very recreative lives?

“And it is high time you did something for yourselves and stopped listening to the lies which in the end, dear remaining one, will only serve for you to miss the Equinox in all good charm aboard and upon our ships, and make you the duplicate of all continuing slave labour for those whom you continually pray for who prey on you, souls and bodies, minds and equilibrium, for their drugs serve that latest purpose, until they lay you flat in your graves.

“They dig you up at the end and in repository they laugh as experiments are performed on your bodily intestines, and before the cooling process is even ended they have your heart out and cut up into mincemeat and fed to your soldiers and soldierette to save the money for the Harbingers of all destruction while they goat over what is left of the end of your physical life.

“We continually suffer ourselves not to say: ‘We told you so.’ For if we told you all we knew, you would not wish to live one day longer!

Hiroshima/Nagasaki: HELL-I-ONS ON EARTH!! Laid To Waste! Human Suffering Unimaginable!



[Hiroshima/Nagasaki](#)

(Notation: Captain Jeremiah Higgins is referring to all those who still wish to adhere to the demands of the Hellions who prey on the weak and defenseless. - Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “For the fruition of the soul is not only dwarfed by the cantankerous nature of Hebrids, not hybrids, for Hebrids came down long ago **and tried to destroy our plans for the goodness of populating your world.**

“In Angorius the firmament, the soil, and the interior, way down under did our plans extend UNTIL THE **HELL-ION RACE, WHO ARE THE HELLISH RACE**, PERPENDATED UPON OUR STEWARDSHIP AND LEFT YOU ALL IN ONE HELL OF A MESS!

“AND YOU LET THEM. YOU LET THEM THEN, AND YOU LET THEM NOW! AND YOU SAY THIS IS OUR FAULT, BECAUSE YOU ARE SO STUPID?!!

“Nay! Not us, dear ones, **YOU!!! AND ONLY YOU!!**

Rather Than Listen To Our Prophets, You Persecuted And Killed Them!



[The ascended masters - men/women](#)

“For we have sent teacher after teacher, generation after generation. Man and woman, it does not matter at this time, which came to offer or volunteer their service freely, but did you take them at their word? At our word? **WE ARE TRYING TO WAKE THOSE OF**

YOU UP WHO ARE FOREVER REINCARNATING ASLEEP AND SEEM TO ALWAYS STAY THAT WAY!!

“For the liver nuts or ‘rational’ ones, at least you think you are that way, *of the New Age*, *God knows what program you have, have no damned idea whatsoever of that which you speak.*

“SO GET ON BOARD ONE OF OUR CRAFT YOU SO REMEMBER AND IDOLIZE, AND LISTEN TO WHAT WE SAY RIGHT HERE ON THE PAGE PUT BEFORE YOU FOR YOUR REMEMBRANCE, OR YOU GO NOWHERE!!

“Itchy ears are for the infirmed and **PLAYTIME IS OVER**, LOVED ONES! OVER HERE! FOR YOU! AND OVER NOW!!

New Age Fable - Warm And Fuzzy - Much Stricken From Reality - Many "Ascended" Masters Are Starship Commanders Who "Ascend" Back Onto The Ships!



[New Age - accurate information?](#)

“Good Day, Uthrania and Jamie. Edit this up, please Reni, and acquaintances the topical guide, earwigs, **into the New Age folly**, by the Mancharians, and **Religion of the Decade**, by our most illustrious and fed up Captain James Galiac Sananda, on scribd.com, at the bottom of the page, and for ‘goodness sake’ Jamie, worry not one whit, for the dram on the lid of bottle hit them all straight and right in the face! Good for you, boy!

“Good Night, Uthrania and Jamie. Exit program, and we will begin our New Year to all of you, and make it a Happy One!! (*Captain Jeremiah Higgins smiles briefly and lifts himself out of his chair by gripping the right armrest with his arm, smiles briefly at Jamie and I, and walks slowly off the deck, nodding shortly to his crew people as he walks by*).

“**Good Day, and Nottingham, pay attention! Good Night, Queen Elizabeth.** It is good to see you read. Adieu. Tie off for me please, dear, and a Good Night to you too, Reni of 2013.

Uthrania: Tying off all frequency channels Hemmingrade 4.17. Tie off, please Captain Woldorf, Proxy 9, 10 and 4, and leave Gitzstaf open on channel telepathic wave frequency 8 until tie off at eleven tonight.

Captain Woldorf: Aye Captain.

Uthrania: Steeplechasing all frequencies on behalf of Captain Jeremiah and Jennifer Higgins. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, out on Channel Biowave frequency 10.7 Gulf Train Four. Adieu. 4:51 pm.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

12. Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File (Entry 12): Cloak-And-Dagger Writ

Captain Jeremiah Higgins speaks enigmatically and through a veil do his messages pierce as in a sword play. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [January 14, 2014 2:00 pm](#)
- [Strange Bedfellows](#)
- [From Canada With Love](#)
- [Cloaked To The Unenlightened](#)

Introduction



[Unravel your mystery](#)

*"So you ones sit down and figure all this out, and **you will be pennies wiser if you think your souls are even worth that.**" - Captain Jeremiah Higgins*

January 14, 2014 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:49 pm

Uthrania: On stand-by for Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Lieutenant Cummings, Sir.

Lieutenant Cummins: “Thank you, Sir, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. The Captain has been alerted to your presence and will be along shortl... oh, here he comes, Sir.”

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks onto the deck of the bridge wearing a short staffed gray and green tuxedo journeyman, which is a suit similar to those worn by earthen astronauts from the Planet Venus. Curled toed boots simulate an apparatus in the toe junction which vacillates the emery rod right where the Captain stands in any place. Swath scissor-type pants hang coarsely from his belly-waist in a fit one could only hope to imagine. Corduroy stripes on both the waist-line of the trousers, cuffs, and neck-band complement the Captain’s entire outfit. Green/gray boots with cuffs at the top display a rapid contour of ermine-type fur around the ...here is the Captain, and I am keeping him waiting. – Rania)

Uthrania: Sorry, Sir. I am on-line.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well, boy (*speaking to Jamie*) it is nigh the hour of your own acclamation to the scribing technique even before you begin the work of the Mancharians in the tie-off mandatory statements. Always in a school of higher learning the prophets must first regulatory their understanding whilst working in the first degree just a few words at a time, and then the flow will come like river broken-dam, and we will have you once again up and running for us before you know it.

“So study well, lad, for we work differently, we all, than the *majority out there who call themselves ‘channels,’ for ‘channels’ are those who do not take statements of concise precision to feed to the people, but whose entire mandate is to feed the people non-precision*

junk food for their stomachs whilst making a boatload of currency.

“Now continue along with us, Uthrania Seila, Captain of the Stargazing Fireflies, and in full operative sequence follow us to the gravesite of those whose tenure is almost up and over ‘till the Easter season where more bait from the universities and colleges are fed them astronomically sore, and pigeons all went back to roost on the turret of the larsonest in the high portion of Luxembourg Tower.

“And the Queen says so in any case that the rapid dogs of the Turret will be placed upon probation until such time as the effigy to poor old Thomas Quakeman is over, remembered and done with.

Strange Bedfellows



[Obama meets Dalai Lama](#)

“Now, today do we symbolize the jettison stream of all non-cantankerous runes, for such placement of ‘rocks’ by so-called ‘witches’ are a gad stone *away from the horror of displaced Benedicts into the rushing waters of the Euphrates.*

“Iraq, Iran, and Cold Stream, Alberta, are the places to watch out for - fish who more resemble men and even women in their duck suits a lookin’ for those toadstool men and women,

personelles who in their darkest hour thought, even thought to change the world the way it stands. Poor larks! Indeed!

“Jettison the flying moths, and the Batmen of the century just went onto the flank of the U.S. Navy ship entitled the ‘Cormorant.’ And because the enlistment of a crew for this ship was so, shall we say, ‘mandatory,’ so didst the tempest arise from within the bottom corridor of the Potomac River South-East of Maryland that the Polish aristocracy thought to themselves that perhaps *to bring the Pontiff over to D.C. to meet with his grace, the President, would reply horrors instead over the media as President ‘Elect’ Barak Obama, fleshes out the tourniquet of the Dali Lama.*

From Canada With Love



[Canada by the moonlight](#)

“His Excellency of course is a fulsome to *China, and their mandate is to keep Saudi oil going off in the right direction because Russia North, over the Penticton bridge, over there in far-sight Canada*, did not abuse with words nor deeds the good Prime Minister Harper-vent of Ottawa.

“So, good news, hey, Jamie? *And cloaked as this all is, it is still mandatory to get it out there to those soft-sided ones who distinctly aberrate or nauseate our souls to the hilt!*

“We have often thought to ourselves, lass and ladies, that *should a season pass without Hemmingrade divulging our own information at the helm-pipe then ostracization of ourselves*

from the taxation of the world would in appendix not merit much more than an aberration of those mandates of the elitist dogs of New Jersey Turnpike on the roughshod side of the world.

Cloaked To The Unenlightened



[Hidden meaning](#)

“So you ones sit down and figure all this out, and you will be pennies wiser if you think your souls are even worth that.

“Commander Higgins, Jeremiah, over and out. Please tie off all frequencies for us, Uthrania Seila, and Jamie, get some rest over the holidays with your love, *because the time is yet to set its stroke on the vice grip of all world politics, and of that will we need the both of you in tip-top shape.*

“Edit this for us please, Reni, and have a Good Day to yourselves. Good Night from where I am located just past the North Star.” (Captain Jeremiah Higgins lets out a big grin! – Rania)

Uthrania: Sizing off all channel frequencies. Tying off Hemmingrade 4.9, 10, 12 and 13 to Poloroid 7. Encrypt Bounce Channel 10 and leave Luzon 12 open for Captain Admiral Frank Herman Grifford. Captain Gregory Symington, please take the helm in the North-West district of Southampton *and leave the Queen the message from us that: All is well. Good Day and Good Night from Dupont 7 12.* Enlist five frequency channels, Captain Waldorf, Sir, and tie off third channel to the right. Signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins at 2:21 pm. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez. Good Day. Adieu.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

13. Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File (Entry 13): The Rise And Fall Of Empires



Captain Jeremiah Higgins speaks of (in)famous historical figures "whose lives he magnifies by accentuating their negative attributes from glorified status to their eventual fall from grace, their respective nations represented." - Scribed by Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

- [Introduction](#)
- [February 2, 2014 2:00 pm](#)
- ["From The Sublime To The Ridiculous"](#)
- [Lessons Of Waterloo](#)
- [Defeat, Like History, Repeats Itself](#)
- [Pride Comes Before The Fall!](#)
- [Exemplary Lives Of Reincarnated Souls](#)

Introduction



[Fallen and in ruins in the end](#)

"Well, the soul rarely dies, and in disease valley did the tripper-up of the nations not only dry-gulch Abraham Lincoln and his pursuer John F. Kennedy out of coin and penny, but knew them as the fine Statesmen which they really are, and we state 'are' simply because their soul reincarnates and lives on not only as the people they personified but as the people they now are. - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

February 2, 2014 2:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

1:49 pm

Uthrania: On board, Sir.

“Captain, if you wish to begin at ten to two, you may catch Captain Jeremiah Higgins coming on deck in all his regalia!” – **Sergeant Bartooth**

Corporal Higgins, Ethan: “Ready Sir. Here comes the Captain!”

Uthrania: Thank you both. (*Captain Jeremiah Higgins enters the bridge decked out in all fine regalia with purple plumes dashing from the top of his helmet and the orangey-red stripes on the outlay of his pants. Top-high brilliantly-polished dark brown boots harbour not a sole of shortened stirrup from beneath both pant legs; but espouse a firm grasp on the floor of the deck is he so well attuned to. Gracious endeavor, Captain Jeremiah Higgins is the delight of the crew as his brown overcoat from some period of earth’s desolate history has the Commander firmly entrenched in the water-boot also of the day. Goulashes with caped reference under his overcoat. Interestingly enough....Rania*)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Rania, are you ready to begin, lass? Hello and Good Morning, Jamie, though the afternoon sits well enough with you two, and three awaiting his own - very own. Now let’s get down to work, shall we?”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

“From The Sublime To The Ridiculous”



[Napoleon Bonaparte](#)

1:56 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “The ostrich society. We will speak on the ostrich society today, loves. Now let us begin, for as surely as the ostrich reaches for its tired-out old plume will the duck in all its graciousness reach down just as far in the water, ***for its own feeding ground withers not under the sun-baked earth.***”

“The Pontiac news of the day relays the prime feature on the noonday news, and that is ultra ..quite contrary to the **first plague which beset man, humankind, in the late forties of the Riviera Hodge-podge - land over the scape - doth the monkey-run its liquor all around the surface dredge of Waterloo!**”

“Now, those of you who know your history so well should have long ago picked up what Napoleon had done on the underside of the war-grid which brought him first to power and then to utter and dismal ruination!

“Didn’t you once think that the ultra-possibility was thrust upon poor Napoleon to run his ranks forward into a hair-splitting epilogue of creatures so winter-frosted and barren that even the spikes on the long guns were rusting in the weather?

Lessons Of Waterloo



[Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo](#)

“But then Hildegard, the national, came into the picture from well behind the scenes, and ***which of you grand little historians ever find out about this lurid creature with the once brown wavy hair and the temper of a bottomless snake pitted out throughout New Jersey which at the time was in New England far across the waves of the water?***

“Let me tell you of the fright poor Hildegard gave to Master Napoleon, Jamie, lad! The

auspicious most frightening event happened in the quarter-man's section of the Pontius ship, and the cataract of Toledo fair-sank the Queen's Boatman of which her most prominent lacquer was given to its boards along with the ever coveted creosol along each edge of each plank.

"But the dust rolled off of Old Glory, and that was years later, to be sure. But likewise **does not history tend in repeating itself over the decades, centuries, and years, which does not learn the lessons of another's war?**

Defeat, Like History, Repeats Itself



[Old glory](#)

"Air Cadets in the United States, Great Britain, and good Ol' England not mystify the jettisons whom if it were known had **migrated in their souls back from the time of good**

'ol Napoleon and his sanctuary up there in mountain village while the awestruck of them all tended in mending his glucose feathers in a symbiotic attack upon the British and their Cavaliers, sending the Templars well back off the tracks to serve another of their 'antedotes' to the British troops, for their recovery out of the blistering snow and ice. And in Napoleon's day the henchmen of the British League of over-layer boys and girls feathering away their train upon every barstool that there is, overlaid many 'boys' with their simian pleasure.

"In each tavern there was play, and a complete fissurement of human to rash came dramatically into sight, and the ointment upon the draft was one which even Napoleon could not foster an answer to. ***So, many of his men perished, not because of stab nor rifle wounds, but because the front was so close to the laced-up portion of their pants.***

(Captain Higgins shifts his torso in his chair and leaning slightly back and sideways reviews in his mind, the words he has just spoken. – Rania)

Pride Comes Before The Fall!



[Cleopatra](#)

“Cleopatra, Napoleon, all great fighters for the victory of love, never once declared their victory as historical textbooks would have it - **prematurely!**

“The very nuance of each feature of life’s pre-inhibitions with the both of them, and Marcus Webb as well from the fourteenth century had established beforehand what was to stand and what should have fallen.

“Cleopatra, for instance, began to water down the wheat for the starving people so the grain was already grown in their bellies to a formidable size, and in doing so ruined most of the crop. ***The lady did better the next season, but by then many of her patronizers died, to say the least.***

“**But the hen and the brocade around the tentacles of Rome deliberately decided to hit the poor Queen right beyond her ken, and that is why the viper took of her life** after poor Marcus died, for his soul was till trapped in time due to the fourteenth century of drug lords who gave him one run for his money, they, themselves, stole all throughout history, and poor Marcus tried to tell on them.

Exemplary Lives Of Reincarnated Souls



[Fine souls and statesmen](#)

“Well, the soul rarely dies, and in disease valley did the tripper-up of the nations not only dry-gulch Abraham Lincoln and his pursuer John F. Kennedy out of coin and penny, but knew them as the fine Statesmen which they really are, and we state ‘are’ simply because their soul reincarnates and lives on not only as the people they personified but as the people they now are. Good Night, and have fun putting this one on, lad, as we have in our words given to you all!

“Please tie off channel, son, and I will be kind to give you the coordinates. Fulson Ten .5 Needlepoint Enlist 12. Cautia 10. Fulsome Blue Ranking 8 and leave Luzon open also for our good Admiral Frank Herman Grifford before Uthrania tells me I forgot.” (*Captain Jeremiah Higgins leans further to the side in his bench chair of slightly purple, and with a satisfied look upon his face he reclines and relaxes.* – Rania)

Jamie: Tying off for Captain Higgins at coordinates Fulson Ten .5 Needlepoint Enlist 12. Cautia 10. Fulsome Blue Ranking 8, leaving Luzon open also Admiral Frank Herman Grifford. Signing out 2:28 pm, Private 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

14. Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File (Entry 14): Miscellany For The Few Including Steve, Mark, and Fern



Here is another coded writ from Captain Jeremiah Higgins whose meaning will not be completely lost on the elites of wealth and power. - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

- [Introduction](#)
- [February 4, 2014 6:00 pm](#)
- [In Wine Is Truth](#)
- [Grit Your Teeth](#)
- [The Moon Is A Ship!](#)
- [Signing Off On Countdown](#)

Introduction



[The 1%](#)

"Do not therefore take any of these words verbatim nor think you just might know what we mean, for the broad end of the caucus of Pigs Village will find the majority of them still digging in the same old trough just to per trend the overlayers of their own businesses out of the caucus, Congress, and senatorial powers." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

February 4, 2014 6:00 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

5:50 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire, Lieutenant.

“Aye, Sir! Indeed is the Captain already awaiting your service, Captain Uthrania, and I also am in need of a small break.” **Symington, Jarad, Staff Lieutenant**

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well, lass and laddies, it is high time the altercation of the prime suspects in the Rudolf case out of New York to Great Britain come to its final end, and trepidation in all serious outbreaks of the Typhoid flu bug will naturally run its course without a claim from those in the places of hierarchy triplicate compounds – already manifested themselves through the creators of such spore-atic gestures.

“A whole lot of clues in this one sentence, loves. Just enough in fact to not alert the diagram of all nauseous study and yet to alert the very ones in the back pricing range to adhere to public exposure by denying them the antidote to squelch the dying ‘Neptune bug’ right out of its lethargic existence.

“So, Jamie, boy, put this on day after your tomorrow, *and let us relax not, Steve*, in the fine sojourning of each article which brings sorrow to its end by not denying the truth of the olocaust of those nations whose deed it was to depend upon the powers ***to protect their national resources instead of relinquishing the land and its powers, the people, to the overlords who think nothing of meeting the canal with its overtones toward the gay and pretty fish down lethargic so deep within their waters.***

“Tone of any incident created or manifested evilly or not, *and we do realize, son, you have not much of any idea of that which we speak; just continue to write it down when we give it to you and remember to put your scribing signature upon your work, as the last summary did you neglect when the last three-fourths of the itinerary was actually scribing by us. Uthrania, please go in and fix.*

In Wine Is Truth



[Sweet wine](#)

“Now, the diatram of all peculiarities lies in the modification of a dram of wine. And why would I allude to wine as being in a dram of all ye little token drinkers? ***Due to the fact that most grapes being now produced contain a chalk-like substance thrown into the vat to be once stomped on and now pressed with machine***, give to the wine just a little more effervesence, and because of it, *our foremost connoisseur, the Fern boy*, helps the public in their most prestige understanding through his own highly-trained culinary tongue!

“Stipend is the normality for a drinking establishment in Ireland, Norfolk and Public Domain Number Three, Downing Street. Cambridge University has taken the top off the bottle, indeed, but on the well-deserving graduates, and not undergraduates, get to taste the zest, and pomp to go along with it. Right, Fern, m'lad? Good. Then let's move on to the real subject of just why we are here.

Grit Your Teeth



[At the dental clinic](#)

“Cambridge University has us once again fraught with worry as one graduate after another, following yet another, have written on the breastplate: ***Novas Aclaman Gotche, which means in Latin: The little red bird ate the brown squirrel.*** Well, perhaps this makes no

sense to those of you who are irate with the writings up to date, but believe you me, **there are those in high up places who do spontaneously KNOW EXACTLY what we mean!**

*“So, tie off all channel theories from here on out for us, Jamie, for we think you are now ready and willing to do our work. Farsight more than posting, our lad, and then the lady-in-waiting will be once again in the tooth decay list, and those ones will we throw out of our mouths. So good for you, lad, **for the braces upon the henchmen’s teeth are masterfully put in by the lady dental practitioner who KNOWS her work is actually far from over.***

The Moon Is A Ship!



[Moon landings](#)

“Radio sequences out of the mouth of these high-up babes will not gloss over their own Reich, for **when the syllable hits the dwarfed-up Pentagon, so will all the airlocks come crashing down**, and verbatim will ride up the horse on the back of Napoleon Bonaparte. For when his horse stood, so did the verbatim obstetrician who, and after a fashion, divide Napoleon Bonaparte with a sword, and a lump of clay did the obstetrician form a new set of teeth for the one babe in the woods who happened to be one of their own.

“Do not therefore take any of these words verbatim nor think you just might know what we mean, for the broad end of the caucus of Pigs Village will find the majority of them still digging in the same old trough just to per trend the overlays of their own businesses out of the caucus, Congress, and senatorial powers.

“Goodness gracious, but is it that time already, lasses and laddies? The moon has hit its final traction orbit, **and if you think the moon does not move an inch then remember it is a satellite ship, and that ship is a planet** where on the dark side of the moon great rolling hills and a pastureland with groves of trees embark on a pilgrimage to other lands festered with non-apprentive-type ships who don their gay apparel in relaxing their stipend to the dry-gulch of the dry side of the North moon, ***and in doing so, again do the cosmonauts of Russia and the astronauts of the United States and the tweaked nation of Calcutta bask in the dry winds of October.***

Signing Off On Countdown



[Take off](#)

“Next December however, Steve Kinsman, will be the month of no-return, for one aeronaut came close to losing his life and limb climbing out too close to the ‘weather-vane’ whose enlistment was to only grab onto the Canadian arm out there in White Elephant land.

“Please put this on consecutively, Jamie, m’boy, and don’t worry in the least about your tie-off for we will give you the coordinates summarily.

“Good Day and Good Night, you two. Reni, leave out of the picture the graphic designs on your Facebook in relation to the Stars and Stripes Forever. Good Day, son, and Good Night, from Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire of the Seventeen Moons prix past Jupiter’s Third, itself.

“Sign off, Jamie, coordinates 5.6 and relay the rest into your headlinks will we do of the shortened hour. Good Day, readers all, and thank you for your tremendous courage and vigilance, Steve. And Mark, please make note that the cow gives birth a breach. Be warned then and Good Day.” 6:28 pm

Jamie: Signing off for Captain Jeremiah Higgins at coordinates 5.6, Glendale 11.3, leaving Luzon open also for Admiral Frank Herman Grifford. Signing out 6:30 pm, Tie-off scribed by Private 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

15. Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 15) - Questions And Answers On HAARP



Captain Jeremiah Higgins briefs us on the history of HAARP, originally a benign technology for weather control used by the starships. Stolen, it later became a weapon of mass destruction - on Earth! - Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [February 13, 2014 3:30 pm](#)
- [On High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program - HAARP For Short](#)
- [Russia Wanted To Benefit From The Technology But...](#)
- [Stolen Technology From The Stars](#)
- [More To Come](#)

Introduction



“Now, we watched the entire surveillance, and when we recorded by flash camera of our own choice and design, we tended to think that **we could no longer permit any more experiment with their diabolical HAARP facility upon any other planet save their own...**” - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

February 13, 2014 3:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

3:21 pm

Uthrania: On standby, Lieutenant Colbridge, for Captain ...

Lieutenant Colbridge: “Aye, Sir. Noted. The Commander is on his way now, laxidaisy as he is this time of year.” (*The Lieutenant offers up a wary smile.* – Rania)

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins strides onto the Aft Deck this time with a recording device in his hands and an elementary stick board in the other. His green Kaki sports suit is banded around the waist with a dark blue wide heavy elastic belt, sported by the necessary emblem of the Fireflies and Starlings on the left shoulder and collar pinnacle. Trousers made up of lapis corduroy are banded at the bottom with tripoid which is an elastic made up of fibres certain to let no air in when submerged in low tide water or wading through a creek or riverbed. Dark boots of bluish hue orchestrated at the toe in silver-green bassinet with pink rounds showing through the toes, demonstrating his captain’s rank, complete the ensemble with black-rimmed patent brimmed dark moss green hat and dark blue ribbon coiled around it. Here comes the Captain now to be seated in his chair. – Rania)

3:30 pm

Uthrania: Good Afternoon, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Good Morning from where I am at, lass, and how is the Jamie boy, and your editor?”

Uthrania: Both are fine, and we are all doing superbly, Sir. (*I offer Captain Higgins one of my fondest smiles which he returns rather succinctly.* – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Well, good. Then if you are both ready, we will begin accounting the seven latest wonders of the universe. Are you ready to proceed, lass?”

Uthrania: I am ready, Captain Higgins. Yes, Sir.

On High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program - HAARP For Short



[HAARP storm front](#)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Just joking inasfar as the seven greatest wonders are concerned. Checking to remove the cobwebs from massive brain structures out there in seemingly sometimes never-never land.

“So, our goal today will not so much hinge upon politics of the season *but on the HAARP book* I will soon be finishing once I reply succinctly to many Out-Rangers who dropped by (...) office on Angorius’s earth to ask of me some mightily strange questions, and these I will deal with here as well.”

Question One: “Sir, Captain Higgins, Sir. Did you bring HAARP out of the dredges of some society or another upon an earth even less evolved than Angorius, our earth ..this one? Or did it come installed upon one of your flying saucers from way out there?”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “In the first place, **lower-evolved worlds have no such capability of weather control other than cutting down their forests and polluting their air WITHOUT our help.** But the societies need to be freedom-based in order to enlarge their circumference in attuning the HAARP machine into diagramming ‘**assistance**’ (*bold that, boy*), to enable the weather system to stabilize itself.

“With the assistance of our own mobile HAARP machine, *such societies have already progressed way past the line of blowing themselves up and clear cutting forests or cutting hogs tusks off for a mere paltry dollar or dinar.*

“So no, the real HAARP installation came from ourselves, and as such is the result of many years your time of very difficult and time consuming work by our scientists and weather forecasters. Next please.”

Russia Wanted To Benefit From The Technology But...



[Russian heater - HAARP installation](#)

Question Two: “Sir, did HAARP come installed upon one of your flying saucers from some other planet? How, Sir, did HAARP arrive on this earth, Angorinus, as you call our world? This planet?”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “No, son. HAARP once belonged to Majestic. Majestic 12, as you may know them by, put the ‘**earthly**’ (*bold please, boy*), HAARP, in reference, into full operation way back in the early hours of their own existence. Very good job they did of it too. Unfortunately, it was not designed to the hilt of its exemplary coordinates and fell deeply into the hands of government ‘**caricatures**’ (*bold please, Jamie, and thank you, son*) who **sold HAARP to the Soviets over there in Russia’s fine northern rim**. Next to the Lampshade Project Driftwood 7 it remained until close to the sixties at which time HAARP’s full scope of what remained left over from the Second World War **began to take on a misshapen shape, and from our point of view HAARP then became a threat to civilization world ‘round**.

“The ‘**Lucifer**’ tendency (*bold please, son, Jamie*) was bar-jolted into place through a kaleidoscope of tenor remiss projects of which, when Majestic 12 was found out to hold the original blueprint, it was disbanded and the **NSA Military Base of 17 Cogo ‘Chi,’** a little clue there, boys and girls of the learning station, Mars Project 5 took off across the galaxy to try HAARP out in a less secure place, and when they landed the module which you think was to take samples, par se, you will probably not notice that HAARP had been displaced into a more secluded than not Motorola of a Twin-City American triplod.

“Now, we watched the entire surveillance, and when we recorded by flash camera of our own choice and design, we tended to think that **we could no longer permit any more experiment with their diabolical HAARP facility upon any other planet save their own**. So the Mars

rover landed somewhere over in Siberia, and the Sierra desert NW Territories was a prime landing ground for many other such experiments.”

Stolen Technology From The Stars



[America's HAARP](#)

Question Three: “But where did the plans from HAARP originate from, Captain Higgins?”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Fulsome prison blues with Johnny Cash was our prelude to what happened in effect to some of our bravest personnel **whom they, the U.S. Military, gravitationally stole blueprints from the intestine of their mind.** One mind, no matter how many people from our ships are down there. We work in one thought consensus.

“**The U.S. Military threw our people among the darkest egos which could have possibly existed in an attempt to throw them into such despair** they would finally release temperate projects from the ships’ astronomical engineering libraries unto their own scientists in Majestic 12, 4 and 5 and calibrate the essences of Jargon 4 which would relax the temporal heliogram into actually downsizing the temporal lobe and downloading the material remembered by use of an Oropex device.

“It is an absolute horror beyond horrors to be subjected to for any sane person. **That is precisely why so many scientists captured in wars by their opposition decides death over such atrocity.** For there is no brain left, just matter and a few good memories and feelings, and these ones so subjected espouse a life quite pleasant afterward, but the humanity for decision making is rather, shall we say, abbreviated.”

More To Come



[More scribings](#)

Lieutenant Colbridge: “Close off today, Captain. We are running late for segment three with Polaroid Base 5 with our scribe, Doris.”

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “I hope I came through loud, and clear and now we will put history to rest whilst you put this on, son for us. And catapult the necessary changes, Lieutenant Colbridge.

“And Reni, edit this properly and well, for the time draws near when we will not be needing your assistance any longer.

“You two, however, will stay up working till dawn, for our workload for you both has scarcely begun! (*Captain Jeremiah Higgins gives Jamie and myself a rather rueful smile.* – Rania)

“Please sign off for us, Jamie, my son, and take a relaxing bath with bar soap which does not smell like lilac.” (*Big grin from Captain Higgins.* – Rania)

Jamie: Signing off for Captain Jeremiah Higgins at coordinates 5.6, Frankincense 5 and 12, Glendale 11.3, and Viscount 6, leaving Luzon open also for Admiral Frank Herman Grifford. Signing out 4:14 pm, Tie-off scribed by Private 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Federated Union of Starships Class Number 472 Proxy 8.

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

16. Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 16) - The "Frackingsteins" Of Your Earth!



Captain Jeremiah Higgins treats us to his picturesque language describing matters most foul that have befallen Earth which include FRACKING that destroys the environment and ultimately life.
- Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez

[Introduction](#)

- [March 22, 2014 12:30 pm](#)
- [The Stench Of Your Seas!](#)
- [Of Earth Despoiled!](#)
- [Even The Seabeds Were Not Spared](#)
- [And Distort Our Words They Will Once Again!](#)

Introduction



[Messages interfered with](#)

" ... your earthly body is catapulting out of the sea waves an odor of such wicked scent that even the walruses in Northern Canada cannot help themselves but to seek dryer land where

the odorous scent cannot be smelled to such extent as to make the walruses sick with nausea." - Captain Jeremiah Higgins

March 22, 2014 12:30 pm



[Scribing from the starship](#)

11:50 am

Uthrania: At the keyboard, Captain Lieutenant Waldorf Sr., Sir.

Lieutenant Waldorf Sr.: "We got you, Captain. Thank you, Sir."

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins enters the room with a duck suit on for skin-diving in a dark navy blue. The Captain quickly seats himself with no room for time-a-wasting. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Well, Uthrania Seila, I see you are right on time. And forgive me for my appearance this morning in your time, but the billboard design on the Austrickz was pulmonating over to the north side of the fence, and I had to run as quickly as I could to leap over the duckquill of entinelwell, anyway, I must go back as soon as possible, and knowing you had your slate filled, the both of you and three, I believed I must take this opportunity to wire to you these brief diagrams from above and enlist you both and three on yet another project. Have you entered back into the slate of Captain Herman Griffith your work concisely yet?"

Uthrania: No, Captain Higgins, we are rather stumped at this point.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: "Well, perhaps we may be able to help you all, but right now I must enlist your services once again to ensure the record be kept straight and not modified, as they

love to do with our words upon that earth – Angorius speaking of course of.

“Now, duly, Jamie, son, must you not wait with this file either, but there is also no rush should other itinerary you have been given to work on by Captain James Galiac come into the forefront of the day or even evening hours. Captain Sims will accompany you back to work on the tenth day of the month of November, the both and three of you. So never fear there is going to be a layover with one or more of you remaining behind. Now, down to work, lad. Move over and let Uthrania take the controls.”

Jamie: Yes, Sir. Captain Higgins.

Uthrania: Ready Captain.

The Stench Of Your Seas!



[Earth](#)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “The pulmonary device on Artimus 10 three scopes the general pathetic ostriching of the mere enlightenment given to such populace. They are hopeless, in our view, and as such will be discussing of leaving the orbit around that world and return home to **the Andromeda Section at 4.2 Melowave**. Get that frequency on line also please, Captain.”

Uthrania: Got it. Yes, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: “Now ostriching around planet Angorius, your earthly body is catapulting out of the sea waves *an odor of such wicked scent that even the walruses in Northern Canada cannot help themselves but to seek dryer land where the odorous scent cannot be smelled to such extent as to make the walruses sick with nausea.*

Of Earth Despoiled!



[Fracking](#)

“And what is the formation or source of this scent, dearly deluded ones? **The fracking of the gas layer below the surface with deadly chemical compound**, and the Indians and Eskimos have hardly begun their epic with the oil rich companies about this dirge, fashioning their contempt to the Ontario Government and Prime Minister Harper himself.

“Towit, does **the factious corporate powers not care one whit for the lives of others living in the great northern land of Winnipeg**, as the tunnel drilling is manufactured as being the only source of real-life power underground to meet all the requirements of the shadow Canadian Government – and yes, they have one too – set up by the NDP. So the Judges quite often rule against these corporate powers or ‘**beasts**,’ as they call them quite accurately. Now, let us move on to more picturesque esquires of the holy halls of Britain, shall we?

Even The Seabeds Were Not Spared



[Work on the seabed](#)

“On the northern border of England lies a Temohawk radio beacon station, and this is not to ward the ducks off the bridge of a deck, but rather to emit such frequency as to knowledge (don’t have a word for this, so you just have to kind-of guess as to its meaning) the swift currents under the very seabed. And now listen to this, lads and ladies, that **under the very seabed are MORE than crevices**, they are laced with duck-oil, meaning the pulmonary fracking has eventually brought the bunkers, those idiots, to seize full of gas through the modification of hydrolink capacity in moving around the molecules to hybrid stage which in effect dissolves each tenet of space within the rooms of the underground bunker, moving the gases through and within all modifications which in effect will gas them all to death slowly as they wait their turn for hieroglyphics to rotate on their heel of **even hiding the translators of our messages away from public eye in order that the real thing be calculated on the basis of ‘leave it intact’ for the ones who come after to sort out just what they want written for the public consumption, and that of which they do not.**

And Distort Our Words They Will Once Again!



[The editing begins...](#)

“Keeping hidden and secret from public view used to belong only to such forums as the Vatican and Mosque literature, but now the Holy See has at its disposal so much more hidden material since we began back in the twentieth century all over again, that many scholars have sequencely tailored the brime with the penlots in order that all parchment be corrected to their verbium and rewritten again in parts so as to continue in giving the populace of the Catholic Church something presumably old, and Nottingham followed suit with duping the Protestant division of carelessness not, but a **HUNKY-DORY OF METHODOLOGIC ACQUIESCENCE OF PRODUCING A LIKENESS OF OUR WORK SO AS TO BE UNDISCOVERED AND TO MET OUT PUNISHMENT IN THE HALL OF HORRORS IN PENDRAGON WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT UP IN IT THEMSELVES.**

“Be well assured then that these fowl-played ones will NOT MISS THEIR OWN EVACUATION WITH US, BUT FULLY INTEND THAT YE ONES DO!!

“Captain Jeremiah Higgins signing out for myself on this wave channel Melowave 4.2 Andromeda Section. Out. 12:24 pm Station X.”

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

